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MEMOIRS,

JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

VOL. VII.

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Sir T. Lawrence H. Robinson

Henry, Marquis of Lansdowne

LONDON, LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMANS.

MEMOIRS,

JOURNAL & CORRESPONDENCE,

OF

Thomas Moore

VOL. VII.

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The Laurel Walk at Roperton.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

MEMOIRS,

JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

EDITED BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.

"Spirat adhuc amor."— Hor.

VOL. VII.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS;
1856.

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MEMOIRS,

JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

DIARY

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

1833—*continued.*

NOVEMBER 1st. Dined at Holland House: company, Lord Melbourne, Charles and Lady Mary Fox, Le Marchant, and Bacourt, the French secretary. Some talk with Allen, after dinner, about my History. Suggested to me to dwell strongly on the causes which led to the cruelties of the Danes both in England and Ireland, namely, the resentment and hatred to Christianity excited in them by the barbarous conduct of Charlemagne towards the Saxons, with whom they made common cause. Recommended me to read Sismondi on this subject. Spoke of the system of clanship as the source of most of the evils of Ireland to this day; the Scotch, though once deeply imbued with the same principle, got rid of it, luckily for themselves, much earlier. The Teutonic tribes free from this spirit of clanship, and have prospered accordingly. Allen's well-known hatred of the Celts breaking out at every word. Spoke of Thierry's book; his account of the descent of William and the Normans well worth attending to. Talk with Lord Holland and Bacourt about

Thierry and the other late French historians; how much the French have done in that line, and how well; the only department of literature, however, in which anything good has been done of late.

2nd. Some conversation after breakfast in the library. Found them inclined to decry Wordsworth, and said what I thought of his great powers, and of the injustice this age does him. "Ah, this is talking for candour," said Lady Holland. Soon after, taking a volume of Crabbe from one of the shelves, Lord Melbourne said, "I see there is a new edition of Crabbe coming out; it is a good thing when these authors die, for then one gets their works, and has done with them." Though this sounds insolent when written, it was said with so joyous and jovial an air, followed by that scarcely human though cheerful laugh of Lord Melbourne's, with his ejaculations "Eh! eh!" interposed at every burst, that it was impossible not to enjoy it as much as himself. On quoting to Allen at dinner what a French cabriolet-man once said to me, that in England "*les soldats ne sont jamais pour le peuple*," Allen said, "On one great occasion they were." "Yes," I replied; "*Lillibulero*:" on which Allen said, not badly, "What different associations people remember events by! Most men couple the memory of the Revolution with the rights then acquired; Moore remembers it by a tune." I have generously put his joke in a better form for him than he gave it himself.

3rd. Went early to Mercweather's for the purpose of consulting him on my business with Power, having brought up the accounts, &c. with a view to having it settled somehow or other. Breakfasted with him, and talked over the whole matter. Advised me to lose no time in writing to Power on the subject. Seemed to think that my letter

(May 1st, 1832), declaring myself satisfied with the accounts, would be fatal to me in a court of law, where the letter with which I had followed it up, on looking more accurately into the items, could not be produced; a jury would go no further. Wrote to Power, in the course of the day, to say that I had come up to town with some musical works for publication, but did not like to take any step towards that object till I had learned from him whether he was inclined to enter into a fair and equitable settlement of the differences between us. Dined at Byng's, who kindly asked Tom also: company, the two Dedels, Rich, and Luttrell. Luttrell's story of some Irish lady who had been travelling with her family, and on being asked whether they had been at *Aix* answered, "Oh, yes! indeed; very much at our *ase* everywhere." Dedel told of the wife of some ambassador (I forget her name *) coming to dinner, and on her passing through the ante-room where Talleyrand was standing, he looked up and exclaimed significantly, "Ah!" In the course of the dinner, the lady having asked him across the table why he had uttered the exclamation of oh! on her entrance, Talleyrand, with a grave, self-vindicatory look, answered, "*Madame, je n'ai pas dit* oh! *j'ai dit* ah!" Comical, very, without one's being able to define *why* it is so.

4th. Mereweather having advised that I should get Rees to arbitrate for me in case Power consented to such an arrangement, went down to Paternoster Row, and begged of Rees to call upon Mereweather at his chambers on the subject, which he promised to do, declaring himself most ready to be employed in any way that would be serviceable to me. Letter from Clarke, Power's solicitor,

* Not the wife of an ambassador, but the Duchesse de Grammont, sister of the Duc de Choiseul.—Ed.

to say that Power consented to an arbitration. Dined at Bryan's: no one but the George Bryans, and two young Irishmen, one of them, of the name of H., with some Irish drollery about him, as he proved by two or three imitations of Lord Blayney after dinner. His speech at a public meeting, proposing some person's health, and concluding with "I have only to add, Sir, that the Blayney steam packet sails to-morrow morning, with good accommodation for passengers, and all particulars about passage, &c. are to be heard of So and so." This packet was a speculation chiefly of my Lord's, which he took that opportunity of puffing, and the imitation of his manner of speaking was altogether very droll.

5th. Dined with George Keppel: company, Captain Ross (the nephew), Pigou, Cockerell, and Stevenson. Ross gave us a few interesting particulars of the late expedition; the manner in which they saw the savages amputate a man's leg above the knee, seating him on the ice with the leg through a hole in it, and then knocking him down so as to snap off the limb; the revolting ugliness and filth of the women: did not find the time hang heavy; the interest they took in their nightly observations occupied their minds. On one occasion they were all conversing together, and each man was required to tell what was the most extraordinary thing that had ever happened to him; one of the party mentioned, as the most memorable thing in his life, his having once shaved the Duke of Devonshire. "Well, but you were at the battle of Waterloo?" Yes, he *had* been; but still the shaving of the Duke of Devonshire seemed to be uppermost in his mind. It was probably during the Duke's voyage to Petersburgh that this great event took place. Some conversation concerning the signs of the times, in which all seemed to be of opinion that some great

and awful crisis was approaching in England, and those who took the most sanguine view of the matter did not deny that there was every appearance of a total change in our institutions, but thought that the country would subside quietly and by common consent into it. In the evening, all to the theatre.

9th. Had Tom out from the Charter House, and walked about with him a little. Dined at Lockhart's. Had asked Murray whether Lockhart would have any objection to my taking Tom with me, as I was, in a degree, pledged to him on Saturdays, and Lockhart's note, in answer, was, very good-humouredly, "Surely, we shall be delighted to have Tom Moore the younger, as well as Tom Brown the younger." Would not have asked this, however, had I known it was a dinner of company, which it turned out to be: the guests, Coleridge (who had been the temptation held out to me), Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson, a Miss Macgregor (I think), Murray, Lady Gifford, and three or four more whose names I forget. Was too far from Coleridge, during dinner, to hear more than the continuous drawl of his preachment; moved up to him, however, when the ladies had retired. His subjects chiefly Irving and religion; is employed himself, it seems, in writing on Daniel and the Revelations, and his notions on the subject, as far as they were at all intelligible, appeared to be a strange mixture of rationalism and mysticism. Thus, with the rationalists, he pronounced the gift of tongues to have been nothing more than scholarship or a knowledge of different languages; said that this was the opinion of Erasmus, as may be deduced from his referring to Plato's Timæus on the subject. (Must see to this.) Gave an account of his efforts to bring Irving to some sort of rationality on these subjects, to "steady him,"

as he expressed it; but his efforts all unsuccessful, and, after many conversations between them, Irving confessed that the only effect of all that Coleridge had said was "to *stun*" him,—an effect I can well conceive, from my own short experiment of the operation.

Repeated two or three short pieces of poetry he had written lately, one an epitaph on himself; all very striking, and in the same mystical religious style as his conversation. A large addition to the party in the evening, and music. Duets by Mrs. Macleod and her sister, which brought back sadly to my memory an evening of the same kind, in this same room, with poor Sir Walter Scott, before he went abroad for his health. One of the duets, in which the voices rose alternately above each other, Coleridge said reminded him of *arabesques*. With my singing he seemed really much pleased, and spoke eloquently of the perfect union (as he was pleased to say) of poetry and music which it exhibited: "The music, like the honeysuckle round the stem, twining round the meaning, and at last over-topping it." This "over-topping the meaning" not a little applicable to his own style of eloquence. After singing a good many songs, and hearing Moscheles play variations to the "Last Rose of Summer," made my escape with some difficulty amidst a general demand for more songs. In the course of his oratory to-day Coleridge said, "It is in fact the greatest mistake in the world to rest the authority of an ancient church upon any other basis than tradition;" upon which Dr. Ferguson turning round to me said, "That falls in with *your* views, Mr. Moore."

10th. Had promised Lord John to breakfast with him. Went first to Mereweather with my statements, and staid near an hour and a half talking over the business. Was

with Lord John by eleven. A good deal of conversation about his Irish tour, with which he was evidently much pleased. Talked of his public dinner at Belfast; was told, after he had accepted the invitation to the dinner, that a great part of his company would be Repealers; was alarmed at this, but his informant assured him that he need be under no apprehension, as the most violent of them would feel themselves bound to behave well on such an occasion, and he could answer for there being nothing offensive to him in their proceedings. The result proved that the informant knew his men well. I said that, though often regretting I had not been with him in the North, it was, after all, as well, perhaps, that I was not, as ten to one but I should have got into some scrape at this dinner, either by saying too much or too little. Talked of patronage; the unlucky way, as I thought, in which the Whigs had managed it, and the character they had got of serving anybody but friends. Seemed struck with what I told him of the letters I received from C. and G. at the time of the excitement produced in London by the Duke of Wellington's declaration against Reform; the letters having both of them expressed apprehensions of a coming crisis which was likely to end in revolution. "You have kept those letters, I hope," he said; and I answered, "that I had." A great point, evidently, with him and his brother ministers is to impress the notion that they *prevented* a revolution at that period, instead of originating (as was really the case) measures likely to *cause* one. Already they begin to look forward to posterity and its verdict. Told him that I thought any one who looked at the signs of the present times would say that the impetus towards revolution was rather accelerated than slackened. "Ah!" he said, "you are one of those who like grand

scenes, who are always looking for the Fifth Act; but it won't come so soon as you think."*

Sat to Moore the sculptor. Dined with Rogers: company, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Byng, and Greville. Talking of words that had become degraded, Macaulay mentioned "elegant" as a word he would not use in writing, and all agreed with him, except Sydney and myself. "You'll stand by *elegant*, won't you?" says he to me, and on my answering that I would, "Here's Moore," he exclaimed, "as firm as a rock for *elegant*." All agreed that "genteel" was no longer fit for use, though the word *gentille* from which it sprung was still so graceful and expressive. In the course of the evening Smith said to me, "You'll be pleased to hear that there has been a very respectable captain of infantry converted by your book."

12th. Breakfasted with Lord Lansdowne at Lansdowne House; no one but ourselves. In speaking of the knowledge of pictures that may be acquired by being merely conversant with them (without any natural taste or aptitude for the art), Lord L. mentioned that one of the best judges of paintings in Europe was the man at the head of the Monte di Pietà at Rome; pictures being the most usual article of deposit, and the ascertainment of their value being, of course, an important object. Dined with the Hollands at Lord Lilford's house in Stanhope Street. Such a fog that my hackney coachman was obliged to *coast* his way cautiously by the footway. Company, the Duke of Bedford, Baron Bulow, Bacourt, Le Marchant, &c. Had met the young married couple, Henry Fox and Lady Augusta, in the hall as I came in, and she knew me

* What I wished to impress upon Moore was, that imagination rather than sober common sense inspired his political prophecies. —Ed.

immediately by my portrait, she said. Somebody mentioned Canning having said, on being asked what was the German for astronomy (he knowing nothing about German), "Oh! *twinkle craft*, to be sure." Had a good deal of talk with Allen about my History. The hostility with which, in Ireland, the people of any one part of the country regard settlers among them from any other is an evident relic of the system of clanship. In talking of the papers that have remained so long unexplored and unarranged in the Council, Record, and State Paper Offices, he said that there really had not been yet a proper History of England. Hume was offered access to some of these documentary stores, but declined the search, saying that "Cadell, his publisher, could not wait so long." Lingard had added a great deal to the facts of English history; but his narrow, sectarian prejudices disqualified him from being a good historian. Agreed with me that, in my task, the earlier and the later periods of Irish history ought to be the main objects of my attention. Told me some anecdotes of Burns; his saying at some public dinner, during the feverish times of Jacobinism, on being asked for a toast, "I'll give you a Bible toast; the last verse of the last chapter of the last Book of Kings." * On another occasion, having to give a toast before some high Tories, he said to the chairman, "You agree that Lords should have their privileges?" "Yes, certainly;" "Well, then, I'll give you the privileges of the Lords of the Creation."

13th. Had been asked to dine at Mildmay's to-day to

* (2 Kings, xxv. 30. "And his allowance was a continual allowance given him of the king, a daily rate for every day, all the days of his life.") The meaning of Mr. Allen evidently was that Burns wished to see an end of Kings; but it is curious that this last verse should be susceptible of a totally different interpretation.—Ed.

meet the Lord Chancellor; but, Rogers having expressed a wish that I should meet Jekyll at his house, sent an apology to the Mildmays. Company at dinner, only Jekyll and son, Kenny, and Miss Rogers. Some good stories of Erskine told by Jekyll. His ignorance of French, and the adventures that happened to him during a trip to France in consequence. His asking some French people, to whom he and his companion the Serj^{t} had been introduced, to dine with them, and insisting on writing the notes of invitation himself. On the day fixed, which was Wednesday, nobody came. "This is all some mistake of yours, Erskine, with your French," said the Serjeant; but Erskine insisted that his notes were all right, and then, after a little pause, asked, "Isn't *Vendredi* French for Wednesday?" He had asked them all for Friday. * * * Before dinner Kenny talked a deal to me about my "Irish Gentleman," which seemed to have made a great impression upon him, though, as he said, "He still meant to go to church notwithstanding." On my telling him that it was but little read, I thought, in England, he said, "It is a book that will be read more and more every day."

14th. Had received a note from Barnes to ask me to go with him and Mrs. Barnes to Walter's place near Reading; answered that I would, if possible, follow them thither. Found a note from the Lord Chancellor, at Brookes's, saying that he had but just heard of my being in town, and asking me to dine with him to-day, to meet only Lord Lansdowne and Drummond; was obliged to refuse, being engaged to the Longmans with Sydney Smith. A note from Sydney, fixing to call upon me, and containing a bill of fare which he has suggested to Mrs. Longman as proper for her entomological guests, to-day,

Spence and Kirby; "to wit, flea-pâtés, earthworms on toast, caterpillars crawling in cream and removing themselves," &c. &c. Called upon me in a hackney coach. * * * Smith said, that where he felt he had a good and just claim, he considered it always a duty to himself and family to ask, and not to let the world have to say, "If he *did* fall into adversity, that was his own fault." What he had hitherto done was all by his own exertions, as neither himself nor any of his brothers had received a shilling from their father. In talking of the fun he had had in the early times of the "Edinburgh Review," mentioned an article on Ritson, which he and Brougham had written together; and one instance of their joint contribution which he gave me was as follows: — "We take for granted (wrote Brougham) that Mr. Ritson supposes Providence to have had some share in producing him — though for what inscrutable purposes (added Sydney) we profess ourselves unable to conjecture." Company at the Longmans' (besides the entomologists), Spottiswoode, the Ormes, &c. Sung in the evening and came away earlyish. The road up to Longman's being rather awkward, we had desired the hackney coachman to wait for us at the bottom. "It would never do (said S.) when your Memoirs come to be written to have it said, 'He went out to dine at the house of the respectable publishers, Longman & Co., and, being overturned in his way back, was crushed to death by a large clergyman.'" * * * In speaking of the situation of the Ministers and the probable effect of the Reform Bill, I said that every passing day but confirmed my first views with regard to the short-sighted rashness of the measure and the consequences that must ultimately flow from it.

16th. Started in the Reading coach at twelve. Two

inveterate Tories my companions. One of them *acharné* against the Whigs, and his absurdity in proportion to his violence. The object of the Ministry, he said, was to lay England at the feet of France; they received their instructions from Paris, or, "perhaps, from Rome." "The fellows at Brookes's Club and Holland House settled everything." But the "Times" newspaper was the great object of his abhorrence. "If there is one corner in hell (exclaimed this wiseacre) hotter than another, it is reserved for the editor of the 'Times.'" He added, that it was "well known the 'Times' people received money from the French government for their labours, and were under the special direction of Talleyrand." I took but little share in the conversation, being employed (as far as amusement would let me) in reading the "Quarterly Review." Within a few miles of Reading the coach stopped, and the coachman, opening the door, asked if there was a Mr. Moore inside, as a gentleman wanted him. Guessing what this meant, I got out and found Barnes by the road-side waiting for me, *not* in the corner of hell, but of a Reading post-chaise which he had brought to take me the short way to Walter's. Left my friends in utter ignorance (at least, *then*, I think) as to who I was, and proceeded with the condemned editor to Walter's. Received very kindly by the host and hostess, whom I now for the first time saw; the host himself a simple sensible-mannered person. Company, Dr. Mitford and his literary daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson, and one or two others. * * * Apropos of the tragedy of "Rienzi," somebody was mentioning the other day, that the Master of the Rolls asked once, in a large company, during the run of that piece, whether there was ever such a person as Rienzi in existence? Singing in the evening; the governess of Miss

Walter and myself the performers. The lady a very good singer and musician. My songs highly successful, and Miss Mitford profuse of compliments thereon.

17th. To church with the rest of the party, and heard a sensible and affecting sermon on the uncertainty of life, from Mrs. Hodgkinson's husband, a man turned eighty years of age, she being about fifty. Lunched at Hodgkinson's, and afterwards drove and walked about Walter's grounds with him and the ladies. None but themselves at dinner. More music in the evening.

18th. After breakfast Mrs. Walter took the Barneses and myself, in her carriage, as far on our way to town as Windsor. Took the opportunity of seeing the Castle, and, having lunched at the inn, proceeded in a chaise together to London. Found from Barnes that he was once in negociation with Canning to become tutor to his son. Had found a note from Mereweather on my return home, saying that Power was not yet ready with his statement, and that he thought it would be better for me, perhaps, not to delay any longer in town, as I could easily come up again if necessary.

19th. To Paternoster Row. Went with Rees to the London Institution to look at some works on Ireland. Very civilly received by Mr. Upcott; showed me his autograph room: among other curious things was the identical note found in Felton's pocket when he stabbed the Duke of Buckingham; also a copy-book of William Pitt's when a child. Saw in a miscellaneous autograph book an engraving of myself, with a longish letter of my own annexed to it, which I did not venture to read. To have one's nothings bemonstered in this way! Thence to the Charter House to see Tom. Dined at Rogers's: company, Kenny, Tom Campbell, Maltby, Miss Rogers and her

niece. Campbell looking (for a gentleman in a wig) juvenile and fresh. Talking of dog-latin, gave specimens of a conversation he had heard (or heard *of*) between an Irish priest and a foreigner in Latin. One of them, speaking of a friend he had dined with, called him a "*diabolicus bonus socius*," and the other said, "*Vinciar habebatis bonum vinum.*" Campbell defied us to find out what he meant, but I saw it immediately: "I'll be *bound* you had good wine." Kenny full of wonderment that I do not write an opera. Rogers and I adjourned to the Miss Berrys', where we found Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Lady Canning, and Lady Caledon.

21st. Off in the "Emerald." * * *

30th. Strange letter from a man I know nothing about, asking me to lend him 10*l.* to enable him to go to Scotland. Launches out into praise of my "Anacreon," or rather Anacreon himself personally, saying what an excellent person he was, and concluding his panegyric by saying: "Poor Anacreon! if he was alive he would lend me 10*l.*," or words to that effect. In another part of his letter he says: "I shall always remain indebted to Anacreon and yourself;" but I was resolved he should not incur the latter burthen, and so politely answered that the narrowness of my own circumstances prevented me from complying with his request. Received a pressing letter since I came home from Napier of the "Edinburgh Review," entreating me to give him an article for his next number, and saying my last had done "admirably." Happening to quote this in a letter to Rees, was amused with the caution of his panegyric in return, for fear of *inflaming* my demand for the next service. "Your article was very neat." This, in fact, was all the praise the article deserved; but the evident *fear of price* that was hovering before the eyes of

my correspondent, while he indited it, is not the less visible and amusing.

December 1st to 6th. Busy.

9th. Told Mereweather, in my letter either of to-day or yesterday, that I felt myself bound to immortalise him, in some way or other, for his good fight in the cause of my scribblings, and then added this doggrel—

Sing, Muse, the strife 'twixt Power and Right,
Nor make thy wonted jest of it:
For though good Tories * waged the fight,
And Tories much in Power delight,
Right had for once the best of it.

Made up my mind to return to town for the *dénouement* of this business, as there is much I can better communicate verbally than by letter.

12th. To Bowood to dinner, having arranged every thing for starting from thence in the morning. Company, only Macaulay and Labouchere. Some talk with them before dinner; was glad to find *something* that Macaulay did not know, though it was nothing of more importance than the works of Miss Olympia Fulvia Morata, the author of the sixteenth century, whose "Life and Times" we found advertised in the newspapers of the day. Having read, to my shame, not only this lady's writings, but those of Alessandra Scala, Cassandra Fidelis, Laura Careta, and other Latin *blues*, I was able to show off to Macaulay in "all such reading as *he* never read." Talked then of Grotius (whom Macaulay seemed rather inclined to underrate), of the two or three generations of Vossiuses, of Vorstius, and King James the First's Christian charity towards him, writing to the States that if "Vorstius should

* Mereweather and Twiss — both Tories.

persist in his Arminian errors, he, the king, was firmly of opinion that burning was too mild a punishment for him." Macaulay mentioned a curious instance of plagiarism in "Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel" (*quære*): the famous couplet —

"likes to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land" — *

as taken almost verbatim, he said, from some lines under the frontispiece to Knolles's "History of the Turks."

13th. Up early; had breakfast, and started in the first coach for town.

17th. Wrote to Twiss to beg he would hasten what was yet to be done so as to enable me to get out of town, at least, by Wednesday. Went to Paternoster Row to report progress of my business. Found them engaged in an affair of their own; a case which they and the other booksellers had been trying to ascertain, whether an engraver had a right to retain to himself (as it is discovered Heath has been doing) proof copies of the prints he has been employed by publishers to engrave. Murray was put forth as plaintiff, and the case has been decided in their favour; but at the expense (such is law) of 600*l.*! Some of those who had signed an agreement to bear Murray harmless through his plaintiffship having shown indications of a wish to *shirk* their share, a meeting was, at the time when I called, in deliberation on the subject. Called upon Greville, according to appointment, at the Council Office, to see a catalogue which he is having made of the State Papers in his office, some of which, relating to Ireland, he is of opinion may be of use to me. Went with him

* ["But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land."
Part I. about line 200.]

from thence to be introduced to Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, who received me with much cordiality, and offered his services in any way that could be useful. Showed me the new volume of the State Papers (Irish) of Henry VIII.'s reign, which is now preparing for publication. Told me more in detail what Allen had mentioned of Hume's declining the inspection of the State Papers which was offered to him. It was Sir Joseph Aylott (the first person who presided over the State Paper Office, on its establishment in 1737,) that made the offer to Hume, and fixed a day for the commencement of their researches; but Hume did not come, and gave as a reason afterwards for his declining the proposal, that if he were to avail himself of these papers, his work, "instead of being only *aicht* volumes would extend as far as *aichty*." Went to Lady Blessington's, having heard that she is at home most evenings. Found her gay rooms splendidly lighted up, and herself in a similar state of illumination, sitting "alone with her glory," reading. It was like the solitude of some princess confined in a fairy palace. After I had been a few minutes with her, however, D'Orsay made his appearance. Stayed about three quarters of an hour conversing, or rather listening, during which I heard a good deal about the magazine world, from her ladyship. Told me that her volume of the "Book of Beauty" had beat Miss Landon's in sale by 2000 copies.

18th. Called upon Mereweather: then to Paternoster Row. The Longmans very anxious that I should do something for the next "Edinburgh." Promised, if I *could*. Called upon Barnes. * * * In parting with him he expressed a hope soon to hear from me (meaning something for the paper), and said he was anxious that some more agreeable arrangement could be made for me

with Walter. Told him that there had been an application made to me lately, through the Longmans, from a newspaper which is just now making great efforts to attract public notice; but that my own wish was to confine whatever I did in that way to "The Times." "The knowledge of such an application," said he, smiling, "would very much facilitate our making some better arrangements for you." This proves (what I had begun rather to doubt) that he is sincere in wishing to have some more liberal terms arranged with me than I have been *lately* working upon. The offer I here alluded to was from Stuart, the new editor of the "Courier." Called upon young Dalton at his office. Dined, Fielding and myself, at Murray's; company, the Lockharts, Sir C. and Lady Bell, Phillips the artist and his wife, Turner the artist, Henry Ellis. The day odd and not unamusing. Sung in the evening with considerable *éclat;* home early to pack.

19th. Off in the "White Hart" for home.

31st. To dinner at Bowood. The Nortons, young Harris (Lord Malmesbury's son), and the Kennedys.

1834.

JANUARY 1st. Walked home from Bowood (where I had gone the day before) in order to scribble off the letter on the subject of Crabbe, which I had promised Murray for the "Life." Returned to Bowood to dinner; same party. * * *

9th to 18th. At work; and happy to be *allowed* to work. * * *

19th to 24th. Having finished the tenth number of the "Irish Melodies," which it was agreed Power was to have, wrote to Rees to say that I was ready with them, and begged him to apprise Power, that he too might be ready with his money. Mereweather advised that, for the final settlement of this business, as well as the delivery of the tenth number, I should myself come up to town, as soon as the deed of release was ready for signature. This, though most ruinously inconvenient to me just now, I resolved to do. Forget whether I mentioned a correspondence I have had lately with a Catholic divine, the Rev. F. C. Husenbeth, the opponent of Faber in what he calls (in his letter to me) the Strasburg Controversy. In one of his communications he tells of his having met at Dr. Baines's (at Bath) a Mr. Berry King, a Protestant clergyman, who had lately been converted to the Catholic faith, principally by his (Dr. Husenbeth's) controversial writings.

31st. Started in the Emerald coach, my companions being Warrener, his daughter, and a schoolfellow of hers. The

father being outside all the way, I was left at the mercy of the school girls, and very amusing they were. Notwithstanding (or rather in consequence of) their horror of returning to school, their hatred of the schoolmistress, of the schoolfellows, and of all London, for their sakes we did little else than laugh during the whole of the way. Took up my abode in comfortable Sackville Street.

February 3rd. * * *. Dined early with Rogers. Nobody but himself, his sister, and young Mason, for whom he has got a good situation (a writership, I believe) in India, and who is to sail in the same ship with Macaulay. Left early, and went to Drury Lane, partly to see Bunn, who wants me to write a prologue for "Sardanapalus," which he is about to bring forward in great splendour, and partly to see the last scene of "Gustavus Vasa." The finale at the end of the second act charming, and the repetition of the same air in the masquerade scene, (like a similar recurrence of a pretty melody in Massaniello), brought tears into my eyes. Did not see Bunn. Rogers, to-day, quoted as a fine specimen of Addison's humour, the parson threatening the squire, that if he did not reform his ways, he should be obliged "to pray for him on the following Sunday, in the face of the congregation."

4th. An invitation from Lady Macdonald to Rogers and me to go to the Horse Guards to see the Royal procession go to the House to open Parliament. Went together. The sight very splendid and amusing, and, strange to say, one I never saw before. Had been asked to dinner to-day by Lord Essex, by Byng, and by some one else, but sent to offer myself to Bryan's, for the pleasure of meeting Corry. The George Bryans of the party. Day as usual. Went from thence to the Hol-

lands' (Burlington Street), having received a very kind note from my Lady yesterday. Found only Lord Melbourne, and soon after came Talleyrand, who was full of the King's speech. Said it occurred to him, though perhaps, he added, to no one else, that in naming the foreign powers, the King paused a little before he said "France," and then laid a peculiar emphasis on it. Talked of Champfort; said he was one of those "*qui dansent toujours, et ne peuvent pas marcher;* that he was an enemy to *l'état social;* his talent was to *ramasser.* Wits of former times used to *gaspiller,* but our more modern ones "*ramassent et ne gaspillent pas.*" It appears that Talleyrand is constantly at the Hollands. "You are sure to be Talleyranded there," said Sydney Smith: a good verb.

5th. Was with Mereweather at half-past nine (not having breakfasted), and sat looking over the deed with him till past twelve, when, hungry and weak, I flew to Brookes's, and had breakfast. From thence to Clarke's, who had received the deed and sent it to be engrossed; promised to let Power know that I was ready to deliver the "Melodies," and receive the money to-morrow. Corry very anxious that I should dine at Dominick Browne's with him, to-day being his last. Had half promised Lord Essex, who reminded me of it at Brookes's, and told me I should not see Dominick till midnight, as Shiel's business was to be brought on in the House of Commons. * * *

6th. Went to Paternoster Row to fix with Rees to meet Power at three. Rees came with me as far as Craven Street, where I left him, and proceeded to Brookes's to wait for the deed, which was to be sent there for my signature. A little after four R. brought it, and I got Paul Methuen to witness my signing it. Resolved to

go down to the House, to see what more might occur about Shiel's business. Called at the Speaker's; saw her and afterwards him. Invited by her to dinner, with the prospect of the Speaker being let off early enough to join us at dinner. Did not decide, but went into the House. A shake by the hand from Peel at the door. The business got rid of for the moment by a motion of Stanley's. Lord Durham offered to bring me away in his carriage, but got engaged in conversation with some one, and in the meantime Lord Lansdowne asked me to walk homewards with him, which I did. Joined by the Duke of Richmond, who accompanied us as far as Whitehall.

7th. Wrote to tell Lady Holland that I would dine with her to-morrow, instead of to-day, Rogers having preferred that arrangement, in order that I might dine to-day with him. Called upon Sir Robert Peel, and found him at home. Delighted to find that he is unpledged to any one for his next turn at the Charter House, and will nominate Russell. Sat some time with him, talking of Shiel's case, and found his view to be the same as every one else's, that the mere expression of opinion in private different from those which a man, for the sake of his party, espouses in public, is too common, and indeed inevitable a circumstance to be dwelt upon with any severity. In alluding to the Coercion Bill (*àpropos* of Shiel's manner of speaking of it at Brookes's), I mentioned myself having been open-mouthed against it at the time, and added that I disliked it the more as coming from men who had themselves opposed it, when, at least, as much wanting as it was now. To this Peel said nothing, but I thought he *looked* assent to the latter part. "No Government," as he said, "could be carried on without the occasional sacrifice of individual opinions to the general object of the whole."

Told him what I heard Grattan once say, in talking of the pension which the Whigs proposed for Lord Erskine's son, though he had not served the full term of diplomatic service necessary to entitle him to it. "It *is* a job, but I'll vote for it." "Yes," said Peel, "he saw that though a departure from the strict rule, yet being the son of such a man, who had distinguished himself, &c. &c." Took me into another room, to show me what he said *I* ought to see, the original bust of Pope, by Roubilliac, which was done for Lord Bolingbroke. Told him that Rogers had a very fine *cast* of it; (which I find since is a mistake, as Rogers's is the original clay or model from which this bust was made, and is remarkable for the fine lines and markings with which it abounds, and which were afterwards softened down or omitted in the marble). Called at Lord John's, but did not find him. Left word that I meant to leave town on Friday. Dined with Rogers and his sister, and accompanied them afterwards to the Adelphi to see the Revolt of the Naiads. Came away before the last piece, and was nearly lost in the fog: never have seen anything like it; people standing in all directions, asking each other, "What street is this?" Was lucky enough to get hold of a poor sweeper of crossings, who had a nearly burnt-out link, with which she lighted me home. A message from Lord John, to ask me to breakfast with him in the morning.

8th. With Lord John at half past ten; had not long to stay with him, as I was obliged to be back at Brookes's at half past eleven, to meet Hume, and introduce Tom to him. Lord John talked of my "Irish Gentleman," and mentioned the new answer to it, by Philalethes Cantabrigiensis, who, it appears from what Lord J. said, is no

less a personage than Maltby, the Bishop of Chichester.* Have often said in fun that I would not condescend to reply to any one *under* a bishop, but little thought I should *really* arrive at the honour and glory of having an episcopal opponent. Hume came to me at Brookes's. Went with him to Moore's to show him my bust; called at Douglas's. Obliged to leave me before Tom came, which I was sorry for.

Have not mentioned, I believe, the present or rather anticipated legacy (100*l.*), which Hume has lately given to Tom, about a month or so since, and which, after a momentary hesitation, I allowed Tom to accept. Hume is one of my oldest friends, and with the exception of the great wrong he did me, at the time of my quarrel with Jeffrey, in first abetting and aiding my appeal to arms on that occasion (a most unnecessary stimulus), and then leaving me to get out of the fuss and ridicule which ensued as best I could; except this (and it is no small exception), I have ever found him kind and friendly; and there has appeared, of late years, a degree of anxiety on his part to get over the coldness I could not help exhibiting towards him, which (long before this kindness of his to Tom) had softened and subdued me. His letter in announcing his intention to present the sum in question, while he was yet alive, instead of leaving it as a legacy, was friendly, playful, and in good taste; and I was anxious that Tom should in person thank him for the gift; but Hume could not wait. Joined by Tom, and met Woolriche, who promised to take him, some Sunday, to dine with Hume, at Hanwell. Dined at Lord Holland's: company, Creevey, Hallam, Luttrell, Rogers, Woolriche. Lord H. men-

* A mistake—the real author was Dr. Thayer, the late Bishop of Lincoln.

tioned that he had a letter from Martinez de la Rosa, the new minister of Spain, on the present prospects of that country, and *with* it, a copy of a new edition of his poems! Creevey shrewd and amusing. Woolriche spoke to me after dinner about Tom; said what a handsome boy he was, and how much pleased he was with his manner.

9th. Off in the "Emerald" for home. A madman, and his keeper, and son, my companions: the poor man's hands tied together, but very harmless. Got rid of them a little beyond Newbury.

10th to 28th. Hard at work during this whole month, though a good deal plagued and interrupted by the return of a weakness in my eyes, which came on before I went to town, but was much better during my absence from home and from work. Received copies of the Melodies and the Songs of the Anthology from Power, with a civil note.

March 1st. Have not dined from home anywhere since my return from town. Received from Lady Holland, with a very kind note, one of those shades for candles which I have vainly endeavoured to find in town, she alone having the pattern for them. * * *

6th. Returned home from Lacock after breakfast; Horatia and Mademoiselle walking as far as Spye Gate with me. Found from Lady Elizabeth, by the by, that the Archbishop of Dublin was, at first, supposed to have been the author of the answer to my book; but Lady L. had written down to say that it was not by him. It is probably, after all, no bishop at all; but merely somebody who *wants* to be a bishop.

8th to 13th. On the 8th Hughes came to see us, and stayed till the 10th. Received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Yates, a Unitarian, sending me a controversial pamphlet

he has just published, in defence of Socinus, and saying it "may possibly not be wholly devoid of interest to a theologian of such extensive erudition and inquiry as yourself."

14th to 17th. A letter from Tom, telling us of Lady Holland having sent an order for her box to Mrs. Admiral Douglas (whom she is not acquainted with) last Saturday, and begging she might take Tom, who she knew dined there that day, to the play with her. This is really very kind of my Lady, and very thoughtful. A letter also from Hume proposing to take Tom to the St. Patrick's Day dinner; but this I declined, thinking him too young for such public meetings yet awhile. All very kind, though.

20th. A beautiful present from Mr. Costello, of a cup formed out of the calabash nut, which he brought some years ago for me from Bermuda; taken from the tree which is there shown as one I used to sit under while writing my poems. The cup very handsomely and tastefully mounted, and Bessy all delight with it.

21st to 25th. Received from Nell a copy of a letter written by a Catholic priest, the Rev. Mr. Kerry, to some one who had lent him Archbishop Whately's book (as they call it) in answer to the Irish Gentleman. Praises the book for its ingenuity, playfulness, &c., but adds, "when we come to consider it as a work of religious controversy, or an answer to the 'Travel of an Irish Gentleman,' we can see nothing but a sophistical effort to divert the attention of the reader from the strong arguments and legitimate deductions with which that work is replete."

26th. Set off, Bessy and I, on a visit to Farley Castle, to take our last view of poor Eliza, who marries and goes to Bombay next month. The Houltons' carriage waiting

for us at Melksham. Company at dinner; the bride-groom, Jackson, and his brother, Mrs. Day, and Mrs. and Miss French. Music (and as usual charming music) in the evening. The trios between Eliza, Catherine, and Flora, and Eliza's own chaunts with Catherine, delicious.

27th. Copied out some pages in the morning, and began a squib for "The Times." Much the same party at dinner, and the same sweet strains again in the evening.

28th. To church. Eliza at the organ and assisted by the other girls in singing the chaunts. An excellent sermon by Jackson, who appears a sensible, amiable man. The whole thing interesting and touching.

30th. After church, Bessy and I set off with Fielding, in his carriage, for Lacock, where we dined and slept. Talk with Talbot about the origin and division of languages, the confusion of Goths and Celts, &c. Not very clear on the subject, nor indeed is any one. Speaking of Boileau's lines —

> "Louis les animant du feu de son courage,
> Se plaint de sa grandeur qui l'attache au rivage," *

we tried to cobble out among us a translation of them:

> "Louis, all fire, laments his royal rank,
> Which, spite of courage, *nails him* to the bank."

31st. Returned home, the Fieldings' carriage bringing Bessy as far as Spye Park; the poor Doctor lying dangerously ill at Bath.

April 1st to 5th. Dr. Starkey dying. On the 3rd John came with the intelligence of his death and to

* Boileau's Fourth Epistle, "Au Roi."

request Bessy to go on before him to the Park, to break it to Mrs. Starkey.

6th. Walked to Fieldings' to dinner; John Starkey part of the way with me. Strangways at dinner. Horatia and Mademoiselle at the harp and pianoforte in the evening. Slept there.

7th. Talk, at breakfast, of the difficulties of the French language; the grammatical incorrectnesses that occur in the best poets. Several pointed out by St. Marc, even in Boileau. Boileau's "*C'est à vous, mon esprit,*"* &c. The "*Grammaire des Grammaires,*" which was to settle everything, is convicted of errors often itself by the "*Dictionnaire des Difficultés,*" &c. The grammatical error in Gillebert's pretty lines upon Ovid's "Art of Love."—

> "C'est le plus agréable guide
> Qu'on *peut* choisir pour s'égarer."

Whimsical varieties in French pronunciation. Mentioned that Mademoiselle de Souza always says *Champ Elysées*, i. e., without pronouncing the letter *s*, as most people do between the two words. I remember the old Duc de L'Orge used to pronounce the *p*, at the end of beaucoup, strongly. Walked home.

11th. To Locke's, Bessy and myself. Large dinner; the Scotts, Awdreys, Captain Hay (Lord Errol's brother), the Bouveries, &c. Sung in the evening with Anne Locke and alone. Slept there.

12th. Walked home after breakfast to work. Returned to dinner; only themselves. Slept.

13th. Home. * * *

* Boileau's "Ninth Satire."

May 5th. A visit from Brabant, who has just returned unexpectedly from his German tour. Had seen his dear Gesenius, and shown him my article on German Protestantism, (not forgetting, of course, his own share in it,) wherewith, he says, Gesenius was much pleased. * * * A column of extract in "The Times," from my article on the "Round Towers," given as from "an able and lively article in the last 'Edinburgh.'"

15th. Tom arrived from school, looking well, and grown taller.

20th. To Bath, to meet my sister Ellen (who has written to say she sails from Dublin to-day), and to dine with the Crawfords, in pursuance of a long promise. Wrote yesterday to them. Went by the Devizes coach, being driven to Melksham by Tom, in his mamma's donkey carriage. Drove out with Mrs. Crawford, and went to see Prior Park, where I had never before been. Much interested, both with the beauty of the place, and the *Old Light* institution there. Bishop Baines, at present in Italy; but Manners, the musician, having made me known, Mrs. Crawford and myself were escorted through the establishment by some young priests with most marked kindness and attention. Could not do otherwise, of course, by the "Irish Gentleman." One of these young men, a highly intelligent and accomplished person,—his name Hogan,—had passed a great deal of time in France and Italy, and his manners those of a high-bred gentleman. In looking over their library, remarked "Bayle's Dictionary" among the books. "This," I said, "is quite right; this is the true *fearless* spirit." "We have also," he rejoined, smiling at my remark, "a very fine copy of Voltaire." His own study, which he took us to, full of the best and most recent works on physiology and mathe-

matics, which are his principal line of reading. Took the opportunity of looking over some of their theological books in order to ascertain a point connected with the life of St. Columbanus, which I am just now employed upon—a point relating to the question of "The Three Chapters." The young priest begged me to make use of any of their books I might want, and I accordingly brought away with me a volume of "Dupin," and of the "France Littéraire" of the Benedictines. Company at Crawfords to dinner, Mr. West, and Mr. Musgrove; the latter author of a translation of Camoens. Some singing in the evening.

21st. Received two books more from my friend at Prior Park, with passages marked in them relating to Columbanus. One of the books Ceillier's "History of Ecclesiastical Authors." Extracted from this and the others what I wanted, and returned them to Mr. Hogan with a note, in which I mentioned, that the only difficulty these books had not solved for me, was the cause of the revival of the "Controversy of the Three Chapters" at the beginning of the seventh century, when Columbanus was at the Court of Milan: that controversy having been, as I thought, set to rest in the middle of the sixth century. Walked about Bath; called on the Prowses, &c. Dined with the Miss Crawfords (the Doctor and Mrs. C. being engaged out), and had hardly finished when a messenger came to announce Ellen's arrival at the York House. Hastened away, and found my dear little Nell quite well. Ordered a chaise, and off for home.

22nd. A letter from my friend of Prior Park, containing some notices he had collected for me on the subject of the Three Chapters, all intelligibly and clearly arranged.

* * * * * *

June 12th. Called upon Brabant, and requested that he

would see Mrs. Moore, which he promised to do. Mentioned in the course of our conversation, that Sir Astley Cooper had, in *one* year, made 24,000*l.*

13th. A letter from Sir Robert Peel, to say that he had the power, he believed, of making an exchange of his appointment for the Charter House, so as to bring in Russell immediately.

29th. An answer from Lord John Russell, to a letter which I wrote him in the course of the week, relative to his speech on Monday last; in that letter I said pretty much as follows:—"I cannot help hastening to tell you that you have relieved me from a most heavy weight of suspense and anxiety by your noble speech of Monday last. *Je reconnais mon sang*, if I may apply such a quotation *roturier* as I am, to the blood of the Russells. But *I do* recognise in that speech all that I have ever admired and loved in you; and, let what will happen with others, you at least come safe and unsinged out of the furnace; and a devil of a furnace it is, to be sure. *Macte virtute* is all I have now time to say. The character of one such man as you, is worth all the convocations of bishops and parsons, that ever were yet—convocated. I have no other word for it," &c. &c. Lord John, in his answer, says, "You cannot doubt that I am very much gratified by your letter. My friends, in general, I am glad to say, both in the House and out of it, cheered me on with more praise than I deserved, and I believe, by dint of encouragement, they will at last make me, what by nature I am not, namely, a good speaker. But there are occasions on which one must express one's feelings, or sink into contempt. I own I have not been easy during the period for which I thought it absolutely necessary to suspend the assertion of my opinions, in order to secure peace in this

country. If there is no hesitation or shrinking among us at the helm, we shall still pass through the straits in safety; but if there is, I see no sea-mark which can afford hope to the country." He is a noble fellow, Lord John, and (putting my private feelings for him out of consideration) is one of the very few public men, — perhaps with the exception of Abercromby, the *only* one, — about whose course I *now* feel the slightest anxiety or interest.

July 6th to 8th. Alone and hard at work. Have returned again to the commencement of my Irish History, and am (for the fourth or fifth time, I believe) remodelling and reconstructing: have some reason to alter my views, too, respecting the Milesian colonisation. All this will occasion immense difficulty and, worst of all, delay; and I have, besides within this week or two, pledged myself to the Longmans to have the work out by the first of January. How I can manage this, and yet take my intended trip, in the interim, to Ireland, is to me at present inconceivable. Delightful and long letters from my sweet Bess, who is making the most of her short visit.

9th. Bessy to be at Buckhill this evening. Walked to Bowood to look over some books, and found Guthrie. Some talk about the new crash in the ill-fated Ministry, which, from the intelligence he has received, he thinks is at an end. How rapidly and truly they have confirmed all my worst predictions of them! but I cannot think they are even yet out of the scrape. I have always said that they were like Mazeppa, tied fast to the mad horse they had let loose, and must see its course out. Went on to Buckhill, where I dined, and immediately after, Bessy and Ellen arrived. Came in the fly home with them, and had a long account of all their doings in town.

10th to 12th. "All worky, worky," as the negro says,

without any change or incident worth noticing, except that I found myself obliged to give up my intention of visiting Ireland this year, from the want both of time and money for such an indulgence.

13th: Received the following curious letter from Con. Lyne, the Irish barrister. I was fully prepared for the effect which those verses of mine in the last Melodies, "The Dream of those Days,"* would, I know, produce on the minds of O'Connell and his worshippers, and the consequent unpopularity I should be exposed to. Con.'s letter was as follows: —

"Private and confidential. 12th July, 1834.

"My dear Moore, — I have this moment been with O'Connell, and found him in a state of indescribable excitement at the perusal of one of your last melodies, — Air, 'I love you above all the rest.' He construes it to contain, as levelled against him, a charge of 'dishonour' and ingratitude, in return for the blessings of emancipation. I have in vain endeavoured to put every thing *mitiore sensu*, but in vain. He continues to almost rave at what he considers a most foul attack upon him. The *note* is what seems to gall him most. Would that you could send me an alleviating word of explanation.

"Believe me, dear Moore,

"Most truly and sincerely yours,

"CORNELIUS LYNE."

My answer (which I kept no copy of) was to the purport that I was not surprised at O'Connell's feeling those verses, as I had felt them deeply myself in writing them;

* "The dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er."
MOORE'S *Poetical Works*, vol. iv. p. 103.

but that they were wrung from me by a desire to put on record (in the only work of mine likely to reach after times) that though going along, heart and soul, with the great cause of Ireland, I by no means went with the spirit or the manner in which that cause had been for a long time conducted. "You will recollect," I continued, "that these verses are addressed to Ireland; but I admit that O'Connell had every right to take them directly to himself, as he is, and has been for a long time, to all public intents and purposes, Ireland; and I look upon this as one of the most fatal consequences of his extraordinary career. In a great degree by the predominance of his talents, but, at least in an equal degree, by other qualities, he has cleared away from around him all independent and really public-spirited co-operators, and stands alone, the mighty Unit of a Legion of Ciphers; as, without meaning any offence to him, I must consider the great majority of those who now support him in Parliament. This alone is in itself sufficient to lower the standard of public men in Ireland; but there is also another point on which, giving him full credit for moral and conscientious scruples on the subject, I cannot help thinking that O'Connell has done more to lower the once high tone of feeling in Ireland, both public and private, than a whole life of political service, even such as his, can repair. But neither on this, nor on some other points which occur to me, shall I now dwell any further than merely to say, that in those verses, such as they are, *liberavi animam meam*, and that I shall not the less continue to declare, as I have ever done, my own warm and deep admiration of O'Connell's talents and energy, and my ardent wishes for his success in every measure by which I think the *real* interests of Ireland will be benefited." I then concluded with some civil ex-

pressions to Con. himself. In the passage alluding to O'C's. vow against duelling, I should have wished to explain that I could not possibly mean to find fault with his resolution on this subject, but with his having set the example of exempting the practice of personal abuse from that responsibility to which the code of *gentlemen* had hitherto subjected it. The power of bullying with impunity is one of the last that a friend to civilisation in Ireland would wish to see popularised among its gentry. It was in my mind to add something of this kind, but I thought it as well not to dwell irritatingly on a point that must be so sore with him. The annual stipend, too, from the begging-box, was another of the features of his patriotism, which I forbore to touch on for the same reasons.

14th. I find, in my sketch of the substance of my letter to Lyne, I omitted a very principal part of the contents. After referring to the manner in which O'Connell had cleared the stage of all other performers but himself, I went on to say, that the immense power which resulted from such a position to the individual who occupied it could not in the nature of things be otherwise than abused; and it was against such abuse of power, let it be placed in what hands it might, I had all my life revolted, and would still to the last revolt. "It was on this principle," I added, "that I have lately turned against some of my own most valuable and still-valued friends, because I saw that power had perverted their better natures, and that they were not the same men *with* it as *without*."

15th to 17th. At work at the early part of my "History," which I have entirely remodelled, and consequently improved. In a work of this kind, one ought to write it entirely through *first* (in order to become a master of the

subject), and then begin *de novo*. This I am in a great measure doing. Have made up my mind to go to town for a week or two, in order to consult books at the British Museum. I have already mentioned, I believe, that, after much thought upon the subject, I have seen reason to abandon entirely the old Milesian story, which is not tenable, I find, in any way (except as to the general tradition of an early Eastern colonisation), and to adopt very much the views of Pinkerton and others, in considering the Scots as a Gothic colony. This is very far from being the popular view of the subject; but much as I like to be popular in Ireland, still "*Magis amica veritas.*" My sortie upon O'Connell will be no small trial of the grounds I stand upon with my countryman. My own opinion is, that it will throw me into the shade for some time; but there will, perhaps, be the more light upon my *grave* for it afterwards, if that's any comfort.

24th. A visit from Bowles. His account of his writing his verses on the Westminster Abbey Festival, while the music was going on, walking off with them between the acts to Nicholls, the printer, and having them in type before dinner, all amusingly characteristic of the man; the verses, too, being some of his best.

26th. Packing up for town. Forgot to mention that I had another letter from Con. Lyne, saying that he had not shown my letter to O'Connell, having consulted Fitzsimon (O'Connell's brother-in-law) on the subject, whose opinion it was that he had better not. My sister Ellen had a letter from her friend, Mrs. Meara, this morning, full of sorrow at the attack on her dear Dan, which she had heard of from Fitzsimon, who had arrived in Dublin, and who told her he had never seen O'Connell so suddenly or violently agitated as he was on reading my verses. He

was actually, as she says, moved to tears. This all tells well for Dan; and I have little doubt that he himself, in his calmer moments, feels ashamed of the mountebankism to which his position sometimes drives him. Lyne having, in his last letter, expressed the regret he felt on finding that "I identified O'Connell with those pseudo-patriots whom I so severely and eloquently denounced," I thought it right to remind him, in my answer, that I had confined myself entirely to O'Connell's *manner* of conducting the cause, and had not said a word about his intentions or want of sincerity. I then went on as follows: "A gallant and intelligent friend of mine, in writing to me lately, says, 'O'Connell is working well; it were to be wished that he did his work in a nobler manner; but still he does it.' This (I added) is perhaps, after all, the true state of the case, and it is very possible that no other manner of working the cause would be half so effective. But I don't like it, nor ever have liked it, since that disgraceful day, as I must ever consider it, when O'Connell knelt with his wreath before George the Fourth. Byron felt this as if he was himself an Irishman, and so his poem on the subject shows."

27th. Walked in to Devizes, and dined and slept at the Scotts. Talked of an article in the "Monthly Review," upon Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works, written (as Scott said) by Mackintosh, in which, after quoting the passage where Gibbon characterises the different historians who had preceded him, "the careless, inimitable beauties of Hume," &c. &c., Mackintosh proceeded, according to Scott, in a strain of eloquent comment which was not inferior to the best flights of those whom he criticised. Begged me to find out this number of the "Review," and get transcribed for him the passage in question.

29th. To breakfast at Rogers's, where we had Lord Lansdowne, Whishaw, and afterwards the Duke of Sutherland, whom Rogers had asked and forgot, till Lord Lansdowne informed him that he was coming. "Asking Dukes and forgetting them," as I told Rogers, "is now-a-days the poet's privilege." Conversation agreeable. The great Correggio just purchased by the Government is pronounced, it seems, by some critics *not* to be a Correggio; such is the uncertainty of all *picture* knowledge. Rogers, too, showed me after breakfast a small picture of Ludovico Caracci's, for which he himself gave twenty-five louis at Milan; while Lord Lansdowne, for apparently the same picture, gave, some years since, more than 500*l.* in London. Wishing to compare the two, Rogers one morning, having some artists with him to breakfast, wrapped up his Caracci in a napkin, and all went off together to Lansdowne House (the Lansdownes being out of town) for the purpose of comparing the two pictures, when, as he told me, the only difference the artists could see between them was a somewhat greater degree of finish in some parts of his.

30th. Went to the British Museum, where I stayed most of the day. Dined at Lord Essex's; company, Rogers and Miss R., Miss Stephens and niece, Calcott the painter, Lieut. Drummond, and Rich. Talk with Lord Essex in the evening about Lord Grey; his lamentations at Lord Grey's being out of the Ministry. Endeavoured to convince him that Lord Grey, on the contrary, is in high luck to get so well and so untarnished out of the scrape. It has long been my own opinion, that one of the curses of the position in which these men have placed themselves is, that they are *doomed* to stay in, — inevitably doomed to abide the issue of what they so rashly commenced; and

their late readiness to tumble out (from sheer weakness and disunion), and yet *not* tumbling out, seems to confirm this view of the fatality that awaits them. Received a message from Lord John before I went to dinner, asking me to breakfast with him on Saturday.

August 3rd. Took the boys to breakfast at Rogers's, where he had Hughes the American. Some discussion about the existence of slavery in America, and the sort of incubus it is on the breast of that country. Difficulty of shaking it off; "the highest *gentlemen*," Hughes said, are to be found in the Slave States, and seemed to argue as if they were the more high and free-minded from having slaves to trample upon. Rogers opposed to this the instance of England; but certainly almost all free nations have had some such victims to whet their noble spirits upon and keep them in good humour with themselves. The Athenians had their οικετάι, the Spartans their Helots, the Romans their *Servi*, and the English, till of late, their Catholic Irish. * * *.

Dined with the Speaker: company Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, and Horace Twiss and his wife. In talking of the late defeat of the Ministers in the House of Commons, by which the Tithe Bill was carried, the Speaker showed a good deal of fairness. Mr. Fitzgerald had coarsely enough remarked that, at last, there could be no doubt of Lord Althorp's dishonesty, as he had evidently suffered himself to be out-numbered on that occasion; to which the Speaker replied, that such was at first his own impression; that —— of the Treasury had come to him full of anxiety on the subject, confessing that it looked very ill, but assuring him that it was contrary both to the wishes and efforts of the Ministers, that the opposition to their bill had succeeded. "I told ——," continued the Speaker,

"what my own impression had been, adding that of course his declaration on the subject had removed all my suspicions; and it certainly shows one may be led by appearances to form a wrong judgment, for I happen to know since then, that there were very pressing notes from the Ministers to several of their supporters, requesting their attendance and vote on that question."

5th. Breakfasted at home, and afterwards called upon M. de Bonnechose, Librarian to the King of the French. Talking of the state of France, I spoke of the "strong government" which they had now brought upon themselves; and his remark, in return, was, that the government was certainly strong, but that a day or hour might overturn it, so entirely did it depend upon the balance of public opinion. Said that France was never before in possession of real freedom, and quoted what Casimir Delavigne remarked to him, one day, during the *état de Siège*, importing (for I forget the exact words) that people at a distance, observing such an outward mark of despotic rule, could little conceive, what was yet the fact, that true liberty, for the first time, prevailed *within*. This is just intelligible; but it must at the same time be acknowledged, that sieges of Paris, press prosecutions, domiciliary visits, &c., are rather a novel mode of carrying on a free government. Spoke very flatteringly of my European reputation. Dined with Rogers and his sister, and in the evening went all to the Opera: I to my stall, where I was soon joined by Lord Lansdowne.

6th. Out early for the purpose of seeing Rogers off on his tour. Met him in his carriage, in St. James's Place, quarter past nine, and got in with him. Had wished me to go as far as the Lakes with him, and I should have liked it much could I have spared the time. Left him in

the New Road, and went to Moore's (the sculptor) to breakfast. A large party of Irishmen assembled, chiefly artists. Maclise, who painted my Mokanna; Doyle and his brother-in-law, Rothwell, Moran, and one or two more; among whom was a young man connected with "The Spectator" newspaper. Clever fellows most of them, and the conversation agreeable. To British Museum. Dined at Bailey's in Seymour Place; company, Bruce, Bailey, Sir R. Vivian, Elwyn, Quintin Dick, and one or two more. Talking of extempore oratory, mentioned what Brougham says in his Inaugural Discourse that, "that man will always be the best extempore speaker, *when* necessary, who has been most in the habit of preparing himself sedulously for premeditated speaking." One would think, on the contrary, that a habit of preparing sedulously would beget a fastidiousness fatal to extemporaneous flow. Cicero's only extempore speech (that for Marcellus) his best; but have we the speech as he spoke it?

7th. To breakfast with Lord Lansdowne: none but ourselves. Met Dr. Hume on my way, who was coming to me with a very pretty trinket (a flower-holder to wear on the breast) as a present for Bessy. Proposals for publishing by subscription a Latin translation of the Irish Melodies; a strange project! I remember once a M. Pacodsky, a Hungarian nobleman, coming over to Dublin (of all places) to publish a translation of Ovid's Epistles into Greek. The Irish Melodies, in Latin, seems hardly a more promising speculation. Dined at Paternoster Row. Barnes, Stuart (of "The Courier"), Col. Torrens, M'Culloch, Phillips the painter, and a few more. In talking of the attempt that had been made to take my portrait, Phillips said, that what the public naturally expected to see in a portrait of me was the gay fancy and wit which they had

been accustomed to associate with my writings, and that it was the effort to give this which made my portraits unlike me; whereas the character of my head was deep thoughtfulness. In the course of the day, Phillips related a circumstance, as having happened to Lord Castlereagh, which was evidently a *rifaccimento* of a story which I have often told of an event that occurred to myself. People are so fond when they meet with a stray story of getting some *high peg* to hang it upon. I have not time now to relate the particulars, but it was concerning a dead robber whom my uncle and myself found lying on the road, in returning early one morning from Sandymount to Dublin. He had been shot just under the eye, and there was no other mark than the small hole through which the bullet had entered. An old woman, who was looking down at the body at the same time with us, said, "It was the blessing of God it did'nt hit his eye." Phillips's story was almost word for word the same, and on my telling mine, the whole company agreed that the other must have been a mere transfer of my adventure to Lord Castlereagh. * * *

8th. To Evans's, the bookseller, who showed me an autograph of Napoleon's letter to Louis XVIII. when the former was First Consul, and when Louis addressed a sort of canvassing letter to him: "You must not think," says Napoleon in his answer, "of coming into France. If you do, *vous marcherez sur cinq cent mille cadavres.*" He then adds, "You may be assured of my doing all in my power *pour assurer la tranquillité de votre rétraite.*" One of the sentences is dashed out impatiently with the pen, and another interlined, but not legibly, that which was meant to be expunged being by far the more legible of the two. Might not this have been his rough copy? * * * *

Engaged to dine at Murray's, at Norwood. Called for by the Lockharts, in an open carriage, between five and six. Found no one but Murray's own family. A good deal of talk about various things. Sung for them in the evening. My last number of Melodies produced, which led me to tell them the effect of the verses on O'Connell. On my saying that it remained to be seen whether he would attack me in consequence, Lockhart said, "No; he will not attack *you:* yours is a weapon he will not like to encounter."

10th. Breakfasted at home, and went to the Warwick Street Chapel; had seen Howard a day or two since, and told him I would come to his pew. A noble mass of Beethoven's, and a most benevolent sermon, recommending kindness and charity towards all persons without any distinction of sects. How unlike the damnatory tirades of our B. preacher! In coming out, a gentleman introduced himself to me, whom I found to be O'Dwyer. Walked some time with him. Spoke of my verses; had seen my letter to Con. Lyne, and on my saying that I was perfectly prepared for the unpopularity that must follow such a step, he answered that, "Had I made my charge less general, that would not, he thought, have been the result;" implying, of course, that, as it is, I must expect to fall into eclipse. Well, so be it! "and more true joy Marcellus exiled feels, than Daniel," &c. &c. Called on Mrs. Shelley; not at home; but found Ruthven, another of the Tail, waiting for her. Have just thought, by the by, of a good motto for O'Connell from Persius, *Caudam jactare popello.*† * * * Talk with Allen of my "Irish History," — of Thierry's "Descent of

† Ante diem blando caudam jactare popello
Desinis. *Persius*, iv. 15.

the Normans," which he and Lord Holland praised so much, and recommended to me, but which appears to me, as far as I have read of it (first vol.), to be a showy superficial book; built upon a theory, too, which, though imposing, and perhaps borne out at the commencement of the history, becomes ridiculous from its forced application as he goes on. Told my opinion of it to Allen; but, of course, without much changing his.

11th. Dined at Lady Blessington's: company, D'Orsay (as master of the house), John Ponsonby, Willis the American, Count Pahlen (whom I saw a good deal of when he was formerly in London, and liked), Fonblanque, the editor of "The Examiner," and a foreigner, whose name I forget. Sat next to Fonblanque, and was glad of the opportunity of knowing him. A clever fellow certainly, and with great powers occasionally as a writer. Got on very well together. Broached to him my notions (long entertained by me) respecting the ruinous effects to literature likely to arise from the boasted diffusion of education; the lowering of the standard that must necessarily arise from the extending of the circle of judges; from letting the mob in to vote, particularly at a period when the *market* is such an object to authors. Those "who live to please must please to live," and most will write down to the lowered standard. All the great things in literature have been achieved when the readers were few; "fit audience find and few." In the best days of English genius, what a comparatively small circle sat in judgment! In the Italian Republics, in old Greece, the dispensers of fame were a select body, and the consequence was a high standard of taste. Touched upon some of these points to Fonblanque, and he seemed not indisposed to agree with me; observing that certainly the present appearances in

the world of literature looked very like a confirmation of my views. Some conversation after dinner about poor Campbell's "Life of Mrs. Siddons." All pronounced the work bad.

12th. Breakfasted at home; made some calls; at Shee's. Showed me a new work, "Naval Recollections," in which there is mention of me, and such as pleases me not a little. The author, it appears, was midshipman on board the "Phaeton" frigate in which I went to America, and describes the regret of the officers of the gun-room when I quitted the ship, adding some kind things about their feelings towards me, which I had great pleasure in reading. To have left such an impression upon honest, hearty, unaffected fellows like those of the gun-room of the "Phaeton," is not a little flattering to me. I remember the first lieutenant saying to me, after we had become intimate, "I thought you, the first day you came aboard, the damnedest conceited little fellow I ever saw, with your glass cocked up to your eye;" and then he mimicked the manner in which I made my first appearance. Called upon Miss Costello, who repeated her desire that I would allow her to dedicate her book to me. Of course, accepted the honour.

Went from thence to the Hollands, where I found a scene that would rather have alarmed, I think, a Tory of the full dress school. There was the Chancellor in his black frock coat, black cravat; while upon the sofa lay stretched the Prime Minister, also in frock and boots, and with his legs cocked up on one of Lady Holland's fine chairs. Beside him sat Lord Holland, and at some distance from this group was my Lady herself, seated at a table with Talleyrand, and occupying him in conversation to divert his attention from the Ministerial confab at the sofa.

Joined these two, being the first time that I was ever regularly introduced to Talleyrand. Was very civil; said Mr. Moore was *très connu en France.* Lady Holland mentioned my having lived at Meudon for two or three summers, which brought on some conversation about that neighbourhood. A book lying upon the table which she had been recommended, and had sent to Paris for it, but would not now read it. This book was Leroy's *Lettres Philosophiques sur l'Intelligence et la Perfectibilité des Animaux.* Talleyrand strongly advised her to read it, and said (in French, for he never speaks English), "lend it to Mr. Moore, and I am sure, after he has read it, he will be of my opinion about it. I remember, when a young man, going *à la chasse* with that Monsieur Leroy, who was Lieutenant des Chasses du Parc de Versailles; and the Abbé Condillac* was also of the party." Joined afterwards the Cabinet on the sofa.

13th. My last day. Asked by Lord Ducie to meet the Duke of Norfolk at dinner, and congratulate him on his ribbon, which he received this day. Told me I should meet also Lord Lansdowne and Lord Auckland. Was sorry to give up this party, but had fixed to take the boys (whose holidays end to-day) to dine with Edward Moore, and go to some theatre afterwards, so preferred disappointing myself to disappointing them. Went for them to the Charter House. Dined between five and six, and all went to the Haymarket, where we were a good deal amused. Home and packed.

14th. Started with the two boys in the Emerald, for Bath, where Bessy and Ellen were to meet us. Arrived between eight and nine. Found Bessy with the Prowses;

* Condillac, I see, also wrote "Sur les Animaux."

had tea there. Slept at the York House. Bessy, &c. being lodged at the Prowses'.

15th. Called with Bessy at the Crawfords'; Mrs. C. away, in Paris. Lent us their carriage to go to Prior Park. Received very kindly by my intelligent friend the young priest. When we arrived at the front door, found that service was going on within, and remained there some time listening to the sounds of the organ, and some sweet boys' voices, while the beautiful sunny prospect was before our eyes. Nothing could be more delicious. Bessy and Ellen quite enchanted. Walked with the priest through some of the grounds. Mentioned a theory broached in a late work of some friend of his, that the imaginative and ratiocinative faculties have never flourished at any one period together. But Bacon and Shakspeare, who were contemporaries, are a sufficient answer to this notion.

16th. Saw our dear Nell off in the coach for Bristol, from whence the packet was to sail at four, and started with the boys and Bessy Prowse for Sloperton. Some verses have appeared in the "Dublin Register" attacking me for my allusion to O'Connell in "The Irish Melodies." Forgot to mention what Rogers told me in town, and which gave me great pleasure, of Lady W. Russell speaking to him lately of Lord John's great "admiration" of me.

24th. Dined at Bowood: none but ourselves and Guthrie. Conversation after dinner; the want of commanding talent that is now perceptible in every walk of intellect and in every country. The new and forced style of writing that has become popular both in England and France. What happened in the decline of ancient literature, in the time of Seneca, Lucan, and later, when men,

with the best models of writing before their eyes, and fully able to appreciate those models, yet sunk into a false and wretched style themselves, till at last the true light became extinct. The same sort of darkness likely to come again over the world. In Italy, men seated among the wonders of their ancient painters, yet produce nothing but monsters themselves, and seem to have wholly lost the tradition of the art. All this excites awful reflections, as showing that, even without the aid of barbarians, another eclipse may come over the nations.

29th. * * * Talk with Lord L. about Coleridge; was much struck with Lockhart's article upon him, and the extracts; but surprised at Coleridge's conversation being brought into competition with Mackintosh's, as he well might be. Coleridge, in general, all mist and maze, and never by any chance talked "like folks of this world."

30th. Walked home after breakfast, Brabant part of the way with me. On my mentioning the accurate account kept of eclipses by the Irish annalists, so early as the seventh century, suggested that it would be curious to compare their observations with those of foreign astronomers; and see, by comparison of latitudes, whether the Irish records were made at the time and on the spot, or merely copied at a later period from the foreign lists.

September 16th. Sydney at breakfast made me actually cry with laughing. I was obliged to start up from the table. In talking of the intelligence and concert which birds have among each other, cranes and crows, &c., showing that they must have some means of communicating their thoughts, he said, "I dare say they make the same remark of us. That old fat crow there (meaning himself) what a prodigious noise he is making! I have no doubt

he has some power of communicating," &c. &c. After pursuing this idea comically for some time, he added, "But we have the advantage of them; they can't put us into pies as we do them; legs sticking up out of the crust," &c. &c. The acting of all this makes two-thirds of the fun of it; the quickness, the buoyancy, the self-enjoying laugh. Talking of Bayle after breakfast, was surprised at Sydney's low opinion of him. Said that you found everything in Bayle but the thing you wanted to find. Spoke of Servetus; Sydney evidently ignorant of his history, and asked me afterwards whether it was Calvin or Luther that had him burned.

Walked with him about the grounds; his conversation, as is usually the case in a *tête-à-tête*, grave and sensible. Discussed O'Connell's character, and though, for the pleasure of the argument (which Sydney delights in) questioning most of my opinions, yet upon the whole I found he agreed with my views. Mentioned his first interview with Dan, who had called upon him, and he went to return the visit. Found some people there, to whom O'Connell presented him, saying, "Allow me to introduce to you the ancient and amusing defender of our faith;" on which Sydney laughingly interrupted him, saying, "of your *cause*, if you please, *not* of your faith." Walked a little with Luttrell afterwards. Talked of prosody; whether the ancients themselves did not, even in *prose*, attend more to accent than to quantity. Mentioned the *dactylic* passage quoted from "Demosthenes" by Longinus, which Luttrell remembered and quoted. Sydney, at dinner, and after, in full force; sometimes high comedy, sometimes farce; both perfect in their ways. Describing a dinner at Longman's; Rees carving *plerumque secat res*. Talking of the bad effects of late hours, and saying of some

distinguished diner-out, that there would be on his tomb, 'He dined late"—"and died early," rejoined Luttrell.

Sydney asked me whether he was likely to find a good account of Servetus in Bayle, and I said, most assuredly; it was just the sort of subject on which Bayle would be quite *at home*. "Very well," he answered, "I shall make that the test of my judgment of him."

17th. Sydney triumphing in the confirmation he had found of his opinion of Bayle; there was no *article* on the subject of Servetus, in the Dictionary. This is quite true, and certainly singular. There is not even any mention of Servetus, that I can find, except once, briefly, in an article on Ochinus. I had said, I believe, to Sydney, "at all events you will find plenty about him in the 'Œuvres de Bayle,'" and there I was right. In the *Réponse du Nouveau Converti*, tom. ii., Bayle is, as I had answered for, quite at home on the subject. I remember, years ago, Dumont praising Castalion as one of the first, if not the first, advocate for religious liberty; but assuredly his silence on Servetus's case told badly for his sincerity in the cause. (See this article of Bayle.)

Lord Lansdowne having, some time since, expressed a wish to see Prior Park, we agreed that, if to-day was fine, he and I should go there. Sydney charging me with a design upon Lord L's. orthodoxy, and recommending that there should be some sound Protestant tracts put up with the sandwiches in the carriage. The day delicious, and what with the open carriage, the four fleet horses, and agreeable conversation all the way, nothing could be more agreeable. Left the horses at Bath, and put on a pair of posters to take us up to the Park. Had given my friend the young priest notice of our coming, and he was prepared to receive us. My account of his manners, in-

telligence, &c., the Lord Lansdowne having been (as he richly deserved) highly favourable, I was delighted to observe that without the least effort, he came up fully to all I had said of him. Lord L. delighted with both the place and the priest. In looking over different books in his own study, the quiet with which he waited till we made our remarks on them; and then the intelligence and perfect knowledge of the subject with which he gave his own, was all very striking. Got back, after a very agreeable day, just in time to dress for dinner. Luttrell has given me a translation into French of the Irish Melody, "Rich and Rare," which my tall admirer the young Belgian has sent him. On leaving Prior Park, Lord Lansdowne said to me, and repeated the same to Sydney afterwards, "If I had been a Protestant old lady, that place would have alarmed me not a little."

18th. At breakfast Sydney enumerated and acted the different sorts of hand-shaking there are to be met with in society. The *digitory* or one finger, exemplified in Brougham, who puts forth his fore finger, and says, with his strong northern accent, "How *arrre* you?" The *sepulchral* or *mortemain*, which was Mackintosh's manner, laying his open hand flat and coldly against yours. The *high official*, the Archbishop of York's, who carries your hand aloft on a level with his forehead. The *rural* or *vigorous* shake, &c. &c. In talking of the remarkable fact that women in general bear pain much better than men, I said that allowing everything that could be claimed for the superior patience and self-command of women, still the main solution of their enduring pain better than men was their having less physical sensibility. This theory of mine was immediately exclaimed against (as it always is whenever I sport it) as disparaging, ungenerous,

unfounded, &c. &c. I offered to put it to the test by bringing in a hot tea-pot, which I would answer for the ladies of the party being able to hold for a much longer time than the men. This set Sydney off most comically, upon my cruelty to the female part of the creation, and the practice I had in such experiments. "He has been all his life (he said) trying the sex with hot tea-pots; the burning plough-share was nothing to it. I think I hear his terrific tone in a *tête-à-tête*. 'Bring a tea-pot.'"

Came away soon after breakfast; Sydney, who was to go next day, offered to take me with him, and it would have been a most easy, as well as delightful opportunity of paying my long-promised visit to his parsonage, but my time would not permit. Came away soon after breakfast. Made me promise to bring Mrs. Moore and the boys some time or other. During my drive yesterday with Lord Lansdowne, in talking of public speaking, I asked him whether he had ever experienced that sort of bewilderment in delivering himself, which he might have observed come over me at the Devizes dinner, and which I had once before experienced for a few moments during my speech at the Revolution Meeting in Dublin some years since, but recovered myself on that occasion almost immediately. He said, to my surprise, that he hardly ever spoke in the House without feeling the approaches of some such loss of self-possession, and found that the only way to surmount it was to talk on, at all hazards. He added, what appears highly probable, that those *common places* which most men accustomed to public speaking have, ready cut and dry, to bring in on all occasions, were, he thought, in general used by them as a modé of getting over those blank intervals, when they do not know *what* to say next, but, in the mean time, must say *something*. Mentioned instances of

breaking down in speaking, and how painful it was not only to the sufferers themselves but to the witnesses. * * *

21st. Having promised to return to Bowood to meet Lord John, who was expected to day, walked over to dinner, but found he was not to come till to-morrow. A large party; besides the Lysters and Luttrell, there were Lord Auckland, Captain Elliot, Admiral Dundas, Lord King, Captain Simpson, and the Bowleses. Bowles having preached in the morning, taking for his subject one of the cartoons in the chapel given by the King to Lord Lansdowne. * * *

22nd. * * * Mentioned Lady ——, (I forget who) saying, "Oh you know there's high water at Westminster Bridge, every day, at twelve o'clock." On which somebody gravely answered "There has not been *hitherto;* but I understand the present Lord Mayor means to regulate it so."

25th. Lord John offered to walk with me and see Bessy. A good deal of interesting conversation on the way; full of his usual manly frankness. Told him how much I was in hopes that they would all have got out at the crisis; and he said it was their own hope also. Described his calling upon Lord Melbourne on the subject, and being joined there by Lord Althorp; their all wishing that the King would send to Peel, but, of course could not propose it, as such a step would give the Tories the power of saying "It was really not our desire to undertake the government under such circumstances, but as these gentlemen confess themselves unable to carry it on, why," &c. &c. Spoke of the King, and how well he deported himself on some of these difficult occasions. What he said to Lord John himself, when having asked for an audience, Lord John begged that his Majesty would give him leave

to make some explanation in the House, in answer to Stanley on a point personal to himself. The King in granting the permission, said he had only two suggestions to make, one as to the *matter* of the explanation, and the other as to the *manner*. That in the first place, there should be no more particulars entered into than were absolutely necessary for Lord John's purpose; and next that the *manner* of the explanation should be in no ways offensive to Mr. Stanley. Described a scene at the levee, after it was known that Stanley meant to resign. Lord Melbourne, Lord John, and Stanley being together, laughing at some ridiculous story Melbourne was telling them, while the Tories, who were looking on, supposed from their good humour together, that all was made up. In a few hours after, however, Stanley's speech showed them how mistaken they had been. Stayed some time at Sloperton, and returned to Bowood to dinner. Mr. Barry, the architect, and Mr. Austin added to the party. Lord John very kindly told me that, as long as he was allowed to remain at the Pay Office, he hoped I would always make that my head quarters when I came to town. * * *

27th. Received a letter a day or two since from Con. Lyne, dated from Derrynane Abbey; in which, after referring to his former resolution (adopted on the advice of Fitzsimon) *not* to show my letters to O'Connell, he proceeds thus: "Since then I had been on a visit with my excellent friend Dr. Sandes of our University; I read to him your letters; and he was of opinion I should show them to O'Connell; that they would disabuse him of any false notion he might entertain as to their contents; and in conformity to that opinion I, to-day, upon O'Connell again referring to the subject, read them to him, and I am rejoiced to say the effect Dr. Sandes contemplated followed;

that it went to mitigate and considerably to reduce all personal resentment on the subject. He does not find one fact stated by you which would lead him to regret the course of management he has adopted in advocating the cause of Ireland. As to the present of the garland to George IV. he used it as a means of enlisting the King's feelings on the subject of Emancipation, and it was followed by the publication of Lord Sidmouth's letter. He feels no compunction on the consequences of his 'vow,' however insulting they may have been to himself personally. He thinks and regrets much that you should have betrayed great apathy in the cause of Ireland ever since the measure of Emancipation was effected. The post-boy is mounted and going to start, so I must hastily conclude this incongruous note, but I write it with more than ordinary pleasure. Believe" &c. &c.

In answer to this I wrote to the following purport. It was a great relief to my mind to learn that O'Connell had read those letters; for however my differing with his views might offend him, he would see at least that it was not without reflection I differed, nor without a deep and due sense of his great talents and services in our common cause. "I will confess to you (I went on to say) that much as I have always been in the habit of speaking freely of public men, this is the first time it has ever cost me a pang to do so. The cause, the man (for I have ever personally liked O'Connell), the risk I ran and still run of losing by this step that popularity among my countrymen, which is the only reward that remains to me for some personal self-sacrifice; all this, I own, made it a painful and a bitter effort; but I should not have stood so well with my own conscience or self-respect, had I shrunk from it. The feeling began, as I have already told you,

as far back as the visit of George the Fourth to Ireland, when I was living in Paris, and when Byron sent me those truly Irish verses of his, which I got printed at a French press, and distributed among the faithful. It was curious enough that while *he* vented his Italian feelings on the Irish, I discharged at the same time my Irish rage on the Neapolitans, in verses which you may perhaps have seen: 'Aye, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are.' With respect to what O'Connell says of my lukewarmness in the cause of Ireland, since the grant of Emancipation, he seems to have forgotten already the praises which he himself, under his own hand, bestowed upon me for the 'courage' of my 'Life of Lord Edward,' and the 'treasonous truths,' which he said that work contained. He little knew the extent of the courage he thus praised. It is easy to brave a *public*; but it was in defiance of the representations and requests of some of my own most valued friends that I published that justification of the men of '98 — the *ultimi Romanorum* of our country. He appears also to have forgotten my last work, which, though as regards the rest of the world theological, is in its bearings on the popular cause of Ireland deeply political, and so was viewed by enemies who understood me, as it appears, far better than O'Connell. No, I have little fear that the historian (if he ever meddles with such 'small deer' as myself) will say that, hitherto, at least, I have shown any apathy in the cause of Ireland. How far the chill of years, increasing hopelessness as to the result, and such instances of injustice to my humble efforts as O'Connell has here set the example of; how far these combined causes may palsy me in years to come, I know not. But we must only hope for the best; and in the meantime, wishing you, my dear Lyne, among other blessings, less prosy correspondents than myself, I am," &c. &c.

October 1st to 4th. The Lansdownes gone on their trip to Brussels and Paris. Lady L., before she went, called and left for Bessy a beautiful tube rose, and heaps of flowers for her baskets.

5th to 7th. Sent to "The Times" a parody on "Come, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses," in reference to a passage in the Bishop of London's late Charge, "We want more churches and more clergymen," but they did not insert it, Barnes's *locum tenens* being, I suppose, scrupulous on account of the amatory nature of the song, and the bringing Cloes and churches in such close osculation together. After waiting for some days, sent the verses with a note to Fonblanque of "The Examiner," who wrote me a very cordial answer, in return; saying, that much as he prized my verses and the distinction thus conferred on "The Examiner," he still more valued the kind feeling expressed by me, &c. &c. Had told him the fact of the verses having been declined in the usual quarter through which I discharged my squibbery. * * *

29th. Being at Joy's, employed myself looking over the books till luncheon, after which, we started with Mrs. Houlton and Catherine for Farley, which we found looking in full autumnal beauty. No company at dinner but a Mr. Langford, an intelligent young man, who has been a good deal in India. Some conversation with him on the subject, from which I found that he is strongly impressed with the idea of a European colonisation of India, in old times, like that of Odin. Says that the appearance of the people, in some parts, strongly bears out this opinion; and that Todd, the author of the splendid book on India (in which, certainly, many of the architectural drawings appeared to me, in the short glimpse I had of it, to be thoroughly European), is employed on a work enforcing this notion. Music in the evening.

November 2nd to 9th. As I have now nothing very particular for my daily records, I shall retrace my steps a little, and set down a few things that had escaped my recollection. During my visit to town, Rogers, one day, in speaking of Brougham, and remarking how well he often puts some points in his speeches, gave as an instance what he had said in a late speech, on the subject of very young men, at College, signing the Thirty-nine Articles; viz. that "they swallowed them first and digested afterwards." On hearing this, I could not help putting in quietly a claim for my own property, which the thought in question decidedly was; as not more than a week before Brougham made this speech, my verses on Phillpott's famous explanation of the *signing* had appeared in "The Times;" and that Brougham must have read these verses, his immediate interest in the subject was a sufficient guarantee. In that short squib were the two following lines: —

> "Both in dining and signing we take the same plan,'
> First swallow all down, then digest—as we can."

When I mentioned this, Rogers seemed a little ashamed of himself, and took an opportunity afterwards of noticing the circumstance to Miss Rogers. It is too hard, when a great gun like the Chancellor condescends to discharge one of my pellets from his muzzle, that the original *pop-gun* should be thus forgotten. But so it is; station makes all the difference, even in a joke, and Shakspeare was for once wrong, when he said, "a jest's prosperity lies not in the tongue of him who makes it," for it does sometimes lie wholly there. While Corry was with me, during his late short visit, he mentioned some reader of my "Irish Gentleman" having expressed either wonderment or curiosity to

him (I forget which) as to my being a Catholic,—or a Protestant, for I forget which also. But it is an odd thing that people will identify an author with his hero, let the hero be ever so obviously and (in this case) declaredly a fictitious one. I am not (unluckily for myself) one or two-and-twenty like my "Gentleman," nor do I live up two pair of stairs in Trinity College, nor have I been to Germany to consult Scratchenback. Why the deuce then must I *be*, or have *done*, any of the other things that my Irish hero *was* or *did?* All I have said in that book of the superiority of the Roman Catholic religion over the Protestant in point of antiquity, authority, and consistency, I most firmly and conscientiously believe; being convinced that the latter faith is but a departure and schism, widening more and more every day, from the system of Christianity professed by those who ought to know most about the matter, namely, the earliest Christians. Thus far, my views agree with those of my hero, and I was induced to put them so strongly upon record from the disgust I feel, and have ever felt, at the arrogance with which most Protestant parsons assume to themselves and their followers the credit of being the only true Christians, and the insolence with which weekly, from their pulpits, they denounce all Catholics as idolaters and antichrist.

10th to 23rd. Hard at work. Nothing else of much moment to *me*, at least, but to my noble and right honourable friends, the Whigs, a most important event has happened, namely, their being suddenly turned out of office by his Majesty, after four years of dominion; during which more has been done to unsettle, not merely institutions, but principles, than it will be in the power of many future generations to repair. The curious part of the case is, that in the process of converting the great mass of the

nation into Radicals, they have most of them transformed *themselves* into Tories. I was among the few (of my *own* party) who foresaw what would be the result of their mad rush into Reform, as may be seen from what I put down of my thoughts, in this Journal, at the time. The country is now fairly in for revolution, and stop it who can.

24th. Bessy went to Devizes for a little shopping, and to stay the night. My poor sister Kate, who, for many years, has been an invalid, now lies, I fear, in her last illness. Our accounts from dear Ellen, who is employed watching over her night and day, leave but little hopes of any other result. * * *

December 4th. A small plate of nice raspberries and cream brought up to me by my sweet Bess, being the third or fourth treat of the same kind I have had from our own garden within the last fortnight or three weeks; such has been the extraordinary mildness of the season. A visit from Lord Lansdowne. Walked about the garden with me for near an hour, talking chiefly of the late changes. "Well," I said, "you are now a free man." "Yes," he answered, "and *you*, at least, will not *condole* with me on my freedom." I have never, indeed, made any secret to any of them of my feelings of distaste at their being in office, nor of the little concern it would give me to see them out.

6th. Had written to Barnes, sending him a scribbled copy of a thing I had intended for the paper, but changed my mind while writing it; this being a crisis rather too serious for badinage. Told him my reasons for wishing it not to be published, and added, that though, as he well knew, I was but little disposed to take part with my friends, the Whigs, while in, yet that now they were out, and in their natural position, they would become, I thought,

the true rallying point of the country, and that so he would himself, before long, discover. In his answer, which I received to-day, he but too truly points out the weak and helpless condition to which the Whigs had dwindled of late, adding, "Your attachment to them when out — an attachment which you certainly are not forward to express to them when *in* — does credit to your disinterestedness and manly feeling." He then expresses great anxiety that I should do something for the paper, choosing other subjects, of course, than those which I thought might, in any way, offend my Whig friends; at the same time adding, that if I could not even thus far assist them at present, his feelings towards me should still remain unaltered, &c. &c. Nothing, indeed, could be more kind and gentlemanlike than his note.

8th. After breakfast Lady Lansdowne would make me sit down to the piano-forte to sing for Lady Kerry, who, it appears, was most anxious to hear me. Happened to be in good voice, and was not ill pleased to hear *myself*, having seldom now any time for that indulgence at home. Lord L. offered to walk part of the way home with me, and Senior and Van de Weyer (the Belgian minister) joined us.

13th. The dear boys arrived from school. Tom looking remarkably well; Bessy with a little cold.

18th to 31st. From this time my journalising has been far more interrupted and neglected than ever I remember it to have been since I began the task; the pressure of my "History" on one side, and the demands of society on the other, leaving me no disposable leisure whatever. About the middle of this month my poor sister Kate was released from her sufferings.

1835.

JANUARY 17th. Went frequently to Bowood. Had a long walk one day with Hallam, Lord L., and Sir A. Malet. A most agreeable *tête-à-tête* or two with Hallam, who is full of information, but have had no time to take notes.

20th. Had promised Lord Lansdowne to come over and meet Lord John when he arrived. Though run to the last extremity now for time, I must be hard pressed indeed when I could not find a moment for "Johnny." Found when I arrived at Bowood that he was not to come till to-morrow. Hallam there still, and Luttrell.

21st. Walked home after breakfast to work, and returned to dinner. Lord John just come. Highly pleased with the result of his election in Devonshire, and with all he had seen there. I had written to him immediately after the turn-out of the Ministry, to say how much I rejoiced at the event; that nothing, I thought, could be more fortunately contrived for the future interests of the party than the moment and the manner of their ejection; as they would have been sure, before long, to have tumbled out, *proprio motu*, upon some not very popular grounds, perhaps; whereas now the responsibility all lay upon other shoulders, and they would be sure to be *relevés* in popular esteem by the event. This, if not in words, was at least the substance of what I wrote to him, and I added, in a postscript, that Mrs. Moore could not at all understand my being so glad at the turn-out. In a letter he wrote to

me from Devonshire, he said, "I confess that I too was, like Mrs. Moore, somewhat puzzled by your congratulations, but, from what I have seen since I came among the people here, I am inclined to think you were right." He repeated the same thing to me now, and said that he had found many persons who, it appeared, had not been altogether pleased with him, as a Minister, now full of zeal for him as a popular candidate. * * *

February 1st. A most urgent note from Lord L. (whose mind has, on many points, all the eagerness and freshness of a boy's), endeavouring to make out to me that, by calling *late* for me on the one day and depositing me at home at an early hour on the next, I should really lose no time whatever by our expedition. Nothing could be more nice and playful than his attempts to convince me on the subject, and it went to my heart rather to disappoint him; but I felt that it would be a sure loss of two days to me, and pledged as I was now to a fixed time of publication, it was quite impossible for me to spare so much.

10th. Asked to Bowood for to-day to meet Lord Ebrington at dinner, but found on arriving that he was still detained in Devonshire. No one besides themselves, except Guthrie. Day very agreeable; slept there.

11th. The Longmans beginning to be alarmed at the state of my progress in the printing, and though working from morning to night, and despatching my corrections far more rapidly than I ought, am beginning myself also to be apprehensive that it will be impossible for me to be ready in time. Wrote to ask them whether, by any good chance, there was not some other "monthly gentleman" they could put in my place; but they answered, "No; that Dr. Lardner, who was now in Paris, had depended upon my

being ready; that my book had been very extensively advertised, and they had no other to substitute instead of it." Nothing left for me, therefore, but to run up to town, and see what I could do by working on the spot. Very worrying all this, and for the first time in my literary life making me feel myself a thorough *hack*. As I wrote to Rogers, some time since, "Had I anticipated this sort of thing, I would have seen Dionysius the Tyrant with his dead namesake before I would have tied myself to such a task." * * *

17th. "Hard pounding, gentlemen," as the Duke of Wellington, we are told, said at Waterloo. "Hard scribbling," say I. Had brought up a large box of books with me, and the facility of access to others here, as well as the proximity to the Devils, very convenient. Again dined with *Co.*; all very civil and kind.

18th. Dr. Lardner made his appearance, and the matter beginning to look serious, a consultation was held by us all in the little back parlour. I ought to have before mentioned, that when I came up to town I was under the apprehension, not only that there would not be time to print all I had written, but that I had not even written a sufficient quantity for the average size of these Lardner volumes. This apprehension, however, had been dispelled by Rees informing me, on my arrival, that there was copy enough to print out to the amount of between 320 and 330 pages. It now appeared, however, that, calculating the notes to be in the same proportion as they had been hitherto (which was not likely to be the case), the whole of what was in hand would not make, at the utmost, more than 300 pages. What was then to be done? Lardner suggested that the volume should end abruptly, and the remaining pages be carried on into the next volume, so

that they might be divided afterwards, on being bound up anew. But this was pronounced clumsy, and, indeed, impracticable. The whole thing was, of course, most disagreeable to me, who was the cause of all the difficulty; and I felt the more sorry, I must say, from the exceeding good temper and good nature with which they all bore it. I had suggested that, in an advertisement prefixed, I should take the whole blame of the deficient quantity on myself, but what rendered such deficiency particularly unlucky at this moment was, that the last volume also ("Lives of Eminent Persons") had been very much under size, and had been complained of accordingly by the cyclopædian readers. At last, after much deliberation and suggestion, it came out that what I had proposed from the country, — namely, that they should put some other "monthly gentleman" in my place, — *was*, after all, practicable, and would be adopted. They had, it appeared, a volume of the "Germanic Empire" in readiness, and, to my great joy, now agreed to produce it instead of mine. The only thing at all to be blamed in them was, that they did not do this from the first; but Longman, it appeared, had been particularly anxious to have my volume out. Felt myself comparatively now a free man (though aware that it would still require my utmost exertions to be ready even for the first of April), and towards five o'clock sallied out for a walk towards the West End.

I had begged of the Lansdownes (who came up to town the day after I left them) not to mention my being in London to *any one*, as I meant to remain buried in the Row till my task was finished. One of the first persons I now met at Brookes's was Lord Lansdowne, who burst out into exclamations on seeing me, "What, you! the recluse of the Row, that wasn't to be seen or heard of;

that gave me such injunctions of secresy," &c. &c. He would hardly let me tell him the real circumstances of the case, so amused was he at my apparition in this very centre of the London world, after all my repeated and earnest injunctions.

19th. At work all day, but with somewhat less painful urgency. Towards evening set out for the West, intending to dine at Brookes's, if I met with nothing better. Found there a great number assembled, peers and others not members of the House of Commons, waiting the result of the great trial of strength this evening on the question of the Speakership. Immense anxiety, and reports of the progress of the debate coming in from time to time. Post hour at length approaching, and the letters still kept open for the chance of the news arriving in time to be communicated to country friends. But no intelligence arrived, and many sat down to seal their letters, when a young fellow (Dundas, I believe,) came running breathless into the room, and cried out, "Won it by ten! won it by ten!" He was soon encircled, and questioned, and pulled about by one and another, while the whole party hurrahed and shook hands, and were as uproarious as a party of school boys. Instantly all the letters that had been sealed were again opened, and every one sat down to communicate the joyful news to his correspondent; but had not proceeded far, when a sort of panic of doubt seized them all at the same moment as to whether the news just brought might be depended upon, Dundas's only authority for it having been a man whom he saw running into Abercromby's house (not far from Brookes's), and shouting upstairs to Mrs. Abercromby, "Won it by ten." All now sat looking at each other, bewildered with the unfinished letters before them, and even our enthusiastic informant himself was

beginning to be infected with the general distrust, when a whole party from the House came trooping in (Denison, the mover of Abercromby, among the rest), and no doubt was any longer left of the victory. Denison himself was hurrahed, and hugged, and twirled about like a top, and the whole group gave one as little notion of a party of grave and mature legislators as can well be conceived. The cry was then, "Let's all dine here." Some scruples were stated by one or two as to not being dressed, but these were soon overruled, and frock coats were the order of the day. I had before agreed with Lord Ducie to join him at the House dinner here, which had been prepared only for nine or ten persons; but we now sat down a party of more than thirty (the waiters having added what they could to the repast), and Denison was put in the chair, with the Duke of Argyle on one side of him, and Lord Ducie on the other. I got seated between young Moreton and old Sir R. Heron. Toasts were drunk with hip, hip, hurra, &c. and all was very merry. On our adjourning to the other room, found a number of the members assembled; among others, Lord Lansdowne, who said to me, "Why, you are the greatest *party* man going." He had asked me in the morning to come to dine at Lansdowne House on Sunday or Monday next. Rogers also among the assembled politicians.

20th. After some hours' work, set off westward. Wrote my letters at Brookes's, and from thence to Rogers's; a good speculation, as it turned out. His servant, on opening the door, asked eagerly, "Are you come to dine here, Sir? Mr. Wordsworth is coming." Found that Rogers, though engaged out himself, had asked Wordsworth and his wife, who are just arrived in town, to dinner. Mrs. Wordsworth not well enough to

come, but Rogers, W., and myself sat down to dinner at half past five, and our host having done the honours of the table to us till near seven o'clock, went off to his other engagement, and left us *tête-à-tête.*

My companion, according to his usual fashion, very soliloquacious, but saying much, of course, that was interesting to hear. In one of my after-dinner conversations with the people of the Row lately, they had told me that they were about to publish a new volume of poems for Wordsworth, and that an interest was evidently excited by their announcement, which showed that the public were still alive to the claims of good poetry. They then expressed a strong wish that I would undertake a new poem; and on my saying, that I doubted much the power of any poet at this moment to make an impression upon the public, dosed as they had been with rhymes so *usque ad nauseam*, they all agreed, to my surprise, in declaring that a poem from me would be as successful a speculation just now as any they could name, and all concurred in urging me to think of it. This, of course, was agreeable to me to hear; though I confess I am not the less sceptical as to the soundness of their opinion; men of business being (from their speculation, I suppose,) the greatest of all castle-builders: we poets are nothing to them. Told as much of this to Wordsworth as he himself was concerned in, sinking or softening down my own share in the honour, though Rogers (who was by part of the time) *would* try and fasten upon me some little self-ostentation on the subject. This led to Wordsworth's telling me, what certainly is no small disgrace to the taste of the English public, of the very limited sale of his works, and the very scanty sum, on the whole, which he had received for them, not more, I think, than about a thousand pounds in all.

I dare say I must have made by my writings at least twenty times that sum; but then I have written twenty times as much, such as it is. In giving me an account of the sort of society he has in his neighbourhood in the country, and saying that he rarely went out to dinner, he gave a very intelligible picture of the sort of thing it must be when he *does* go out. "The conversation," he said, "may be called *catechetical;* for, as they do me the honour to wish to know my opinions on the different subjects, they ask me questions, and I am induced to answer them at great length till I become quite tired." And so he does, I'll warrant him; nor is it possible, indeed, to edge in a word, at least in a *tête-à-tête,* till he *does* get tired. I was, however, very well pleased to be a listener.

Spoke of the immense time it took him to write even the shortest copy of verses, — sometimes whole weeks employed in shaping two or three lines, before he can satisfy himself with their structure. Attributed much of this to the unmanageableness of the English as a poetical language: contrasted it with the Italian in this respect, and repeated a stanza of Tasso, to show how naturally the words fell into music of themselves. It was one where the double rhymes, "*ella,*" "*nella,*" "*quella,*" occurred, which he compared with the meagre and harsh English words "she," "that," "this," &c. &c. Thought, however, that, on the whole, there were advantages in having a rugged language to deal with; as in struggling with words one was led to give birth to and dwell upon thoughts, while, on the contrary, an easy and mellifluous language was apt to tempt, by its facility, into negligence, and to lead the poet to substitute music for thought. I do not give these as at all *his words,* but rather my deductions from his sayings than what he actually said. Talked of

Coleridge, and praised him, not merely as a poet, but as a man, to a degree which I could not listen to without putting in my protest. * * * Hinted something of this in reply to Wordsworth's praises, and adverted to Southey's opinion of him, as expressed in a letter to Bowles, (saying, if I recollect right, that he was "lamented by few, and regretted by none,") but Wordsworth continued his eulogium. Defended Coleridge's desertion of his family on the grounds of incompatibility, &c. between him and Mrs. Coleridge: said that Southey took a "rigid view" of the whole matter; and, in short, made out as poor a case for his brother bard (and proser), as any opponent of the latter could well desire.

In speaking of Byron's attacks upon himself, seemed to think they all originated in something Rogers told Byron of a letter written by him (Wordsworth) to a lady who applied to him for contributions to some miscellany. Being in a little fit of abstraction at the moment, I did not well attend to the particulars of this anecdote; but it seemed to imply such gratuitous mischief-making on the part of Rogers, that, imperfectly as I had collected the facts, I pronounced at once that Wordsworth must have been misinformed on the subject. He said he would ask Rogers about it, and I intended to do the same, but it went out of my mind. In remarking upon the causes of an author's popularity (with reference to his own failure, as he thought, in that respect), he mentioned, as one of them, the frequent occurrence of quotable passages,—of lines that dwelt in people's memories, and passed into general circulation. This, he paid me the compliment of saying, was the case very much with my writings; but the tribute was a very equivocal one, as he intimated that he did not consider it to be the case with his own,—and one knows

well what he considers the standard of perfection. I did not like to appear to bandy compliments, otherwise I could have contradicted his notion, that there were not many lines of his widely and popularly remembered. And here I do not allude to those which are remembered only to be laughed at, such as—

> "I've measured it from side to side,
> 'Tis three feet long and two feet wide;"

or the doggerel of Peter Bell, &c. &c., but to such touching things as, "Thoughts that lie too deep for tears," and the imaginative line, "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns," as well as several others of the same character that have spread beyond the circle of his devoted admirers, and become universally known. The night desperately wet; and Wordsworth, having to go but as far as Jermyn Street, while my destiny was the Row, very good-naturedly undertook to send me a hackney-coach (there being no servant to go for one), which he luckily succeeded in, and I got snug home. On the subject of Coleridge, as a writer, Wordsworth gave it as his opinion (strangely, I think,) that his prose would live and deserved to live; while, of his poetry, he thought by no means so highly. I had mentioned the "Genevieve" as a beautiful thing, but to this, he objected: there was too much of the sensual in it. * * *

23rd. * * * Went from Lord Essex's to the Hollands. Found there Lord Brougham, Lord Melbourne, Cowper, Granville, Lord J. Russell, Duke of Richmond, &c. &c. It was amusing to see the Duke of Richmond with Lord John, whom he had not met for some time, and whom he patted on the back and played with like a schoolboy, quizzing him good-humouredly upon some of the

points on which they now differ in politics. It softens one's view of the public drama to see such goings on behind the scenes. * * *

24th. * * * Dinner at Rogers's: company Sydney Smith, Eastlake the painter, and another artist whose name I cannot now recall. Eastlake told of a dinner given to Thorwaldsen the sculptor, at Rome, Wilkie presiding in the chair, and making a very eloquent speech on the occasion, which it seems he is very capable of, though so tiresomely slow of words in society. In speaking of Thorwaldsen, he described him as "coming from the north to warm the marbles of the south with his genius;" and this poetical flight being very much applauded, Thorwaldsen, who sat next to Eastlake, begged that he would interpret it to him. "He speaks of you," said Eastlake, "as a great artist *chi è venuto dal settentrione per riscaldar i marmi.*" "*Riscaldar i marmi!*" exclaimed Thorwaldsen, puzzled at the metaphor, "*che vuol dire?*" "*Col suo genio,*" continued Eastlake, which at once solved the difficulty, and very much to the great sculptor's satisfaction. "*Ah, sì,*" he replied. Canova said of the numerous portraits painted of himself, that they were all different; and the reason was, that each artist mixed up, unconsciously, something of his own features with the resemblance. On Eastlake's mentioning this to Thorwaldsen, the latter said this was particularly the case with the heads done by Canova, as they were all like his own,—"*fin' ai cavalli.*"

* * * * * *

27th. At work as usual in the morning. Dined at Holland House, and arrived but just as they had sat down to dinner, their hour being very early,—soon after six. Found there Burdett and Lord Plunket, and, about the middle of the dinner, came Lord John, in his frock coat,

from the House, not having had time to dress. Talked of (what has been lately, it seems, mentioned in the House, though I do not remember to have ever before heard of it,) the curious and disgraceful circumstance of our famous M'N——, in Dublin, having been for many years in the pay of the Irish Government, and regularly reporting to them the proceedings of the Liberals and United Irishmen he habitually lived with. Lord Plunket seemed to admit that there was no doubt of the fact. Lord Holland amused with my saying how much I used to look up to this L—— M'N——, on account of some songs in a successful opera which he wrote,—"Robin Hood." I remember "Charming Clorinda" was one of the songs I used to envy him being the author of. M'N—— was lame (having a dislocated hip), and Lord Plunket told the story of a limping man asking Keller (I think) one day, in the Court, "Did you see M'N—— go this way?" "By G——, I never saw him go otherwise," answered Keller. It is said to have been in a duel that M'N—— received the wound in the hip that lamed him; and, on a subsequent occasion, when he was again going out to fight, a friend of his, when he was on the way to the ground, called him back and said gravely to him, "I'd advise you, Mac, to turn the other hip to him; who knows but he may shoot you straight." Mentioned this as a pendant to Lord Plunket's story. Was much struck by the strongly Irish manner of Lord Plunket; either this manner has increased, or else he was now under less restraint than on former occasions when I have met him; but it sounded in my ears *Dublin* all over. Some badinage of my Lady with Sir Francis, on his late librations in his political orbit. * * *

We then passed to still higher ground, Rogers's good

and kind qualities, the services he renders to people in distress, which I believe to be frequent. I mentioned the readiness with which he once advanced 400*l.* to Campbell, to enable him to purchase a share in "The Metropolitan;" which circumstance Campbell himself told me, and which I believe I have mentioned in this Journal. Campbell found afterwards that the speculation would not be to his advantage, and returned the money. I then adverted to my own experience of R.'s kindness in this way, saying (what is the simple fact) that he is the only man to whom, when in want of money, I could bring myself to apply for assistance; that I *have* so applied, and of course not in vain. When I began saying that he was the only man to whom I could, &c. &c., Lady Holland said, "Yes, you little proud thing, every one knows that!"

Hobhouse came in the evening: had some talk with him. Told me that Byron's monument had arrived, but remained still packed up, the authorities of the Abbey still refusing to give it admission. To place it where Byron is buried would, he thinks, be throwing it away; but I don't know whether, after all, it is not (next to the Abbey) the best place. Burdett very kind and cordial in asking me to be a frequent visitor when his family comes to town, and to dine there whenever I have no other engagement.

28th. * * * Forgot to mention that I breakfasted in the morning at Rogers's, to meet the new poet, Mr. Taylor, the author of "Van Artevelde:" our company, besides, being Sydney Smith and Southey. Van Artevelde, a tall, handsome young fellow. Conversation chiefly about the profits booksellers make of us scribblers. I remember Peter Pindar saying, one of the few times I ever met him, that the booksellers drank their wine, in the manner of the heroes in the Hall of Odin, "out of authors' skulls."

March 1st. Wretchedly wet day. Hard at work in Paternoster Row, as was also Tom at his Sunday exercise, I occasionally helping him. Dined at Rogers's, to meet Barnes: an entirely *clandestine* dinner. None of our Whig friends in the secret; and R. had been a good deal puzzled as to who he should ask to meet him. Tried Lord Lyndhurst, with whom Barnes is intimate; and he would have come had he not been engaged. Could then think of none but Turner the painter; and he, Barnes, and myself formed the whole of the guests. * * * Had some talk with Turner in the evening. Mentioned to him my having sometimes thought of calling in the aid of the pencil to help me in commemorating, by some work or other, the neighbourhood in which I have now so long resided. The recollections connected with Bowood (where so many of the great ones of the time have passed in review before us — Byron, Madame de Stäel, Mackintosh, &c.); the ancient and modern associations that give such a charm to Lacock Abbey; the beauty and music of Farley Castle; the residences of Bowles and Crabbe; the Druidical vestiges in so many directions, — all would afford subjects such as might easily be rendered interesting, while the natural beauties of this immediate neighbourhood, though hardly worthy, perhaps, of the pencil of a Turner, would supply scenes of calm loveliness, to which his fancy could lend an additional charm. All this I now put down here rather as what was *in* my *mind* to say to him than as what I actually did say; for he interrupted me by exclaiming, "But Ireland, Mr. Moore, Ireland! There's the region connected with your name. Why not illustrate the whole life? I have often longed to go to that country; but am, I confess, afraid to venture myself there. Under the wing of Thomas Moore, however, I should be safe." * * *

5th. Had now seen my volume through the press as far as the 300th page, and made up my mind to do the rest at home, having still to write as much as would fill between twenty and thirty pages more. Called at the Charter House to take leave of the boys. Saw Saunders, and had some conversation with him about Tom, whom he said he could now pronounce to be very much improved in every respect. The having his brother with him had, as he (S.) anticipated, steadied him; and, being a boy of good principle, there was now, he thought, everything to hope from him. Asked me what my intentions were respecting him, as it would be now soon necessary to decide, in order that he might regulate the remaining course of Tom accordingly. The sum allowed at college from the foundation was at first about 80*l.* a year, and afterwards about 100*l.*, making an average altogether (as I understood him) of 100*l.* a year. To this he added, to my astonishment, I should have to add 150*l.* a year: and gave it, as his opinion, that a boy ought not to have less! He must surely give me credit for having far more than I have or ever *shall* have to talk thus to me. But such is the ruinous system of English schools and colleges; the chief and often the only thing they teach a youth is extravagance; and, from what I can learn, the tutors are among the foremost in encouraging this wasteful and demoralizing system: they seem to take a sort of vulgar pride in the style of living of their pupils. Endeavoured, without making too great a parade of my poverty, to let him understand how inconsistent with my humble means, or prospects, was the allowance of 250*l.* a year for my son's maintenance in college. * * *

Some talk with —— about the present state of affairs. * * * On the whole, I must say, that the Whig party

is fast losing, in my eyes, those claims to respect which I was once inclined to allow them. It has been, indeed, one of the natural consequences of the Reform Bill, that, in proportion as it has reduced the power of the Tories, it has improved, of course, the chances of the Whigs in all future struggles between them for power; and this change in the relative position of the two parties is bringing rapidly into play some of the most disagreeable characteristics of both. Long possession of place, and the apparent certainty of its future tenure, gave to the Tories all that repose which a consciousness of power usually generates; they could afford, from their feeling of security, to be civil, and even liberal; and their elevation being not from birth, but position, and therefore accessible to all, was more intelligible, and therefore less offensive than pretensions derived from the Herald's Office. On the other hand, the Whigs were surrounded, from their political position, with extrinsic advantages and associations which threw into the shade or rendered inactive all that was intrinsically unpopular in them. The aristocratic pride which is chiefly found among that party was a good deal softened down, and even lost sight of, in their habitual advocacy of the cause of the people, and the intimate connection with popular leaders to which it introduced them; while the little chance there appeared, for many years past, of their being ever called to the direction of public affairs, made them far more efficient and thorough-going, as democratic leaders, by rendering hopeless all that sort of speculation on the possible turn of events which makes politicians in general far-sighted and cautious, and leads them to *lace* in and shape their opinions while in opposition so as to fit them for future entrance into the narrow portals of power. All this is now changed, and, as far as regards the *individuals*,

by no means for the better. In losing their power, the Tories have also lost temper; and (as happens with many other offensive things when disturbed) all the worst odour of their political doctrines is brought out by the alarm and agitation into which they have been thrown.

On the other hand, the short taste of the sweets of power with which the Whigs have been regaled has evidently intoxicated the whole party; and their bearing in authority, from wanting that mellowness which a long course of possession gave to the others, has the misfortune of being neither imposing nor conciliatory; but while it reminds one constantly of their station, too often fails, at the same time, to inspire much respect for it. When I say this I mean it of the party generally, and of almost all the *understrappers*. Some of the leaders — as, for instance, Lord Lansdowne, Lord John, and, I may add perhaps, Lord Melbourne, — furnish exceptions to the remark, though even they are far better men *out* of office than *in*. The aristocratic prejudices of the party have already been shown in their choice of the materials of their ministries; and the same patrician exclusiveness which drove Canning to adopt early the resolution of keeping clear of a party, by whose lordly branches he foresaw he would be overshadowed, still exists in full pride and force. Neither Canning, indeed, nor Peel, would have ever risen to be Prime Ministers, had they first started into political existence under the "umbrage broad" of the Whigs. What! the son of a cotton-spinner take the *pas* of a Lord Morpeth or a Lord Duncannon! Impossible! We shall before long, however, see what it will all come to; even in our own times we shall, I think, see the *dénouement*.

6th. Had promised Lady Holland to dine there today, but meaning to be off to-morrow, and having still

quantities of things to do, thought it best to send an excuse. Breakfasted with Willis for the purpose of making some arrangement with him respecting my future Musical Works. On coming to talk with him, however, found his views to be very narrow indeed, his plan having always been (with Mrs. Hemans and others) to publish on *shares* with the author, and to take such a large share for himself as to leave almost nothing for any one else. He was, however, very fair about it; seemed himself to think that it was a plan I could not be expected to enter into, and finally advised that I should try Messrs. Cramer and Addison, as far more likely to suit my views. Played over for him some of the set I meant to dispose of, and he was evidently much pleased with them, saying, that he hoped I should be able to manage to let *him* have two or three of them to publish.

Went from thence to Cramer and Addison's, and had a long talk with the latter. Nothing could be more frank or forthcoming than his manner. Urged much my naming a price for the things myself, and said that I ought to do as the great painters do, who fix a certain sum for a picture, below which they will not descend. Told him (what is the fact) that I never yet had set a price upon any work of mine, and did not well know how to begin now. After a good deal of conversation our interview ended in my leaving the songs (eleven in number and one to be added) in his hands, without the price having been settled; nor any other agreement made except that I was to draw, as I myself proposed, upon account, for 100*l.*, at three months, leaving the rest to be arranged at some future period. This is always the fate of poor devils like myself, who, being in want of immediate supply, are unable to hold out for good terms. A man who did not so

much want the 100*l.* at the moment, would have gained twice as much in the end. It made my heart, however, a good deal lighter, to be thus enabled to meet the little demands upon me at home. After having performed different commissions, dined quietly with Rees, packed up the books I wanted to take down with me, and got home early.

7th. Started in the "Emerald" for home.

8th to 20th. Set in hard at work at the remainder of my volume, never going beyond my garden, nor, indeed, tempted to go further; this neighbourhood, in the absence of the Lansdownes and the Fieldings, being to me always a *mare mortuum.*

21st. Sent up the last corrections. Had begun a short preface to prefix to the volume, but had not time to finish it, and so was obliged to let it go *without.* The following are a few of the sentences which I had sketched out.

"The following passage, which occurs in the advertisement prefixed to Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland, I here transcribe with a feeling of pride as well as of grateful and mournful recollections: —'The author was invited to undertake this general sketch of Scottish History in connection with a similar abridgment of English History by Sir J. Mackintosh, and a History of Ireland by Thomas Moore, Esq. There are few literary persons who would not have been willing to incur much labour and risk of reputation, for the privilege of publishing in such society.' What this great man thus condescended to say, in that spirit of courtesy and good nature which formed so amiable a part of his character, it will easily be believed that I can assert with perfect sincerity and humility, namely, that the distinction of having my name connected, however unworthily, with those of two such associates was not the

least attractive of my motives for undertaking it," &c. &c. I then proceeded to say that as far as this volume was concerned, I felt a hope that my labour would not appear to have been misemployed; and having shown how much had been already written on the subject of Irish antiquities, and still how little was as yet known of them, from the scattered and indigested state in which all this information lay, I came to the conclusion that in laying these materials in a collected and intelligible form before the public, I was supplying what might be called a want in historical literature, and then meant to add that "to be able in these times, to produce a book that is really wanted, is one of the rarest of all the triumphs of literary success."

* * * * *

27th. A letter from my friend, the priest at Prior Park, who, it appears, has not received my book, though I ordered one of the first copies to be sent to him. In his letter he says, "In a hasty glance I have taken of your book, it struck me that you have adopted the common opinion in this country, of the doctrines of Spinoza being atheistical. Dugald Stewart, in his dissertation, prefixed to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' is very indignant that a professor of theology (Dr. Paulus) should have been the editor of his works (in 1802). The truth is, that the doctrines of Spinoza, as well as those of a man of great genius, though more unfortunate, Giordano Bruno, are quite the reverse. As philosophical systems I might regret both, but not on account of their atheistical tendency." In answering him, I said that "I certainly *was* under the impression very generally received, not only in this country, but among the learned of the continent (as Bayle's elaborate article on the subject proved) that the system of Spinoza was tantamount to Atheism; but that

I should be very glad to find myself in the wrong, as Spinoza, from all the accounts of him, seemed to be a very good sort of a man, and, though evidently vain of his strange opinions, appeared to be conscientious in maintaining them." I might have added that the circumstance of Dr. Paulus (one of the German rationalist school), editing the works of Spinoza, would not much alter my notion of their orthodoxy.

A nice letter within these ten days past from my good, kind, and intelligent old friend, Mary Godfrey. In a former letter of hers, she had, after taking her usual Tory view of public affairs, said laughingly, that she was "sure I did'nt agree with her, for I had always been fond of mischief in these matters." In my answer to this, I reminded her of what I had written to her a few years since, when the Reform fever was at its height, and when I expressed the surprise with which I contemplated the career of my Whig friends "dancing so gaily down the precipice." In reference to this, she says in her last, "I remember your just remarks upon the Reform question, and what you say now upon the state of things is very striking." Had a letter also from Mackintosh's son, requesting me to contribute some remarks or recollections respecting his father, to the Memoir he is now employed upon. I thought at first that I had some memorandums of his conversations which I might communicate; but on looking over them, found that it would be hardly worth while.

28th to 30th. Am having down folios in abundance for my task, chiefly relating to the Danish part, Snorro, Torfæns, Langbecius [Langebeck] &c. &c. Forgot to mention a note from Napier, to whom I sent a copy of my volume. He says, "I need not say how much I am flattered by your present, and your friendly remembrance

of me; you know I have the sincerest regard as well as admiration for you."

The day I met Wordsworth at dinner, at Rogers's, the last time I was in town, he asked us all in the evening to write something in a little album of his daughter's, and Wilkie drew a slight sketch in it. One of the things Luttrell wrote was the following Epitaph on a man who was run over by an omnibus: —

"Killed by an omnibus — why not?
So quick a death a boon is.
Let not his friends lament his lot,—
Mors omnibus communis."

As an instance of very close translation, he gave me the following of his own, from the well-known Greek Epigram Χρυσον ανηρ ευρων, &c., —

"A thief found gold and left a rope, but he who could not find
The gold he left, tied on the rope the thief had left behind."

The following are the passages I alluded to, in a former part of this Journal, as having given me such pleasure, when Martin Shee showed them to me in Captain Scott's "Naval Recollections." My having made myself so popular among those rough, hearty tars, is a pleasanter testimony to me than many from far more refined but less natural quarters. Bessy copied it from the book for me: —

"We were soon ready for sea, and a few days saw Mr. Merry and suite on board (the Phaeton). Mr. Moore, the famous modern Anacreon, likewise took his passage with us on his way to Bermuda. We quitted Spithead on the 25th of September, and in a short week lay becalmed under the lofty peak of Pico. In this situation

the Phaeton is depicted in the frontispiece of Moore's 'Poems,' published soon after that gentleman's return from America. I was too young to appreciate his poetic powers (I even doubt whether I had heard of them), but I remember perfectly well that he appeared the life and soul of the company, and the loss of his fascinating society was frequently and loudly lamented by the officers long after he had quitted us in America." In a subsequent part, he says, "Mr. and Mrs. Merry left the Phaeton under the usual salute, accompanied by Mr. Moore, to the great regret of all those who had largely shared in the pleasure to be derived from the brilliancy of his wit and humour. The gun-room mess hailed the day of his departure with genuine sorrow."

* * * * *

May 3rd. Bowles, who has not preached for a long time, was induced, by Mrs. Moore's entreaties, to give us a sermon this morning; and we were all much interested by his discourse. The manner in which it was delivered was very touching, and the feeling throughout *christian* in every sense of the word. Took a solitary walk before dinner, and found some very pleasant paths across the fields. Hughes at dinner. Sung with Callcott in the evening, to Bowles's great delight, some beautiful things out of Latrobe's Collection; a Benedictus of Mozart's, an Agnus Dei of Haydn's, &c.

6th. Received a letter from Rees, who had kindly undertaken to negotiate with my new people, Cramer and Co., the price they were to give me for the twelve songs they have in their possession, and six more I mean to furnish them with. After some valiant attempts of his to get a much larger sum than I should have thought of naming myself, they proposed to give at the rate of

15*l.* per song, which, in the present depressed state of the musical trade, is more than I expected.

7th. A letter from Lord John Russell, written, as appears from the date, on Sunday last, the day preceding that of the election, on which so much now depends. This letter, so honourable to him in every point of view, is as follows: —

"My dear Moore,—I have been too busy since I last saw you to be able to write on any but public concerns. Having, however, a little time to spare to-day, I wish to consult you on your own private affairs. I am now in a better position than I formerly was for serving my friends. Still there are very few opportunities of finding any situation that will suit a gentleman who does not belong to a profession. It has occurred to me, that a pension for one or both of your sons might be a source of comfort to you in days of sickness or lassitude. But, perhaps, on the contrary, the offer might be displeasing to you, and I do not like to speak to Melbourne upon it without consulting you. If you have anything else to suggest which is more agreeable to your wishes, pray tell me freely as an old friend, and I will answer you as a friend, and not as a minister." * * *

9th. Answered Lord John's letter, as well as I can recollect as follows, not having kept any copy of my answer:—"My first feelings on receiving your letter yesterday were those of surprise, joy, and thankfulness. I had long, indeed, given up those dreams which may in former days have haunted me with respect to my chances of being ever thought of by my great friends in the way of place or office; partly because time and other circumstances have made me a different person to serve, and partly because I began to suspect that what Swift

says in one of his letters might possible be the truth. 'I never,' he says, 'knew a Ministry do anything for those whom they had made the companions of their pleasures.' You have shown, however, that this is not the case; and I feel most gratefully, I assure you, your kindness in thinking of my poor wants in the midst of so many cares and distractions of your own. With respect to the manner in which you propose to serve me, by procuring pensions for my two boys, you have perhaps chosen the only mode of affording me pecuniary help which I should not instantly decline. I do not know whether I have told you, that when my father died, Lord Wellesley, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, sent very kindly to me to offer a pension for my mother. This, however, coming as it did from a party adverse to my own political opinions, I thought it right to decline, and the Lansdownes, among others, were of opinion that my doing so was foolish. That I want help is but too true. I live from hand to mouth, and not always very sure that there will be anything in the *former* for the *latter*. You may have some notion of my means of my going on when I tell you that for my last published volume I received 750*l.*, and that I was two years and a half employed upon it. You should not have been annoyed at this View of the Interior, but for your own kind consideration of my wants; so you see what you have brought upon yourself. But to come to the point; to *be*, or *not* to be a pensioner, that is the question. If only myself, or even my other self into the bargain, were concerned, I think I should not hesitate as to the answer I would give; but I confess the responsibility of refusing such timely aid for my two poor boys is more than I can take upon myself to encounter. All I can say, therefore,

at present is, that I leave the matter entirely in your hands, begging you to think, feel, and act for me in that ca[illegible]city which you have always shown yourself so worthy to fill, of a sincere, warm friend. You may even, I think, call Lord Melbourne also into council, as I have known him at least long enough to count a little upon his goodwill. Whatever you and he think I *may* do, I *will* do. Ever," &c. &c.

16th. A letter from Lady Lansdowne, in which she praises Mrs. Norton's novel as most excellent, and offers to lend it to Mrs. Moore, saying, that she is sure I shall like it whenever I can spare time to read it. A note, also, from Lord John, enclosing me one to himself from Lord Melbourne. The former is as follows:—

"My dear Moore,—I send you Melbourne's reply to my note, enclosing yours. His reasons for preferring the father to the children are perhaps good; at all events, I believe him to be strongly impressed with them, as he urged the same thing to me in conversation.

"I remain,

"Yours faithfully,

"J. RUSSELL."

The following is Lord Melbourne's letter to him:—

"My dear John,—I return you Moore's letter. I shall be ready to do what you like about it, when we have the means. I think whatever is done should be done for Moore himself. This is more distinct, direct, and intelligible. Making a small provision for young men is hardly justifiable; and is of all things the most prejudicial to themselves. They think what they have much larger than it really is, and make no exertion. The young

should never hear any language but this;—You have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exertions whether you starve or not.

"Believe, &c.,

"MELBOURNE."

17th to 20th. A letter from Lord Lansdowne, in reference to a paper which I sent him some time ago, forwarded by Brabant from Germany, containing the opinion of Dr. Paulus, the famous German Rationalist, on the subject of the Irish Church surplus, which opinion Dr. P. wished to have conveyed either to Lord J. Russell or Lord Lansdowne. The Doctor therein quotes Sckenkt, Bræmer, the decretal of Gratian, and other such authorities, highly worthy (as he evidently thinks) of being taken into consideration by the Ministers of Great Britain. As Brabant is a little crazy about every thing German, I had begged of Lord L. at least to acknowledge the receipt of the paper, which he does in this letter, adding, "Though I am afraid the name of Paulus would not necessarily propitiate our high churchmen, however great his authority, and his best chance with our Tory Lords would be their never having heard of him, still the authorities he quotes are doubtless valuable and authentic. But the real gist of the question neither these nor any other admitted precedent can really affect. If it was only necessary to prove that pious uses extended to education, the Church, if they resisted, would have the worst of it; and a cloud of arguments may be produced, which they can only meet by contending that *piæ causæ* imply at least pious education, and that no education is pious which admits of false doctrine being taught. There is our difficulty with the Protestant public here, whose

attachment to their own Church is far surpassed by their hatred of another."

24th. Had fixed to go to-morrow (Tom and I) to Farley, Bessy having refused, and meaning only to go to Bath. A note in the evening from Corry, from the Bear Inn, Devizes, just arrived from town, and offering to come over to breakfast in the morning. Wrote to him the actual state of affairs.

25th. Off early in the donkey chaise for Melksham to take the coach for Bath, Tom riding. Too early by near an hour for the coach. Walked on. Found Corry, as I half expected, in the coach, and who should be on the top but H. B—— (the famous caricaturist). Invited him inside with myself and Corry, to whom I introduced him. A good deal of talk; Corry full of all he had seen in town. Corry and I called at Crawford's; saw Mrs. Crawford, who flew off on the subject of her brother's (Lord Heytesbury's) late *estoppel;* very indignant, and no wonder. Rejoined H. B——, whom we found gazing very intently at one of his own last productions (The Merry-go-round) at the window of a print shop. Corry, who thought it was the first time he had seen it, very amusingly undertook to explain it to him. "This, you see, is Lord John Russell," &c. Not knowing what might be the present state of H. B——'s secret, I took him aside, and asked him whether it still continued to be as well kept as when I was last in town. He answered that it *was,* most marvellously so: that the *name* had got about a little, but nothing more. I then said that I would myself of course continue to respect the secret, as I hitherto had done, but that otherwise it would have given me great pleasure to let Corry into so amusing a mystery. Corry gave us luncheon (his dinner) at the

York House, after which we all separated; Corry in the mail to Cheltenham, and I, with Mrs. Houlton, in her carriage, to Farley, Tom having rode thither direct. Company at dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Mee, Wilson, the Vivians, &c. Music in the evening. Mrs. Vivian at the guitar, as charming as ever. Sung with her and Catherine several Italian things, and my own songs in abundance.

28th. Houlton very kindly begged me to accept of the copy of "Strabo" I have had on loan from him for some time past,—the fine Amsterdam edition, 1707, bound in vellum and gilt. Soon after breakfast set off in the carriage with the Vivians to join Bessy in Bath. Walked about with her and the boys, called upon Mrs. Crawford, &c., and set off all for home between 3 and 4. Forgot to mention, among the things Corry told me, his having called upon O'Connell, and in the course of conversation having alluded to the differences that had arisen between him, O'Connell, and two of his (Corry's) friends, meaning Maurice Fitzgerald and myself. As far as I could collect from him, O'Connell got rid of *my* part of the matter with his usual adroitness, complaining that I had linked my attack upon the poor Catholics (as he chose to call it) with "immortal verse."

June 1st to 9th. Working away both at my Second Volume and my Fudge affairs, which is, I think, turning out far more promisingly than I expected. Received a copy of an Italian translation of the "Loves of the Angels" (published at Milan), by Signor Andrea Maffei, accompanied by a letter from the translator, addressed, "Per *l'illustre e nobile Signore Tommaso Moore*," and full of all sorts of flattering things about my *Divino Poema*.

Was reminded by Corry the other day of a few old

jokes and stories, some of them not bad. Among other happy sarcasms of Redmond Barry on John Crampton, he said once in answer to Corry, who was praising Crampton's performance of some particular character a night or two before, "Yes, he played that part pretty well; he *hadn't time to study it!*"

10th. The boys' holidays being at an end (much to our regret), I went with them into Devizes to see them off by the "Emerald." Both are improving, thank God, in every way that we could desire. Having started them between eleven and twelve, went to call on the Scotts and the Nugents, who have been with them some days. Had agreed to return to an early dinner with the Hugheses, and to be taken home by them in the evening, but was persuaded by the Scotts to dine there instead. Day very agreeable, and got also taken home, as aforesaid, by the Hugheses, the weather being far too hot for much walking.

Have had some correspondence lately with a genuine Irishman of the old bitter anti-English breed, a Mr. ——, a barrister, and the author of some works. In his first note (which I cannot now find) expresses his concern at seeing me *praised*, in an English newspaper, for having discarded the old Milesian Story of the Irish; and added, that, coupling this with what I had before done respecting the "Irish Melodies," he could not but feel some apprehensions for my future fame. In answering, and thanking him for a copy of his book he had sent me, I took the opportunity of mentioning, that the article (in the "Morning Chronicle") which he had seen was extracted from an Irish liberal paper (the "Dublin Evening Post"), and that I was glad to say both the "Northern Whig" and the "Freeman's Journal," two other liberal Irish papers, had

taken the same manly and sensible view of my manner of treating the Milesian Fable; so that whatever alarms he might have done me the honour to feel respecting my reputation on this score might be set thoroughly at rest. Received a long reply from him (accompanied by two more of his own publications), from which it appeared that his allusion to my conduct respecting the "Melodies" had reference to the opinion I expressed (in my "Introductory Letter") of the comparatively modern date of most of our popular Irish airs. Coupling this opinion, he says, with my attack on the "Old Don" (Milesius), he considered that "further sacrifices were about to be made to English feelings in the intended 'History,' and being of the common-sense opinion that the English, Scotch, and Welsh are *right* in retaining as embellishments round their history many national and aërial stories, that will not stand too close an examination, &c. &c., he sees no liberal-mindedness in yielding such points for Ireland, except where it is decidedly requisite to detect such errors," &c. &c. Having gone on at some length in this strain, he refers me for his opinions on Irish music to a letter inscribed by him in the "Dublin Penny Journal" some time since, and which he sends me. All this he concludes very civilly by offering to furnish me, in the course of my task, with all the assistance which his long researches among old Irish records may have put it in his power to afford. In my answer took care to notice the confusion into which he has evidently fallen, in classing such national remains as the Border Songs and stories of Scotland, and the legends of England respecting Arthur and the Round Table, &c., with the mere downright and unromantic fictions of the Milesian fables; whereas (as I told him) the true English and Scotch counterparts to these latter figments are to be

found in the story of the descent of the Britons from King Brute, and the long-exploded "Forty Kings of the Scotch."

12th to 30th. Had two amusing visits from Bowles. His profound astonishment at a card I showed him from the Duchess of Kent, inviting me to meet their Majesties the 25th of this month. "Good God, what an honour! You mean to go up, don't you?" His surprise on my telling him that I hadn't the slightest notion of doing so. Went to dine one of these days at Hughes's at Devizes. Was taken by Reverend neighbour Money in his gig, and returned with him at night. Our chief guest Dr. Thackeray, the Provost of King's. An anecdote of Dr. Barnes, who is now about ninety-five years of age, rather amused me. Being some times (as even younger men might be) inclined to sleep a little during the sermon, a friend who was with him in his pew one Sunday lately, having joked with him on his having nodded now and then, Barnes insisted he had been awake all the time. "Well, then," said his friend, "can you tell me what the sermon was about?" "Yes, I can," he answered, "it was about half an hour too long." It is possible this joke may be even older than Barnes himself, but I don't remember ever hearing it before.

Aug. 2nd. A letter from Lord John, telling me of a place just vacant, by the death of Mr. Lemon, in the State Paper Office, and making me an offer of it. Wrote to decline the kindness, but have not time just now to state the why or the wherefore. * * *

7th. To Liverpool by the railroad; a grand mode of travelling, though, as we were told, ours was but a poor specimen of it, as we took an hour and a half to do the thirty-two miles, which rarely requires more than an hour and a quarter or twenty minutes. The motion so easy

that I found I could write without any difficulty *chemin faisant.* Went to the Post Office for a letter I expected from Lord Lansdowne, enclosing an introduction which I had asked him to favour me with to some of his acquaintance in Liverpool. His letter, which I found waiting for me, contained one addressed to Mr. Currie, the son of the late literary Dr. Currie, and was also filled with matter far more important, which I shall here transcribe. I have already mentioned my having received before I left home a letter from Lord John, offering me the place of Head Clerk in the State Paper Office; salary 300*l.* a year, with coals, candles, &c. Lord John himself, in making this offer, expressly stated that he did not advise me to accept it (I cannot now find his letter); and the reason I gave for my refusal of it was, that the duties of the place, while they would occupy the whole of my time, would give me not near so much income as I was now making in a far more agreeable manner. To this correspondence Lord Lansdowne alludes in the letter I received from him at Liverpool, which, after a few words relating to the introduction to Mr. Currie, thus proceeds:—

"I now turn to a very different subject. Not having seen J. Russell that morning, I did not know when I wrote some hasty lines to you from the House of Lords that he had written that day to offer you the head clerkship of the State Paper Office. He has shown me this morning your letter wisely, I think, declining it. But the circumstance induces me no longer to delay writing to you, though I had intended waiting till I could see and talk to you at leisure. Various circumstances, at the same time, indicate that our ministerial life is more uncertain than ever, and I could not therefore forgive myself for not pressing what I am about to state on your consideration.

"Immediately after the Administration was reconstructed, I had some conversation with Melbourne about giving you a pension, which I was sure ought to be official, and *equally convinced* you ought to accept. He showed himself most willing, but told me there were no means left at our disposal. On reverting to the subject again within these few days, I collected there was now or might be very soon an opportunity.

"Now let me implore of you to authorise me to bring this to a point. Let me ascertain whether, as I believe, the means now exist, and bring Melbourne to a point upon it. No human being can blame either the Government for giving or you for accepting. The Administration is one of a more popular character as respects your Irish opinions than any which has existed or is likely to exist; and your literary reputation is so established that there is not a country under the sun where literary rewards as distinctions exist, in which you would not be recognised as the first and most deserving object of them. I say nothing of your own particular feelings, but as far as public decision goes I speak most confidently; indeed, much more so than I should with respect to such an appointment as that lately filled by Mr. Lemon, which was one of laborious detail. Let me therefore hear from you without delay. Indeed, though much hurried, I could not allow the day to pass witho it writing, and I will answer for Melbourne doing all that is possible; indeed, John told me he could now authorise me to say so distinctly. Yours ever, Lansdowne." * * *

8th. Landed at Kingston about seven, and proceeded to Salt Hill, the new tavern, where we breakfasted (in company with Sir Thomas Brisbane and Kane), dressed, and were then transported along the railroad to Dublin.

Nothing could look more prosperous and *riant* than the whole of this approach to the metropolis. Left Hume at his brother's in Kildare Street, and proceeded to dear Nell's (11 N. Cumberland Street), whereI found not only a warm welcome, which I was already sure of, but also rooms prepared for me as nice and comfortable as any lord could give me. This a most welcome surprise, as I had fancied she could not lodge me, and the being thus with *her* and at *home* makes all the difference in my comfort. She gives me her own bedroom, but has been accommodated with another one, over it, for herself. Lay down on the bed for a couple of hours, which a good deal refreshed me, and then sallied forth, Hume anxious for me to go and dine at Salt Hill with his brother, but I preferred a quiet dinner with Ellen at the Mearas. Milliken (whom I called upon before dinner) mentioned that he had received 50 copies of the Fudges this morning, and had already sold them all. * * *

10th. Opening of the Meeting of the British Association; early in the field, getting tickets, &c. &c. Visited some of the sections, but found the interesting ones crowded and the others dull. Dined at the ordinary at Morrison's. Near 300 people; Philip Crampton in the chair. Sat next to Lord Cole, whom I have quizzed in rhyme, but nevertheless got on as friendly with him as if nothing had happened. Broke up early to attend the meeting at the Rotunda; found myself promoted to the platform, among the *savans*. Walked through the room afterwards with Crampton to look for Nell, but could not find her, and almost lost myself in the crowd of gazers that surrounded me. It is most certainly a feeling of no ordinary kind that my countrymen (and to do them justice, country*women* also) entertain towards me, and I should be worse than

stock or stone if I were not *sensibly* alive to it. Came away early. * * *

13th. Drove about a little in Mrs. Meara's car, accompanied by Hume, and put in practice what I had long been contemplating — a visit to No. 12. Aungier Street, the house in which I was born. On accosting the man who stood at the door, and asking whether he was the owner of the house, he looked rather gruffly and suspiciously at me, and answered "Yes;" but the moment I mentioned who I was, adding that it was the house I was born in, and that I wished to be permitted to look through the rooms, his countenance brightened up with the most cordial feeling, and seizing me by the hand he pulled me along to the small room behind the shop (where we used to breakfast in old times), exclaiming to his wife (who was sitting there), with a voice tremulous with feeling, "Here's Sir Thomas Moore, who was born in this house, come to ask us to let him see the rooms; and it's proud I am to have him under the old roof." He then without delay, and entering at once into my feelings, led me through every part of the house, beginning with the small old yard and its appurtenances, then the little dark kitchen where I used to have my bread and milk in the morning before I went to school; from thence to the front and back drawing rooms, the former looking more large and respectable than I could have expected, and the latter, with its little closet where I remember such gay supper-parties, both room and closet fuller than they could well hold, and Joe Kelly and Wesley Doyle singing away together so sweetly. The bedrooms and garrets were next visited, and the only material alteration I observed in them was the removal of the wooden partition by which a little corner was separated off from the back bedroom (in which the two apprentices

slept) to form a bedroom for me. The many thoughts that came rushing upon me in thus visiting, for the first time since our family left it, the house in which I passed the first nineteen or twenty years of my life may be more easily conceived than told; and I must say, that if a man had been got up specially to conduct me through such a scene, it could not have been done with more tact, sympathy, and intelligent feeling than it was by this plain, honest grocer; for, as I remarked to Hume, as we entered the shop, "only think, a grocer's still." When we returned to the drawing room, there was the wife with a decanter of port, and glasses on the table, begging us to take some refreshment, and I with great pleasure drank her and her good husband's health. When I say that the shop is still a grocer's, I must add, for the honour of old times, that it has a good deal gone down in the world since then, and is of a much inferior grade of grocery to that of my poor father, who, by the way, was himself one of nature's gentlemen, having all the repose and good breeding of manner by which the true gentleman in all classes is distinguished.

Went, with all my recollections of the old shop about me, to the grand dinner at the Park: company, forty in number, and the whole force of the kitchen put in requisition. Sat at the head of the table, next to the carving aide-de-camp (Lady Emily Henry's son), and amused myself with reading over the *menu*, and tasting all the things with the most learned names. Had Hamilton, our great astronomer, at the other side of me, and, ignoramus as I am, got on very tolerably with him.

14th. A note from the Lord Lieutenant this morning, saying: "Dear Moore,—If you like to dine quietly at half-past six, I shall have more opportunity of talking to you then than at those gigantic boards. There will be nobody

but Wilkie, as I am going incog. to the play as soon as it is dusk; and then you can revert to the Rotunda if you like it. Ever yours, Mulgrave." Told Liddel (who gave me the note) of my engagement to a private dinner at the Provost's [Dr. Lloyd]. Forgot to mention that I called to leave my name at the Provost's, his civility to me since I came having been most marked and liberal. Found himself in the court-yard, and he took me into the house with him. In referring to his speech the other night at the Rotunda, on the reconcilability of geology with the Mosaic account of the Creation, of which there appeared a report since in the newspapers, and which I now praised to him, he said that he was glad it met with my approbation; that he knew I was a theologian myself; and though we differed very much on some points, it gave him pleasure to be praised by me. This all very good-tempered and handsome of him. * * * Was introduced to a gentleman (I forget now his name), and to his wife and daughter, who told me that they were in possession of a very curious relic of my younger days, namely, the first notation I made in pencilling of the Canadian Boat Song, in going down the river St. Lawrence. Told them that I had not been in the least aware of the existence of such a thing, and that it would be as great a curiosity to myself as it would be to any one else. On my expressing a wish to see it, told me that they would bring it to town for the purpose; and appointed Milliken's, next day, at one o'clock, for our meeting.

15th. Called at one o'clock at Milliken's, according to appointment. The gentleman himself came alone, bringing the autograph, which is *bonâ fide* my own. One of my travelling companions (for we were three) in going down the St. Lawrence, was Hackness, the son of a rich

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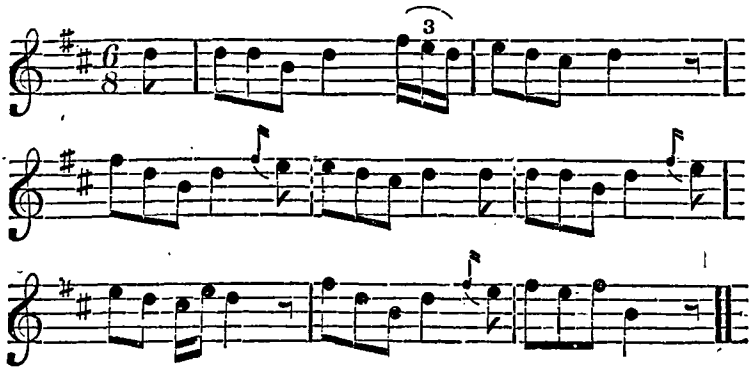
merchant in Dublin, and is now, I believe, dead. To him I made a present of a book which I had with me to read on the way, "Priestley's Lectures on History;" and on a fly-leaf of this book was written the notations of the air, and the French words as follows, for I took a hasty copy of them: —

"En revenant d'un boulanger
Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers très bien montés."



Then follows (written at the same time, and in pencilling also,) the air as it *now* is (in one flat), and with the English words of the first verse written under the music. This all confirms me in an impression which I have always entertained, though not strongly enough to allow me to lay claim to the air, that the music of the Canadian Boat Song is in reality my own, having been merely suggested by the above wild, half-minor melody. As the gentleman wished me to attest the authenticity of the autograph, I put under it the following: — "Written by me, in descending the River St. Lawrence, during my tour through America. Thomas Moore."

The play-bill of to-day and yesterday having announced the entertainments of this evening to have been selected

by me, &c. &c., went to look at the box-book, to see what sort of promise it gave. Numbers of names down, but none of any persons that I knew. The Great Lion Feast of to-day being the dinner given in the College Hall by the Provost and Fellows of the University, went there in time to be present at the *knighting* of Professor Hamilton, which took place in the noble library, where the company assembled before dinner. The whole thing well judged and well done. From thence proceeded to the dining hall, my ticket being for the Lord Lieutenant's table, where the select were stationed. Got between Babbage and Col. Colby, the latter of whom, by the way, had sent me, on my arrival in Dublin, the first published volume of the Ordnance Survey, got up under his direction; a work which promises to be very useful. Found Babbage very off-handed and agreeable. As soon as the company rose, which was not till near ten o'clock, set off for the theatre, accompanied by Hume. Overtook Col. D'Aguilar, who joined us, and all went to Calcraft the manager's box, which I had bespoke for my *first* show-up. Found that the audience had been getting rather impatient at the long delay of my appearance. Shouts of "Moore!" and rounds of applause on my first showing myself; but it was evident they thought the place I had fixed upon too retired; and many comical *hints* of this feeling were given to me from the galleries; such as "Tom, don't be shy!" "Come, show your Irish face, Tom; you needn't be ashamed of it!" This latter appeal gave me an opportunity of making what the actors call "a hit," for I immediately stretched forth from the box, and, in a very sincere fit of laughter, bowed round to the whole house, which produced peals of laughter and plaudits in return. Thinking it was now time to put myself more *en evidence* before

them, I went down to the pit-box taken by the Mearas for themselves and my sister, and planted myself by the side of Ellen, in the front row. Then came, indeed, the real thunder of the gods. The people in the pit stood up and hurrahed; and many of them threw up their hats, trusting to Providence for their ever returning to them again. I then saw, to my horror, that there was a general expectation I should make them a speech; but, thinking it impossible that I could be heard, I resolved to make *that* my excuse — at least to those near me. But, to my still greater consternation (for I really knew not what to say), I found, on the very first opening of my lips, that the whole house, by one common and instantaneous consent, became as mute as a churchyard. I had nothing for it, however, but to go on and plead, in the very face of all this silence, the impossibility of my voice being heard through such a space, adding only that they could not doubt how much I felt their kindness, and how much I should *ever* feel it. I then sat down amidst as many and hearty plaudits as ever crowned the most sublime oration. Numbers in the pit crowded towards the box to shake hands with me; and as I was obliged to stoop down to reach their zealous grasps, Ellen was afraid, as she told me afterwards, that I should be pulled over by them into the pit. The farce, which had been interrupted all this time, and the actors left standing on the stage, to gape at *our* performance, was now suffered to proceed; and after remaining about ten minutes longer, I thought it as well to take my leave. A number of persons rushed out of the boxes to meet me in the lobby; and being cheered and bowed along by them most cordially, I got to the carriage that was waiting for me, and dashed off at full speed to the Park, where I had been invited to stop by the Lord

Lieutenant. Found them nearly on the point of sitting down to supper. Took my place next Lady Campbell, with whom I had some conversation respecting my "Life of Lord Edward," there having occurred some awkwardness between her and me on that subject. * * * After supper I sat down to the pianoforte, and sung some songs, wherewith they were all pleased to be pleased. Returned home as rapidly as I came (about one o'clock), with the hope of catching another supper-party, namely, Nell and her companions, from the play, which I accordingly did; for there were assembled there Mulvany and his pretty sister, and Georgiana O'Kelly; and so, with them and plenty of laughing and soda water, I concluded the gaieties of the night. Forgot to mention that, before dinner, I was present at the Royal Irish Academy, when Swift's skull (as it is supposed to be), lately *déterré*, was placed in the hands of Dr. Combe. The exceeding depression of the front region of this skull (so inconsistent with what phrenology would expect in the head of Swift) was accounted for, according to Combe, by the long period during which Swift's mind was deranged; such a depression of the bone being, he says, a frequent consequence of a disordered brain. This the anti-phrenologists (Dr. Greaves and others) denied, and appealed to the testimony of keepers of lunatic asylums for the fact of no such change ever occurring in their patients. In addition to this phenomenon in the skull of Swift, Dr. Combe found also the animal organs, combativeness, destructiveness, &c., so strongly developed in this supposed skull of Swift, that it was his opinion, if the owner of that skull had been born in a low sphere of life, he would most probably have been led by his natural propensities to the gallows. On his mentioning that the organ of benevolence in this skull was remarkably small, I

asked him where that organ lay; upon which he placed his hand somewhere on the top of my head, saying, "There," adding, "and, by the way, you have it to a very considerable degree." This, I suppose, is what forms the counterbalance to my organs of combativeness and destructiveness, which Deville told me (without at the time knowing who I was) were of as great magnitude as in any head he had ever put out of his hands. * * *

18th. * * * Dined with the Reverend Mr. Cooper and the clergy of Marlborough Street, who had asked Hume also along with me. A large party, consisting of Archbishop Murray, a good many priests, and a few laymen. Nothing could be more hearty and jovial than the dinner. A good deal of singing by the Reverends; one gave an Irish melody not badly, and Tom O' Meara (who was of the party) sung verses of his own, in honour of me and my "lovely wife," got up for the occasion. The Archbishop, a mild, quiet personage, had listened to O'Meara and myself discussing the merits of Lysaught's and Captain Morris's drinking songs with most gentlemanlike patience. Had sent an apology to Miss Farrel's evening party, and got home early.

19th. Went with Dr. O'Beirne to see the House of Industry and Lunatic Asylum. The day desperately hot, and myself not in the best cue for such an operation. Introduced to Major Edgeworth, who presides over the Institution. Nothing can be more neat or more admirably managed. Some of the lunatic cases very frightful, and will long haunt me. In the room where the bad female cases were, was surprised to see, among the desperate specimens of the sex there assembled, a young and rather good-looking girl, with her hair in very neat order, and looking like a milliner's apprentice. She sat quietly by

herself, and I at first took her for one of the attendants of the place; but Major Edgeworth, having prefaced his account of her by saying, "She is no more insane than you or I," told me that, in consequence of having been seduced and deserted, the poor girl had taken an immense quantity of laudanum, with the determination of destroying herself. When with difficulty recovered from the effects of this, she again took an opportunity of attempting her life, and still persisted in her resolution not to live. Her friends then adopted the strange step of placing her among these desperate women, where whatever madness there may be in her already will be sure to be made worse. On Major Edgeworth saying to her, "I hope you feel comfortable," she answered mildly, "*Not* very, sir." I could not bring myself to speak to her. Saw in the Lunatic Asylum Mason, the man who assassinated Sneyd. Glad to escape from it all home; and finding Mrs. Cuming with her carriage in Cumberland Street, waiting to take Nell and me to pass the day at her country villa, set off, delighted to get a little fresh air and rest. I had myself proposed this plan to the Cumings, and they very promptly and hospitably accepted of me.

20th. Walked about the grounds, and went with Mrs. C. through her pretty garden; after which she took Nell and me into town. With Ellen's assistance looked over the letters, cards, &c., that have accumulated upon me, and found them quite awful. Dined with Arthur Hume out at Salt Hill; a large male party. Philip Crampton, Tom Hume, Tickell, Dr. Madden, old Casey, Meara, Captain Hume, &c. &c. Learned from Dr. Madden that *he* was the person (being then a boy and apprentice at Planché's, our Paris apothecary,) who sent to us once, very much to Bessy's and my amusement, an inscription in honour of my

genius, written neatly round the cover of a box of pills. Told me of the strong enthusiasm which he at that time felt about me; that he used to walk out to where we lived in the Allée des Veuves, merely to have the pleasure of looking at the house where I resided. Old Casey still very agreeable, and far better worth listening to than many of the young snipper-snappers of his profession who were now showing off before him, and apparently tolerating his senilities. * * *

24th. * * * Before I left home, this morning, received the following letter from Lord Lansdowne. It ought to have been mentioned, when I noticed the receipt of his former letter to me at Liverpool, that I wrote a hasty answer to that communication from Mr. Currie's office, in which, expressing the gratitude I felt both to him and to my other kind friends, Lord John and Lord Melbourne, for their thoughtful attention to my interests, and adding some apology for the hurry in which I was obliged to write, I said that, with respect to the mode of providing for me which he suggested, I should trust myself entirely to his guidance, convinced that what *he* thought right and honourable for me to do could not be considered otherwise by the public in general. The following is his letter of this morning: —

"London, August 22d.

"My dear Moore, — I lost no time in getting the business completed after I got your answer to my letter, and the grant of 300*l.* per annum is actually made, and has been mentioned by Lord Melbourne to the King, who made no objection. I should tell you it is the first pension granted since the Administration has been reconstructed, and, together with one to the same amount to Lady Napier, whose husband died, as you know, in the public

service in China, about to be granted, will exhaust the whole means now at the disposal of Government. Indeed, I hope, for the future, pensions will speak for themselves, and only represent the merit of those who have them; and as such you must consider yours, which would be due from any Government, but much more from one some of the members of which are proud to think themselves your friends. I have no time for more. We see no prospect of escape at present, thanks to the House of Lords.

"Yours, ever most truly,

"Lansdowne."

Scribbled a few lines before I left home to my sweet Bessy to inform her of this good news.

25th. * * * After breakfast the landau and four was again at the door, and with a most clear morning, promising a delicious day, we set off for the Vale of Avoca and the Meeting of the Waters, Kennis's two sons being now of the party. I had not been in this beautiful region since the visit (ages since, it seems) which gave birth to the now memorable song, "There's not in this Wide World," &c. How wise it was of Scott to connect his poetry with the beautiful scenery of his country! Even indifferent verses derive from such an association a degree of vitality which nothing else could impart to them. Felt this strongly to-day while my companions talked of the different discussions there were afloat as to the particular spot from which I viewed the scene; whether it was the First or Second Meeting of the Waters I meant to describe, &c. &c. Told them that I meant to leave all that in the mystery best suited to such questions. Poor William Parnell, who now no longer looks upon those

waters, wrote to me many years since on the subject of those doubts, and, mentioning a seat in the Abbey churchyard belonging to him, where it was said I sate while writing the verses, begged of me to give him an inscription of two lines, to that effect, to be put on the seat. "If you can't tell a lie for me," said he, "in *prose*, you will, perhaps, to oblige an old friend, do it in verse." Nothing could be more favourable than the weather during our drive through this lovely scene; and I confess I could not help looking upon it with a degree of *pride*, and almost *ownership*, feeling that my property in it might be, perhaps, durable as its waters. What would the squires have said if I had thus compared properties with them?

After I had feasted my eyes as much as the time would admit of in this enchanting place, we proceeded on to Gorey, where I was to take the coach for Enniscorthy. Arrived just in time; and having bid adieu to the landau and my companions (leaving even Hume behind), I went on to Enniscorthy, doubtful which was to be my route after. When we arrived at the inn door, a girl ran breathless out, asking if Mr. Moore was in the coach. I then found that Boyse was there waiting for me, and that his plan was for us to dine and sleep there, and proceed to Bannow in the morning either direct or by way of Wexford. Found myself not in the least degree disappointed in the highly favourable impression which Boyse's letters had given me of him. Evidently a well-informed, off-hand, gentleman-like person. A very agreeable dinner together, during which he detailed to me a good deal respecting the preparations made for receiving me at Bannow, expressing his regret, however, that this being the critical time of the year, when the people were getting in their harvest, the multitudes that otherwise

would have flocked to meet me must necessarily be much diminished. Before dinner had a most delicious walk by myself along the banks of the river Slaney, which, for two or three miles out of the town, are full of beauty, and this sunny evening was quite worthy of them. It was likewise delightful to me to be *alone* in such a scene, for it is only alone I can enjoy Nature thoroughly; men and women disturb such scenes dreadfully.

26th. After breakfast set off for Wexford in a chaise and four, Boyse thinking we should have full time for my visit to the corn-market (an old recollection of mine) before we proceeded to our Bannow friends. The weather still most prosperous. While horses were getting ready, Boyse and I walked to the corn-market. It was when I was quite a child, that Mr. and Mrs. Redmonds, old friends of our family, took me down to Wexford to see my grandfather, Tom Codd (my dearest mother's father), and I have a strong recollection of my going to a ball there one night, and coming home from it *alone*. This appeared to me as a child a most manly and independent achievement; but I have always suspected since that the Assembly Rooms must have been very near my grandfather's house, and this I now found to be the case, not more than a door or two lying between them. So mighty do small things appear to the child!

While I was looking at this locality, a few persons had begun to collect around me, and some old women (entering into my feelings) ran before me to the wretched house I was in search of (which is now a small pot-house), crying out, "Here, Sir, this is the very house where your grandmother lived. Lord be merciful to her!" Of the grand*mother* I have no knowledge, for she died long before my youthful visit here; but I have a pretty clear

recollection of little old Tom Codd, my grandfather, as well as of some sort of weaving machinery in the room up-stairs. My mother used to say he was a provision merchant, which sounded well, and I have no doubt he may have been concerned in that trade, but I suspect that he was also a weaver. Nothing, at all events, could be more humble and mean than the little low house which still remains to tell of his whereabouts; and it shows how independent Nature is of mere localities that one of the noblest-minded, as well as most warm-hearted, of all God's creatures (that ever it has been *my* lot to know) was born under that lowly roof.

Wrote a hasty letter to my sweet Bess before we started, and then set off in gay style, rosettes at the ears of the horses (four very dashing posters), cockades in the hats of the boys, &c. Several groups whom we saw in the fields on our way, too hard at work at the harvest to join our sport, stood up and cheered us heartily as we passed. As we approached Bannow, Boyse was evidently anxious lest the doubt that had existed as to my time and way of coming might have caused a dispersion of the multitude, and so produce a failure in the effect of the cavalcade. We now saw at a distance a party of horsemen on the look-out for us, bearing green banners, and surrounded by people on foot. This party, which turned out to be a mere detachment from the main body, now proceeded in advance of us, and after a short time we came in sight of the great multitude — chiefly on foot, but as we passed along we found numbers of carriages of different kinds, filled with ladies, drawn up on each side of the road, which, after we had passed them, fell into the line and followed in procession. When we arrived at the first triumphal arch, there was the decorated car and my

Nine Muses, some of them remarkably pretty girls, particularly the one who placed the crown on my head; and after we had proceeded a little way, seeing how much they were pressed by the crowd, I made her and two of her companions get up on the car behind me. As the whole affair has been described in print (diffusely and enthusiastically enough, Heaven knows!), I shall not here waste time and words upon it, though certainly it would be difficult to say too much of the warmth and cordiality of feeling evinced by the whole assemblage, as well as the quickness and intelligence with which the very lowest of them entered into the whole spirit of the ceremony. In advance of the car was a band of amateur musicians, smart young fellows, in a uniform of blue jackets, caps, and white trowsers, who, whenever we stopped at the arches erected along the road, played some of the most popular Irish Melodies, and likewise more than once, an air that has been adapted to Byron's "Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore." As we proceeded slowly along, I said to my pretty Muse behind me, "This is a long journey for you." "Oh, Sir!" she exclaimed, with a sweetness and kindness of look not to be found in more artificial life, "I wish it was more than three hundred miles." It is curious, and not easy, perhaps, to be accounted for, that as I passed along in all this triumph, with so many cordial and sweet faces turned towards me, a feeling of deep sadness came more than once over my heart. Whether it might not have been some of the Irish airs they played that called up mournful associations connected with the *reverse* of all this smiling picture, I know not, but so it was.

When we arrived in front of the Graigue House, the speeches from Boyse and myself (as reported) took place;

Boyse very eloquent, and evidently in high favour with the people. I then went with him to his new house, or rather the few fragments of the old one he has left standing; the offices being all that are as yet built of the new. He had told me before I came that I was literally to dine in one cock-loft and sleep in another; but I found he had given me up his own bedroom, which was on the ground-floor, and left standing quite alone, all around it having been thrown down. It was, however, made very comfortable by dint of green baize curtains, &c. &c. Was now introduced to his mother, a very fine handsome old lady, about eighty-one or so; and his maiden sister, a nice, intelligent, and very amiable person; and likewise a little round, joyous girl, their niece, between fourteen and fifteen years old, who, I was told, could not conceive what sort of a thing a *bard* was, never having seen one, and had been, accordingly, most anxious for my arrival. Old Mr. Boyse (about the same age as the mother) was confined to his bed with illness, and I did not see him all the time I remained. Before dinner Miss Boyse drove me in her pony chaise to see the grounds of the Graigue House, a new property they have lately purchased, and the same that Boyse wrote last summer to offer to me and my family in case I should wish for a quiet retreat for two or three months. We fancied it, from his description, to be a small cottage overhanging the sea; but it is, in fact, a large house with extensive pleasure-grounds, and the walk to the sea (a sort of garden walk all along) is not less, I should think, than three quarters of a mile in length. Miss Boyse, her niece, and I took this walk after dinner, and the open breathing-space over the sea felt highly refreshing.

27th. Prepared, while dressing, my short answer to the deputations which, I understood, were to wait upon

me. Found that there had been bonfires lighted in various directions during the night. Proceeded towards twelve o'clock to Graigue, where we found a great part of the crowd of yesterday reassembled in their gayest trim, this day being devoted to a *fête* for the lads and lasses on the green. Went through my reception of the different addresses very successfully, and (as Boyse told me afterwards) spoke much louder and less *Englishly* than I did the day before. I find that the English accent (which I always had, by the by, never having, at any time of my life, spoken with much brogue,) is not liked by the genuine *Pats.* Among other introductions I was presented in form to the reverend president of Peter's College and a number of Catholic clergymen who accompanied him. Just as I was approaching this reverend body, I saw among the groups that lined the way, my pretty Muse of yesterday, and her young companions, still arrayed in their green wreaths and gowns. Flesh and blood could not resist the impulse of stopping a minute to shake hands with a few of them, which I did most heartily, to the great amusement of all around, not excepting the reverend president himself, who had been approaching me with a grave face when I was thus interrupted; and who, immediately joining in the laugh, said, very good humouredly, "I like to see *character* display itself."

After these ceremonies were over, Boyse took me in his curricle to see some points of view in his immediate neighbourhood; not the most agreeable part of our operations, as I saw he was not much in the habit of driving, and one of the horses was what is called "an awkward customer." After driving about a little (the roads being like avenues, and everything, in short, wearing a face of comfort and prosperity) we went to the house of an honest Quaker,

Mr. Elly, one of those most zealous, Boyse told me, in organising all the preparations for my reception, There we found a large party assembled, and a *déjeûner* prepared; the young amateur band being in attendance, and playing occasionally my songs. The situation of the villa, commanding a view of the Tintern shore, appeared to me, except for the want of trees, very beautiful, and a large flag waving from the top of the house displayed the words, "Erin go bragh, and Tom Moore for ever." The *déjeûner* (*i. e.* the eating part of it) was provided, ungallantly enough, for the males alone; an anomaly, of which I had already witnessed another instance at the Zoological Gardens, in Dublin, where it was not till after the men had feasted that the ladies were admitted into the gardens. Dined, as the day before, with Boyse's family party, and all went afterwards to the *fête* at Graigue, where we found them in high dance and glee. The music being very inspiring, I took out my young Muse (Boyse having, in spite of his lameness, turned out with another), and after dancing down a few couples, surrendered her (very *unwillingly*, I own) to her former partner. Should have liked exceedingly a little more of the fun, but thought it better, on every account, to stop where I did. Among other reasons, I feared that Boyse might think it necessary to go on as long as *I* did.

Two very nice Quaker young women were among the crowd looking at the dancing, and as I had taken some pains to place them where they could have a good view, one of them, encouraged by this attention, said to me, very modestly, "If it would not be asking too much, I should like to have two lines of thine with thy name to them." Promised, of course, that she should have them. In the course of the evening a green balloon was seen

ascending above the dancers' heads, with "Welcome, Tom Moore," upon it. When it grew dusk, Miss Boyse, her niece, and myself came away, leaving the dancers to keep up the *fête*, as they did, I believe, till near morning. Wishing for a solitary walk to the sea, I asked Miss Boyse to direct me to the path we had taken the evening before; but with my usual confusion as to localities, I missed the right way, and could find nothing but those smooth roads which I had admired so much in the morning, but felt *now* rather inclined to anathematise, having seldom ever thirsted more keenly for actual beverage than I did at that moment for a draught of the fresh sea air. In the course of the day the letters I am about to transcribe were sent to Boyse and myself, by express, from Wexford; and I really think them worth preserving, as proving to what a pitch enthusiasm may be excited by seclusion from the world, and how strongly the current of natural feeling, when repressed in one direction, is likely to break out in others. * * *

I should have mentioned that the lady from whom these letters came is Superioress of the Presentation Convent, at Wexford, and that I had already been made acquainted with her enthusiasm on the subject of Music, by a short correspondence which I had with her about a year or two since. The following is her letter to me on the present occasion, written in a very feminine and lady-like hand:—

"Dear Sir,—It is impossible to restrain the expression of joy and happiness your arrival at Bannow has excited. I feel that I would be deficient in all that is due to the great and gifted, and should reproach myself for ever with ingratitude, if I did not approach you (at least by letter) amongst the foremost of the countless numbers who pay their homage to your personal worth and matchless talents. Accept then, Dear Sir, the best and warmest welcome

of my little community united with mine; for welcome, and a thousand times welcome, you truly are to this country. It is a singular pleasure to me, and I am proud to enthusiasm of the privilege which brings me a degree nearer to you, by being attached to Dublin and to Wexford by precisely the same ties. Would that I could acknowledge, as I wish, my sense of the lustre your birth has shed on both places. Permit me, then, to beseech you *not* to leave this country without coming to the convent. Oh! do not deprive *us* of the pleasure of seeing you, as from our peculiar situation it may never again be possible to us. I feel so selfish in your regard that I could wish you to come here before you go to any other place in Wexford. My acquaintance with your sister, and some of her most intimate circle, makes me feel towards you quite otherwise than a stranger, and I am presumptuously inclined to wish that I could supply, in their absence, the attentions of all. But I must owe all and every thing to your kind condescension, which shall be a source of everlasting happiness to me and of gratitude to you. * * * Believe me, with all the respect and esteem of which I am capable, your admiring friend."

28th. Either this morning or yesterday, I forget which, was taken by Boyse to a spot which he had fixed upon for the erection of a tower in commemoration of my visit to Bannow. Went through the ceremony of laying the first stone, soon after which my excellent host and myself set off together in a chaise and four for Enniscorthy. To avoid the bustle of the inn, went to a private house which Boyse sometimes uses as a lodging. Received visits there from a few people; among others, the Mayor and a Mr. Cooper, an old friend, as it appeared, of our family; also a young musician, Mr. White (with whom I had once

some correspondence), and the editors of the two liberal Wexford papers. I then set off to pay my visit to the fair writer of the foregoing letters; and a very fair and handsome person I found her, little more, I should think, than thirty years of age, and becoming her abbess's dress most secularly. Whether she expected to be complimented on her good looks, I know not; but I felt that it would be bad taste to do so, and, at all events, did not venture it. After showing me their small pretty chapel, the superioress led me to a new organ, which was soon to be put up there, and asked, as a favour, that I would play *one* short air upon it. If I could ever, at any time, bring myself to *volunteer* my voice, I should have done so on this occasion; and the thought crossed me that I *ought*. Indeed, if she had said but a word to that effect, I should most certainly have sung; but she asked me only to play, and I played the air, "Oh, all ye angels of the Lord!" which seemed abundantly to satisfy her, as her utmost wish appeared to be that I should have *touched* her organ. I then followed her to a small nice garden (for all was in miniature), where I found the gardener ready prepared with spade, &c., in order that I should plant with my own hands a *myrtle* there. "Oh, Cupid, Prince of Gods and men!" planting a myrtle in a convent garden! As soon as I had (awkwardly enough) deposited the plant in the hole prepared for it, the gardener, while filling in the earth, exclaimed, "This will not be called *myrtle* any longer, but the *Star of Airin!*" Where is the English gardener that would have been capable of such a flight? Dined with Boyse at his lodgings, and started in the mail for Enniscorthy at five or half-past five, having got rid of a crowd of old beggar women at the door by throwing a few shillings among them for a scramble, notwithstanding

the pathetic entreaty of one poor old woman (which dwelt in my ears for some time), "Ah! *don't* make a scramble of it." She felt, I suppose, that she had no chance in such a struggle. Found the coach stuffed with the children of the proprietor of the mail, himself being outside, all come to escort my *bardship* a few miles out of town. Got to Enniscorthy about eight. Walked to take a peep at the memorable Vinegar Hill, and then to bed early.

29th. Started in the coach for Dublin about ten, and was lucky in my company; a very pretty young girl (who turned out to be a daughter of Alderman Lamprey's) and a musical aunt (a great singer of the "Melodies") being my companions. I was, of course, as great a Godsend to them as they were to me; and accordingly we made much of each other. A few other acquaintances dropped in, on the way, all knowing me, but I wholly in the dark about them. Got out for a short time to take a peep at the famous waterfall, Pol a Phuca, and arrived in Dublin between six and seven. Nell at the Mearas, whither I went and dined.

30th. A charming letter from my sweet admirable Bessy about the new accession to our means, which made me by turns laugh and weep, being, as I told her in my answer, almost the counterpart of Dr. Pangloss's

> "I often wished that I had clear,
> For life three hundred pounds a year."

I cannot refrain from copying a passage or two, here and there, from her letter, which she wrote before mine, conveying the intelligence of the grant, reached her.

"Sloperton, Tuesday night.

"My dearest Tom,—Can it *really* be true that you have a pension of 300*l.* a year? Mrs., Mr., two Misses, and

young Longman were here to-day, and tell me it is really the case, and that they have seen it in two papers. Should it turn out true, I know not how we can be thankful enough to those who gave it, or to a Higher Power. The Longmans were very kind and nice, and so was *I*, and I invited them *all five* to come at some future time. At present, I can think of nothing but 300*l.* a-year, and dear Russell jumps and claps his hands with joy. Tom is at Devizes. * * * The Pugets did not come to tea yesterday, Louisa being ill. To-day they sent me some beautiful flowers. If the story is true of the 300*l.*, pray give dear Ellen twenty pounds, and *insist* on her drinking five pounds worth of wine *yearly*, to be paid out of the 300*l.* a year. I have been obliged, by the by, to get five pounds to send to ——. * * * Three hundred a year, how delightful! But I have my fears that it is only a castle in the air. I am sure I shall dream of it; and so I will get to bed, that I may have this pleasure *at least;* for I expect the morning will throw down my castle."

"Wednesday morning.

"Is it true? I am in a fever of hope and anxiety, and feel very oddly. No one to talk to but sweet Buss, who says, "Now, Papa will not have to work so hard, and will be able to go out a little." * * *

"You say I am so 'nice and comical' about the money. Now you are much more so (leaving out the 'nice'), for you have forgotten to send the cheque you promised. But I can wait with patience, for no one teases me. Only I want to have a few little things ready to welcome you home, which I like to pay for. How you will ever enjoy this quiet every-day sort of stillness, after your late reception, I hardly know. I begin to want you very much

for though the boys are darlings, there is still * * * How I wish I had wings, for then I would be at Wexford as soon as you, and surprise your new friends. I am so glad you have seen the Gonnes; I know they are quite delighted at your attention. Mr. Benett called the other day on my sons.

"N.B. If this good news be true, it will make a great difference in my *eating*. I shall then indulge in butter to potatoes. *Mind* you do not tell this piece of gluttony to *any* one."

September 2nd. A last sitting to ——; he has had, indeed, but two before, and in all three I had a sculptor (——) working at me on the other side, chisel and pencil both labouring away. Having nothing in my round potato face but what they cannot catch, — *i. e.* mobility of character, — the consequence is, that a portrait of me can be only one or other of two very disagreeable things, — a *caput mortuum*, or a caricature.

3rd. Busy preparing for my flight, and poor little Nell sadly assisting. A last sitting to ——, and various calls. Took leave of Crampton, who made me the bearer of two beautiful tabinets to Bessy. Had an early dinner from Arthur Hume at the Kildare Street Club, and started for Kingston in his carriage about four. A good many of Ellen's acquaintances (who were in the secret of my departure) assembled on the pier to bid me good-bye; among others, Miss ——, the daughter of the lady who so gallantly sheltered Lord Edward in her house on the canal. Found there also young Emily Napier, who had come to see her brother Johnny embark. Told her who Miss —— was, and introduced them to each other. Emily delighted to make the acquaintance, and happening to have two of Lord Edward's grandchildren with her (Lady

Campbell's boys), brought them forward and presented them to her; on which Miss —— (as I have heard since, for I had gone on board at the time,) burst into tears at the recollections which the likeness of one of the boys to Lord Edward had brought back. Hume having made no proper provision of berths, and the number of passengers being immense, I had every prospect of being doomed to the fore-part of the ship for the night, but a young gentleman (a friend of Meara's), who was on board, having very kindly insisted on my accepting his sofa in the best cabin, I got through the night very comfortably and without any sickness.

4th. Landed at Liverpool, the rain coming down very briskly. * * *

5th. * * * Walked afterwards with Hume and young Cooper, to show the former old Mayfield Cottage, where "Lalla Rookh" was written. Hume much interested as well as surprised to see the small, solitary, and now wretched-looking cottage where all that fine "orientalism" and "sentimentalism" were engendered. It has for some time fallen into low farmers' hands, and is now in a state of dirt and degradation; yet there, once, the luxurious Rogers passed a few days with me; there poor Stevenson composed one or two of his sweetest things; and there (still more extraordinary) I remember giving a dinner to Sir Henry Fitzherbert, the then High Sheriff of the County, and some other provincial grandees. Returned to our chaise, and proceeded to Alton Towers. The approach to the house by a winding avenue of, I believe, three miles in length, most striking and picturesque. Found a magnificently dressed porter at the entrance, who, throwing open the gates, discovered a harper *en costume* seated within, and playing, in honour of my arrival, one of

the "Irish Melodies." Lord Shrewsbury himself soon made his appearance, and, after a most kind and hearty welcome, conducted us to the ladies, Lady S., her daughter, and sister. After a little time, walked out with them through the gardens and pleasure-grounds, and, the weather having again become delicious, saw in perfection some of the principal features of this odd as well as beautiful place. Was introduced to my correspondent, Dr. Rock (Lord S.'s chaplain), who, I remember, commenced the first letter he wrote to me by saying, "All the world knows that you are acquainted with the *Captain* of my family, but this is the first time, I dare say, that the Doctor of the name has been introduced to your notice." No addition to the party at dinner, except a Mr. Jones, the Protestant vicar or curate of the place.

6th. Service this morning in the handsome chapel, most splendidly and touchingly performed, a fine organ, good and well taught voices, the decorations of the altar, of the priest, the attendant boys, all grand and tasteful. As usual, could not resist crying at the music, the female voice, which over-topped all the others, being most touching as well as clear and strong. An old Ashbourne acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Dewes (now Mrs. Granville), was seated beside me during prayers. Went out in the carriage with the ladies, a fat coachman on the box driving four-in-hand down those almost perpendicular hills; rather nervous work, but seeing my companions did not mind it, "kept never minding" too. Dinner as before, with Parson Jones, as before, also. Evening service in the chapel; the chanting very well done. Sung to them afterwards, and Lady Shrewsbury and her sister sung a song of mine, ("Oft in the stilly Night") as a duet.

7th. Much pressed to prolong my stay, but had an-

nounced from the first that I had promised to pass this day with the Coopers, and then speed home as fast as possible. Found that I had two very flattering tasks to perform before my departure, one of which was to plant with my own hands in my Lady's garden, a sprig of ivy which had been plucked from Petrarch's tomb at Arqua, and the planting of which had been reserved for my visit hither; the other to choose from a large number of new kinds of dahlias one that was to bear my name. Showed me after breakfast some pieces of poetry, written by their newly married daughter, the young Princess of Sulmona, (married to the heir to the present Borghese, who will have, it is said, near 100,000*l.* a year,) far beyond the usual standard of young ladies' poetry; also some letters from herself and her husband, full of love and happiness, and very prettily expressed. Lady S. having declared her intention to convey us, herself, to the Coopers, we set off after luncheon, and were deposited by her in grand style at my friend the honest cotton spinner's door, who himself received me on my alighting from the carriage. Passed a very cordial and heart-warming evening with them, talking of old times and old recollections, which to me was worth a thousand such pompous days as the two last. * * *

10th. Off in a fly for dear Sloperton, where we arrived to breakfast, and found Bessy and the boys quite well and anxiously expecting me. * * *

17th. Bessy being anxious for a little excursion from home, went to Bath with her and the boys to a grand show of dahlias, and from thence to the Napiers, at Freshford, where we dined and slept. Mrs. Napier showed me the sort of work she performs for Napier, which is to be sure most laborious as well as invaluable towards such a task as his. Besides copying out over and over (which I had

known of before) all the successive sheets of his work, as he writes and corrects them (thus furnishing him with what are tantamount to so many proofs from the printer), she also reads over the various letters, in different languages, which he has to consult, making a *précis* of the substance of each, with dates, names, and all that is required to *possess* him with the subject. Such an assistant is beyond price.

* * * * * *

October 15th. To dinner at Scotts, to meet Luttrell, the Nugents, and the Macdonalds. Luttrell and Nugent had remarked, a day or two since, to me how much "The Times" had fallen off in its power of writing, how it twaddled, &c. &c. Macdonald, who is on the other side of politics, now said to me, "How wonderfully the fellows of 'The Times' write! — there never was to be sure so powerful a paper." "Then you think," I said, "that it is far more ably written now than it used to be?" "Oh, much," he replied. Thus it is that people allow their judgment to be discoloured, if not wholly obscured, by their party prejudices. The fact is, that "The Times," being still conducted by the same men, shows equal power on their new side as on the other, their real opinions, whatever they may be, standing but little in the way of their good writing. * * *

24th. A visit from Bowles, bringing with him Mr. West, a young man who has been a pupil of the Academy of Music, and has set an oratorio of Bowles's, "The Ark." Played over for me one of the choruses, which I thought very good; the words being admirably adapted for musical effect. Bowles spoke of the delight it always gave him to come and see Bessy and me; we "met him with such cheerful faces." Received one of these days a copy of

Manzoni's book "Sulla Morale Cattolica," sent to me from Italy by Madame Durazzo through the hands of Ponsonby. Manzoni (like another less celebrated novelist Griffin, the author of the "Collegian,") has left off novel writing as a task unfit for a good Christian. Have seen two or three times Dr. Brabant, since his return from Germany. In speaking of the numbers of persons famous in England of whom little was known *out* of it, he said, "There is one name which was always sure, wherever I mentioned it, not only to be well known but to be hailed with eagerness and curiosity, and that is *Tom Moore*, as they all call you." Their having this familiar name so pat on their tongues, he attributed to the popularity among them of Lord Byron's lines, "Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore."

25th to 31st. Nothing much worth observing. Found the following fragment of some verses which I began, I believe more than a year since, when Louis Philippe was but on his way to the Grand Monarque tone which he is assuming now: —

PROGRESS OF REFORM.

The current sweeps on, and we're borne in its track,
Every beacon on shore is but glimps'd at, and gone;
The desponding look down, and the timid look back,
While Hope points to Liberty's star, and looks *on!*

Blest dream! oh, for once may it not be a dream;
For once, in thus grasping at Liberty's wreath,
May we find not, like France, that, though flowery it seem,
It is bristling with tyranny's thorns underneath.

November 7th. To Bowood, where I found, besides Lord John and his pretty little wife, Bobus, Smith, and Sneyd. Lord and Lady Kerry, too, arrived from town

just as we were going to dinner. Bobus highly agreeable. Sung a good deal in the evening.

8th. Bobus gave a new and better reading of Jekyll's joke respecting the day the ceiling fell down, during dinner at Lansdowne House; Jekyll himself having escaped dining there by an engagement to meet the judges. "I had been asked," he said, "to *Ruat Cœlum*, but dined instead with *Fiat Justitia.*" Talking of Kean, I mentioned his having told me that he had eked out his means of living before he emerged into celebrity, by teaching dancing, fencing, *elocution, and boxing.* "Elocution and boxing! (repeated Bobus) a word and a blow." Prayers in the chapel at three. Guthrie too ill to preach. Two very beautiful things played by the organist, Combes, which I found, on asking him afterwards, were a Dona nobis Pacem of Mozart, and an air of Schroeder. The latter Lady Louisa promised to write out for me.

After prayers a long walk with Lord John, Lord Lansdowne, and Sneyd. Various subjects talked of, and all agreeably. The French language so much altered as to have completely changed its character; the simplicity and *naïveté* it had in the times of Montaigne, &c. all gone; no longer a language for poetry, but admirable for science and logical discussion from its terse clearness. The style of the French newspapers excellent, and their abstinence, almost universally, from all merely personal attacks and private slander, highly honourable to them; so unlike the character of the English press. In speaking of the simple force of old French writers, I quoted Montaigne's saying, in reference to his own habit of walking about when he composed, "*Mes pensées quand je les assis, dorment.*" Lord L. also mentioned a compound word used by Montaigne, as full of strength, "*Prime-sautier*;" but I question if the

word was remembered by him correctly, and it must be, at all events, I think *Prime-sauteur.** At dinner the same party. A deputation, in the course of the day, to Lord John, from Bristol, bringing him the address that is to be presented to him.

9th. All very anxious I should stay to dinner to-day, but could not manage it, having to start with Bessy early in the morning for Bath. Lord John had offered to take me to Bristol, but it was now fixed he should pick me up on his way, at Bath. Walked with me part of the way home. Talking of Peel, on my saying that I liked him, he said, "So do I," and mentioned how kind he had been on the subject of his marriage; not only alluding to it very cordially in one of his speeches, but coming up to him in the House, and shaking hands with him in a very friendly way, saying that he heartily congratulated him, having known Lady John some time, and having always thought her a very charming person; or words to that effect, for I forget the precise terms. Lord John added, as an odd thing, that O'Connell should have come up to him almost immediately after (the two extremes), and in the same hearty manner shaken hands with and congratulated him. Was half inclined to go on the whole way with me, but recollected that he could not well spare the time.

Found, on my return, that Bessy was engaged at the school-room, at Bromham, helping to distribute some clothing to the poor; so that it was lucky Lord John did not come on to see her. I have omitted to mention in the proper place, some correspondence which I have lately had

* See Dict. de l'Académie Française, *Prime-sautier*, adj. (Esprit), qui saisit et rend les idées avec promptitude, sans passer par les idées intermédiaires.

with Meara of Dublin, on the subject of an extract from Willis the American's book, which had appeared in the "Quarterly," and the newspapers, professing to give an account of my conversation one day, at Lady Blessington's, respecting O'Connell. The substance of what I wrote to Meara was, that my first impulse on seeing this extract was to take notice of it in a letter to some newspaper; but that, on second thoughts, it appeared to me that such a course would do more harm than good, as I could not deny the opinions attributed to me respecting O'Connell to be substantially mine; namely, that in separating the privilege of abuse from the responsibility which gentlemen had always attached to it, he did what I must ever disapprove; and that however well deserved by his services to Ireland was the tribute paid to him by the nation, and however honourable to the hearty people who bestowed it, I must ever think that the "annual *quête* for its collection threw an air of mendicity round it, not very creditable." All I could conscientiously contradict in Willis's statement, was the coarseness of the language attributed to me, and which it was neither my nature nor habit to use. I doubted much whether under any degree of excitement I could bring myself to call a man "a coward" even to his face, but certainly never *behind his back* could I be capable of so styling him. I added, that Meara might make whatever use he pleased of my letter. In reply to this, he owned that he could not well show what I had written, on account of the manner in which I had spoken of what the O'Connell family felt sorest upon, namely, the tribute; and it is amusing enough that, even of this part, he is willing to leave what *I* think contains the whole sting, and proposes, instead of the following passage, "the annual *quête* for its collection throws an air of mendicity around it not very

creditable," to read, "the annual *quête* for its collection throws an air of mendicity around it, which *must render it less agreeable to Mr. O'Connell's family.*" Poor Meara! he would leave the statement in full force, and only omit the obvious conclusion from it. Wrote to him to say, that the whole matter had better rest as it was; that the Irish newspapers had, with great delicacy, refrained from stirring the subject, and we could not do better than follow their example. The above is all from memory, but I believe substantially correct.

10th. Started with Bessy for Bath, in a fly. After shopping a little with her, called at the York House, and found Lord John had arrived. Took Bessy to call upon him, and shortly after he and I set off for Bristol, with a turn-out of four greys. As we approached Bristol, met a small crowd of fellows who wanted to take the horses from the carriage, but we bid the post-boys drive on and escaped them. A good number of people collected round the door of the Gloucester when we stopped, and some of them, I found, took me for the great little secretary. "No, that's him with the white hat." Found all bustle within; accompanied Lord John to the private room prepared for him, and had my share of all the presentations that were made of strangers, dinner-officers, &c. &c. Were rather anxious as to Lord Ebrington, who had not yet arrived. While Lord John was gone to dress, the Bishop came to pay his respects, *not* to dine. Had some conversation with him, as also with the rector (who came on the same errand), Mr. Taylor, who announced himself to me as the husband of Curran's daughter, and said that the last time he and I met was at Curran's funeral. Lord Ebrington at length arrived. Could collect from the Bristolians I talked with,

that nothing could well be more bitter and *internecine* than the state of feeling between the two parties among them at present. No bells were suffered to be rung during this day, and one hot churchman had got the bell ropes of two steeples in his house to prevent the possibility of a single ring for the Radicals. Placed at dinner within a few of Lord John, and next to the principal getter-up of the feast, a very gentleman-like and sensible person, Mr. Saunders; the same who had come in his own carriage to Bowood on Sunday with the address. Lord John's first speech lasted an hour and a half; a good deal of the earlier portion of it languid and ineffective; but he improved considerably as he went on, and his contrast between the policy of the Duke of Wellington and that of the Whigs, in their respective modes of dealing with Ireland, was as happily expressed as it was true and convincing. "The Duke of Wellington stood out against the appeals of argument, but yielded to threats; we resisted intimidation and violence (*e. g.* the Coercion Bill), but yielded to argument." I give this, not as his exact words, but as the substance of his reasoning.

Had been told that my health was to be given after that of Lord Mulgrave, but from the length of time the speeches occupied, there appeared every chance of my getting off altogether. Lord John having beckoned me to come to him, said that his own wish was to retire immediately after the health of Lord Mulgrave, but that in that case the people would be disappointed of my speech, which they would not like, and asked whether I could not rise and speak to the toast of Lord Mulgrave. I begged of him not to mind me at all; that I should be most ready and willing to start with him the minute after Lord M.'s health was given, and right glad to escape from the opera-

tion altogether. This was quite true at the moment, but it was as well that matters took a different turn, as both myself and my speech were most uproariously cheered, and I had an opportunity of performing a feat which requires some little courage; namely, that of lauding the English aristocracy before an assembly of Radicals, and that at a moment when the popular current runs all the other way. They took it, I must say, with most exemplary good humour, and I was prepared with a tolerably strong infusion of radicalism at the end, which washed down the whole dose comfortably. While we were out on the landing, waiting for our great coats, &c., there were some ladies (who had been in a small music gallery during the speaking), who rather put my Irish modesty to the blush (and I suspect they were Irish themselves) by their *empressement* about me.

Got away in the midst of shouts and crackers, our four greys standing the hullabaloo most marvellously, though a gig and horse in a fugitive state but just barely cleared us as we departed. Some talk on the way about reporting speeches, the horror of which now arose before my eyes; that dreadful machine, the *mangle*, being already no doubt at work upon our orations. Lord John mentioned his having once got into a scrape with some French friends of his from having, in a report of one of his speeches, been represented as calling the Bourbons "an imbecile and bigoted race;" no such words having been uttered by him. Left me at the York House, Bath, and went on to Bowood, where he was not likely to arrive till between three and four. Before I went to bed, wrote a note to Bristol to my new friend, Mr. Saunders, to beg he would prevent the editor of the morrow's paper from inserting any report

of my speech till I should be able to furnish a correct one myself. Got to bed about two o'clock.

11th. Have not, I believe, before mentioned that both Lord John and myself had been invited, some weeks since, to attend a great Radical dinner, to be given this day at Bath, to Hume and Roebuck. My answer, declining the honour, had not been sufficiently decisive, of which I now felt the inconvenience. While I was at breakfast, a gentleman at another table, addressing me, expressed a hope that I meant to go to the dinner, adding, "You will meet a humbler class of persons than you did yesterday, but I expect it will be a very good meeting." This turned out to be Fearon, the writer of "Travels in America." He had been one of the company at the dinner yesterday, and we had some little talk about the proceedings. On my remarking how well they took my praise of the nobility, he said, "They were disposed to take everything well, but I myself was one who did not go along with you in that praise." I assured him that I had spoken most sincerely what I felt, and what I had always experienced; in reply to which, he said, that he had not the slightest doubt of this, nor could he himself pretend to speak from any experience on the subject. In alluding to my American authority in favour of the nobility, he said that he did not attach much importance to that, because (and in this I believe he was right) the Americans in general are the greatest aristocrats in the world. On my expressing the pleasure I felt at the Americans having so much forgiven my *escapades d'écolier* against them, he intimated that they had by no means forgiven me as much as I supposed; and mentioned some general officer he had met with in that country who quoted whole passages of mine with the most bitter re-

sentment. "You are not likely," he said, "to hear all the truth on this subject yourself, because I need not tell you that persons placed in your position are approached with —" "Yes," I said, interrupting him with a laugh, "there is something of an aristocracy in that case also." "Exactly!" he replied, and so we parted. I should not be surprised, however, if my friend of ten minutes remembered and reported this last sally of mine as a strong instance of literary coxcombry and conceit.

Went to Mrs. Prowse's, where Bessy was staying, and drew up as correct a report of my speech as I could manage. Took it to Carrington's, whose paper is to be published to-morrow (a Tory paper), and found him most kind and obliging. Promised to let me have slips of it in the evening to send to town. On my return to the York House, found there had been a deputation from the dinner people to wait upon me, requesting an answer as to my intention of dining with them. Despatched off a note to their chairman expressing my regret. Dined between four and five with Bessy, at the Prowses, where she was lodged. Received the proofs of the speech after dinner, but unluckily did not get them to the post office in time for the London Mail; so that, in that respect, all my trouble had been thrown away. Slept at the York House.

26th. To Lacock, Bessy and I, the pony carriage having been sent for her, and I walked. Nobody but Lady Valletort, whom it was a great delight to me to see again. Evening agreeable. A good deal of talk with Talbot on the affinity traceable between the Celtic language and the Latin and Greek. Thus, in Irish, a man (*Vir*) Tir; a country (*terra*), and from thence Tiree, the land belonging to Y or Iona. I mentioned Buachaill, a cowherd, from

Βουκολος (which I found remarked by M'Culloch in his "Western Highlands;" and this affinity, as Talbot said, was found also in *bo* the Gaelic and Irish for cow. *Fan*, a chapel, is another instance, *fanum*. He pointed out some curious mistakes in German translation made by the reviewer of Meyer's Voyage, in the "Quarterly:"—"It is well known" (the reviewer makes Meyer say) "that the Chinese drink their tea without either sugar, milk, or rum;" and then, in a note, the critic facetiously asks, "Who *do* take rum in their tea? not, surely, the Germans." The fact being, all the while, that Dr. Meyer's words are, "The Chinese take neither milk nor *rahm* (i. e. *cream*) in their tea."

December 3rd and 4th. Wrote to Lady Holland, at Mrs. Shelley's request, to ask for access to the Spanish books in the Holland House library, Mrs. S. being employed on Spanish biography for Lardner, and books on the subject being very rare in London. A long letter from Lady H., explaining why Lord H. could not infringe the rule he had laid down on this subject. This I had prepared Mrs. S. for: and, indeed, there would be no end to applications from authors, if he were once to make a precedent of lending out his books. Lady H., in the course of her letter, says, very courteously, "I hope Mrs. Moore is well; she must have forgotten me, though I never shall her lovely face."

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9th. * * * Company at Crawford's; Mr. Ellis and his son, and one or two others whom I did not know. In talking of Carey's translation of Dante, I happened to say that I had once thought it impossible such a *tour de force* as the translation of Dante could ever be performed better

than it had been done by Carey; but that, since then, there had appeared a translation in rhyme, by some one whose name I had now forgot, and which, as far as I could judge from the little I had seen of it, far exceeded even Carey's. On my saying this, a gentleman who sat next to me observed, "My son has attempted to translate some parts of Dante, but how far he has succeeded I do not know." "May I ask his name?" said I. "Wright," he answered. "The very man!" I exclaimed, to the no small pleasure of the modest father, and the amusement of the company.

By the by, in reference to Luttrell's scepticism on the subject of Irish antiquities (that sort of *scepticism* based on *ignorance*, which is but too common among your doubters), I remember a parallel case afforded by himself, in the course of a conversation which took place at Bowood last year. Sydney Smith and I were talking together of Asser, the author of Alfred's Life, and I had remarked how lucky Alfred was in having such a contemporary to record his actions; when Luttrell exclaimed, "Alfred! there surely never was any such man as Alfred." The conversation proceeded no further; but, to do him justice, I think he must, at the moment, have confounded Alfred with *Arthur*, concerning whose reality there *is* some well-founded doubt. Slept at Crawford's. * * *

18th. To Bowood to dinner. Company the Joys, Mrs. Brystock and daughter, the Bowleses, &c. Made Bessy's excuses to Mrs. Joy for to-morrow, it having been arranged that we should all return to Hartham with them. Among his multifarious quotations, Joy brought out one from Shakspeare, which struck both Lord Lansdowne and myself from the force and pregnancy of its meaning:—

"Now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some *craven scruple*,
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward.*

On my remarking that if ever mortal man could be said to be *inspired*, it was Shakspeare; and that he alone of all writers, seemed to have the power of transmigrating, as it were, into every other class and condition of men, and thinking and speaking as they would do under every possible change of feeling and circumstances, Lord Lansdowne expressed himself delighted to hear me speak thus, as he had been under the impression that I was inclined to underrate Shakspeare; and recollected well some friend of mine saying to him, "How odd it is that Moore should think so slightingly of Shakspeare!" This most flagrant misrepresentation of my opinions must have arisen, I think (as I now told him), from some confusion between me and Byron, who *did* affect, very unworthily of himself, to make light of Shakspeare: and, on one occasion, I recollect, said to me, "Well, after all, Tom, don't you think Shakspeare was somewhat of a *humbug?*"

26th. To Bowood; party Lord and Lady Minto and two daughters.

27th. A good deal of conversation at and after breakfast. Speaking of Disraeli "the Younger's" view of the political character of Whigs and Tories, in his late pamphlets, Lord Lansdowne remarked, that there was a good deal of truth in what he said, as to the Tories having taken a more democratic line, in general, than the Whigs; their political position, since the Revolution, having led them

* Hamlet, act iv. sc. 4.

to court the alliance of the people against the aristocracy. Hence (as I suggested) the popular view they took of the subjects of a standing army, the Debt, septennial parliaments, &c. I mentioned the laugh lately raised among a party of Burdett's constituents, when the deputation they appointed to wait on him reported his having said to them, that "he had *always* been a Tory." This, however, is perfectly true. Burdett has said the same thing to me more than once: —"I am a Tory of the school of Sir William Wyndham." Mentioned having heard Hobhouse say, that Burdett was "the best constitutional lawyer in England." Some little discussion as to what is precisely meant by "a constitutional lawyer;" and the definitions given of the term both by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Minto, showed, as I observed, that it is but another name for a good historian; implying a person well acquainted with all the precedents to be found in history illustrative of the forms, usages, and spirit of the constitution.

This led to the question of the Regency in 1789, as one depending on constitutional law; and I suggested that the part taken on that question respectively by Pitt and by Fox, was another instance of what we had just been talking of,—namely, the *popular* side being that of the Tories, and the high and royal that of the Whigs. Pitt's own memorable exclamation, while Fox was stating his opinions —"I'll unwhig the gentleman for the rest of his life," showed that such was his view of their relative position. In remarking how quietly the same question was suffered to pass over in the year 1811, Lord Lansdowne said, that at the former period, it was known the Regent would be with the Whigs, while, at the latter crisis, each party had hopes of him. While conversing on the subject of constitutional precedents, Lord Minto said, "There is now an

end to that sort of study; we shall have no further references to the past; it will be left (turning to me) to your friends at Iona." I had, in the course of the morning, mentioned my having been lately made an honorary member of the Antiquarian Society of Iona. This was shrewdly and truly said.

Conversation about precedence in society; during which I remarked how much more agreeable and (as far as society was concerned) more sensible, was the old French plan of considering all the persons at a dinner-table equal, and letting them take their seats as choice or chance might direct. In another point of view, I confessed this freedom was dearly purchased; as it was their possession of real and distinct privileges, secured to them by law, that rendered the nobility so little *exigeans* as to distinctions of mere courtesy. In England, where the boundary between the noble and the gentleman is little more than conventional and ideal,—where it exists but in observance,—it is of course more strictly observed. Lord L. was still of opinion that such distinctions were, in themselves, a convenience in society, as saving all that trouble of consideration and selection, which a perfect equality of claim in the guests must produce. He added, laughingly, that, for himself, he spoke most disinterestedly, as he was himself daily the victim of his right to precedency; particularly since he became President of the Council; seldom coming in contact with anything but a dowager or an archbishop.

Got some walking for an hour in the grounds. Lord L. had mentioned to me that Bowles was to preach today on the cartoon of the "Draught of Fishes" (he has been going through a series of sermons on the cartoons in the chapel), and hoped I would attend. He told Bowles (as he mentioned to me afterwards) that I meant to attend

his sermon, and Bowles said, "I am very glad of it; I do not think there is anything in my sermon that can annoy him. Do you think, my lord, he is likely to be offended at what I may say about St. Peter?" Poor dear Bowles! he is the cause of many a good-natured laugh at Bowood. After the sermon (in which he had disposed in the usual way of the supremacy of Peter, the Rock, &c.), he came up to me, to the great amusement of the lookers-on, and was proceeding with, "I hope there was nothing in my sermon that"—when I interrupted him, laughingly, and said, "My dear Bowles, I am by no means so *touchy* about St. Peter as you seem to suppose."

Same party at dinner. In the course of the evening Lord Lansdowne and I got upon a topic which we have more than once discussed before, as he himself described it to Ord, who joined us, "as a theory of Moore's with which I cannot agree;"—viz., that Canning and Peel, or such men as Canning and Peel, mere commoners by birth, could never have attained the same high station among the Whig party that these two *roturiers* were allowed to reach among the Tories; the exclusive spirit of aristocracy being so much more strong in the former party than in the latter. Ord, likewise, disagreed with my view, and there are certainly no facts to argue from on either side of the question. The failure of Sheridan and Burke in attaining high station among the Whigs being sufficiently accounted for by the unfitness of one and the impracticability of the other, for office, without any reference to their birth; while the only instance Lord Lansdowne could cite, in which the Whigs took up a mere man of the people—that of Horner,—was left incomplete, and, indeed, little more than in embryo, by his early death. Though Lord L. made so much of this conjectural and

contingent elevation of Horner, as to ask Ord, "Have you any doubt but that Horner would have risen to the highest posts in the State?" But what numbers of "promising young statesmen" have broken down half way!

* * * *

1836.

JANUARY 24th, 25th. Barbara Godfrey (the niece of one of the best and dearest friends I have ever had, Lady Donegal,) being about to be married, and I trust happily, Bessy, with her usual generosity, sent her, as a nuptial gift, the beautiful tabinet gown Philip Crampton made her a present of when I was last in Ireland. A note from Mary Godfrey to Bessy, acknowledging this gift, says as follows:—"Lest you should think that your magnificent present for Barbara did not arrive safe, I hasten to acknowledge it, and to scold you, my dear friend, for having deprived yourself of so beautiful a gown, when you had already sent her so pretty a *souvenir* by Mr. Corry, and had already gratified her by your kind and affectionate remembrance of her upon this eventful moment of her life. Moore's pencil and kind words added to this would have been delightful to her feelings; and why, dear Bessy, would you do so much more than you ought to have done? Why did you not keep your own handsome gown for your own handsome self? The fact is, you and Moore ought to have just ten thousand a year, and how two such noble souls can get on in this world without it, I can't conceive! My sister will take these beautiful things to her," &c. &c. * * *

February 23rd. Set off in a fly for Devizes, having taken my place in the "White Hart" for Town nearly an hour before my time. * * Drove, on my arrival, to Edward Moore's, according to promise, and found him and More O'Ferral just seated down to dinner. Dined very

comfortably with them; off to Paternoster Row, where I took up my abode till I should find other lodgings, and was most hospitably received by partners Rees and Brown.

24th. After breakfast to Brookes's; found there a note from Lord Essex (whom I had written to before I came up) asking me to dine with him to-day. Called upon Rogers, and stayed some time with him: most agreeable and cordial. Told me some amusing things, one of which was Theodore Hook's saying to some man with whom a bibliopolist dined the other day, and got extremely drunk, "Why, you appear to me to have emptied your *wine*-cellar into your *book*-seller." * * *

25th. Part of to-day's proceedings have been included by mistake in those of yesterday, though, God knows, quite sufficient to the day is the bustle thereof. Went to the British Museum, and read for some time. Dined at Brookes's; an old acquaintance of mine, Bob Smith, (Lord Carrington's son) dining at a table near me, and had a good deal of conversation with him. Dressed and went first to the play to join the Byngs and Lord Russell in the Duke of Bedford's box, and then to the Hollands, where I found, among others, Palgrave and Tytler (the Scotch historian). Introduced to Palgrave, who thanked me for the flattering terms in which I had mentioned him in my History. Suggested my introducing an ancient map (such as was done by Crofton Croker for the Irish State Papers) showing the countries of the old Irish Septs, as also a map of the Pale as far as it could be ascertained. In telling him how much I had profited by his book, in my first volume, I added that I should have to draw further upon it, in touching on Danish matters, and he said that any assistance he could himself personally give me on

those points I might readily command. Had some talk also with Tytler, who spoke of the expedition of Bruce to Ireland, as a future part of my task peculiarly interesting. Asked by my Lady to dine on Tuesday next, but told her I feared I had some dinner engagement for that day which I could not now immediately recollect. Remembered afterwards that it was to Sir Benjamin Brodie, a dinner concocted for me by Hume. In the course of this day I was in no less than four omnibuses and three hackney coaches.

27th. To British Museum in the morning. Dined with Bryan: company, Shiel, Wyse, and a Mr. Finlay. Talked of an infinity of subjects, Shiel giving some good mimicries of Dan, and having evidently no vast respect for his great Coryphée. Was astonished on removing to the drawing room to find we had sat so late, it being then within twenty minutes of one o'clock; quite a *séance* of the olden times. Received a letter this morning sent up to me from Sloperton, franked by O'Connell, and coming from a Mr. Quin, enclosing me a prospectus of a new Quarterly Review, about to be set up, under the announced auspices of Dr. Wiseman, O'Connell, and Mr. Quin himself. In the course of this letter is the following passage: "On my mentioning in the hearing of O'Connell that I was about to write to you, he said, 'Oh, let me frank the letter to Moore;'" after stating which, Mr. Quin proceeds to add (evidently not without O'Connell's sanction) what pleasure it would give him to see two such men shake hands and be friends, &c. &c. This opening, thus made by O'Connell himself, being all that I wanted (he being the offended party), I was resolved to lose no time in availing myself of it. In the course of the morning was called out of Brookes's by a visit from Mr. Quin himself,

who had just heard I was in town, and had some conversation with him; but his anxiety being all centered upon the one point of inducing me to become a co-operator in the projected Review, I had no opportunity, nor indeed, ever once thought of alluding, during our conversation, to what he had said on the subject of O'Connell. This, though it turned out afterwards to be fortunate, I regretted at the time, as capable of being interpreted into an ungracious backwardness on my part.

28th. Breakfasted at home with my very kind host and hostess, and went afterwards to the Warwick Street Chapel, where I was, as usual, much affected by the music, though not a very striking mass. Found from Tom Cooke (who said if he had known I was coming that he would have had something better for me) that it was the composition of the organist. Went to Rogers's, and while there, Lord and Lady Seymour called, she looking in great beauty. * * *

Being anxious to settle as soon as I could my affair with O'Connell, and being convinced, on a little consideration, that to employ any intermediate person would do much more harm than good (such persons being in general more likely to make difficulties than to remove them), I resolved, now that the advance had been so far made by O'Connell, to do the rest without further machinery myself. Knowing that he, in general, passed a good part of the day at Brookes's, on a Sunday, I proceeded thither after returning from Shee's, and there found him at a table reading a newspaper! Walking direct up to him with my hand held out, I said, smiling, "That frank proceeding of yours has settled every thing." He instantly rose, looking rather embarrassed and nervous; when I said in the same cheerful tone, "You remember the frank?" "Yes," he answered (having now recovered his self-possession and

shaking my hand cordially), "I *do* remember, and you have answered it exactly as I expected you would." This is *verbatim* what passed.

Dined at Lansdowne House: large party: Lords Melbourne, Carlisle, Morpeth, the Hollands, Mintos, Langdales, &c. Got seated between Lord Minto and Lord Langdale, and found my position very agreeable. Some talk with my noble neighbours about Napier, during which a question arose as to the justifiableness of his using the private diary of Sir John Moore, which James Moore had confided to him for the purposes of his military history; using this same document against James Moore himself in the bitter article which he (Napier) wrote in the "Edinburgh."

After giving my opinion on the subject to Lord Minto, found, on putting the case to Lord Langdale, that his view of it exactly coincided with my own; namely, that, this document having been given to Napier by James Moore for the express purpose of defending his brother, Sir John Moore's character, Napier was not diverting it from this purpose, nor in any degree betraying his trust, by employing it against the very worst attack of all that had been made upon Sir John,—that which came under the imposing authority of his own brother.

29th. Breakfasted with Rogers to meet Taylor and young Villiers. Conversation on various topics. Referred to Shakspeare's Sonnets for one that Taylor had, on some former occasion, praised to Rogers. It begins, "That time of year thou may'st in me behold," (Sonnet 73.) and is full of sweet thought and language throughout. The first four lines are exquisite: —

> "That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare, ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang."

A good deal of conversation about Southey, who is a great friend of Taylor's. The immense correspondence of Southey, who, like myself, makes a point of answering all who write to him; but, unlike me, devotes the better and fresher part of his day (the morning) to this task; whereas I minute myself, during the last hour before dinner, to despatch as many of my answers to correspondents as I can scribble through in that interval. Dined at Miss Rogers's: company, Rogers, Hallam, and the Smiths (Sydney and Bobus). Some talk, after dinner, with Hallam, about my "History," which he seemed to think very favourably of. Begged of him to mention anything that had occurred to him in it wrong or incorrect, as I should have the power of remedying all such errors in a preface to the second volume; but he said that no such objections occurred to him. Was glad to hear that he himself is about to bring out a new work, embracing the Literary History of a most important period. Came away with Rogers and Sydney, and left them at the Hollands' door, not feeling well enough to go in.

March 1st. Went to take my chance of finding Lord John before breakfast: did so, and breakfasted with him. His late conduct and speech on the subject of the Orangemen has gained him great glory; and "statesmanlike" is the epithet in every one's mouth in speaking of him. I do most thoroughly rejoice in his success. Found him very well, and, as usual, most kind.

Found Sir Ronald Ferguson at Brookes's, and spoke to him about Tom; but he told me that already his hands were full, and that, at this very moment, there were no less than five or six recommendations of his on the list, which he was engaged in pressing on the attention of the Commander-in-Chief. He added, however, that if I

would get Lord Lansdowne to make an application to Lord Hill, he himself would most willingly back it with his interest. Went to the British Museum, and poked through folios for an hour or two.

Dined at Sir B. Brodie's, Hume having called for me between six and seven: company, Rogers, Chantrey, and his wife, Wilkie, Sir H. Ellis of the British Museum, and one or two more. Reminded by Chantrey of my having asked him, when we were on our way from Italy together, "which of all the great painters, whose works he had there seen, he would most wish to have been," and his answering "Tintoretto." He himself, as he now mentioned, put the same question to Turner, after *his* return from Italy (without at all communicating what had passed between him and me), and his answer, curiously enough, was exactly the same. Chantrey, in relating the above, seemed to think that, if he himself could have given the matter a little more consideration at the time when I put the question to him, his answer would have been "Titian." Told me of a group he had just executed for the King, of Mrs. Jordan and some of their children, and described the strong feeling which the King evinced when he first proposed the task to him, saying that it had been for many years his intention to have such a memorial executed as soon as he should be in a situation to afford it. Much pressed to sing in the evening, and twice sat down to the pianoforte to try for a voice; but the wretched weather and night air have kept me so constantly coughing, wheezing, and sneezing, that all singing is out of the question. Meant to have gone afterwards to the Lockharts, where I had been asked to dine, to meet Lord and Lady Ashburton; but the night was so dreadful, and the same work about singing was so sure to occur there, that I gave it up, and went home.

Forgot to mention that I had, in the morning, called upon the Ashburtons, and sat with him and her for some time. Nothing could be more kind than they were; and Baring himself, as I have always found him, most agreeable. In two or three anecdotes which he told, he made allusions, amusingly enough, to the change of his politics: "It was in the days of my Whiggism;" "At that time, you know, I was a flaming Whig," &c.

2nd. Having met Wilkinson (the author of the late work on Egypt), one of these mornings, felt a great wish to visit the Panorama of Thebes under his guidance; and the Talbots being also anxious for the same, fixed this morning for the purpose. Went together (Dr. Hume also being of the party) after breakfast. Nothing could be more intelligent, satisfactory, and at the same time unaffected, than his manner of explaining to us all the localities, antiquities, &c., of the place, which he has every reason to be familiar with, having remained no less than twelve years in Egypt.

3rd. Breakfasted at home; then to the Longmans, and from thence to the British Museum, where I made some further extracts and memorandums. Dined at home with the Talbots: company, the two Strangways, and a Mrs., Miss, and young Mr. Chambers; and from thence most of us went to an assembly at Lansdowne House. Saw a number of old town acquaintances that I have not met for ages; among the rest, Lady Harrowby, who was civil and kind, and expressed regret on finding that I was so soon about to leave town. The beauties of the night were Miss Erskine, just come from abroad with her father Lord Erskine, and Sir Hussey Vivian's young wife, who is, I believe, Irish.

4th. * * * I have omitted, by the by, among my

scattered records of this visit to town, to give some account of the arrangement I have at last entered into with Easthope for occasional contributions of squibs to "The Chronicle." Nothing could be more prompt and liberal than his whole proceedings on the subject; and, as I had more than once expressed to him my satisfaction at the terms on which I had contributed to "The Times," he requested that the same might be the nature of my connection with "The Chronicle." Accordingly I commenced by receiving an advance from him of 100*l.*, a day or two after my arrival in town. On my return home, found a letter from Lady Macdonald, saying it was the opinion of the General, that an application from *myself* at the Horse Guards would have far more weight than any other; that no time should be lost in making it, and that he himself would be very happy to accompany me to the office at the Horse Guards for the purpose. Her note contained also an invitation to dinner to-morrow, to meet Lord Morpeth and some others — but that dinner at Hampstead! Dined with Byng's company, Lord De Ros, Charles Greville, young Cowper (Lord Cowper's son), and Stanley, the Under Secretary of the Treasury. The man I most wanted to meet, Fonblanque, not there, being ill. In his note, which Byng showed me, he expressed much regret, adding, that "it was always a treat to him to meet Mr. Moore." Charles Greville, however, (whom I always like to meet) consoled me a little for the loss. Stayed talking, with but few *memorabilia*, till near half-past eleven, when (forgetting that I had promised Lady Minto to come to her ball) I walked home.

5th. Went to breakfast with Lord John. As he sat at the table, there lay his official papers on one side, and a

long bill of fare (for a cabinet dinner he gives to-morrow) on the other. Lady John not well enough to see me; but after breakfast he took me up to look at the new baby asleep, that I might report to Mrs. Moore (whom he knew to be a great baby-fancier) on my return. * * *

6th. Dined at Miss Rogers's, R., and I, and Sydney going there together: company, the Hollands, the Langdales, Lady Davy, Surgeon Travers, and Rogers's nephew. Sydney highly amusing in the evening. His description of the *dining* process, by which people in London extract all they can from new literary lions, was irresistibly comic. "Here's a new man of genius arrived; put on the stew-pan; fry away; we'll soon get it all out of him." On this and one or two other topics, he set off in a style that kept us all in roars of laughter.

8th. Off in the Regulator for home.

29th. Went to dine with the Kerrys: only themselves, Lady Louisa having gone to visit the Ricardos. A very nice quiet evening. Kerry seriously employed with his "Life of Sir W. Petty;" and likely, I think, to perform his task creditably, as he aims at little more than being editor of such materials on the subject as he has been able to collect. Showed me a characteristic passage in one of Sir William's letters, written in answer to somebody who was desirous of obtaining a peerage, and had applied to Petty for advice or aid: "I would rather be a copper farthing of intrinsic value than a brass half-crown."

31st. Sent off some verses to "The Chronicle," "Erasmus on Earth to Cicero in the Shades," which I thought not bad, though, as usual, not having the most distant idea as to what others may think of them. A few lines, which I omitted, as being too serious for the general cast of this trifle, are perhaps worthy of being preserved here. In

speaking of the supposed idols in St. Paul's, I went on thus: —

> But 'tis really too sad;—in this once pious land,
> Where the form of some saint, touched by Painting's slow hand,
> Into grace more than human and looks half divine,
> Was all the heart look'd for on Piety's shrine,
> To exalt its own picturings high o'er this sphere
> To a world where the clouds from around us will clear,
> And such bright things shall *be* what they now but *appear*.*

* * * * *

April 11th. A visit from Bowles, who is in a most amusing rage against the bishops, on account of the transfer into their hands by the new Church Reform of the preferment and patronage hitherto vested in the Dean and Chapter. No Radical could be much more furious on the subject than this comical Canon, in his own odd way. On driving off from the door, he exclaimed to Mrs. Moore, "I say, down with the bishops." * * *

13th. Breakfasted at Brookes's, and from thence to Rogers's, where I found (as one is sure *always* to find the best things going) Lord Jeffrey, whom I had not seen for a length of time, and was most glad to find so well and prosperous, with the honours of his new judgeship fresh about him. They say there cannot be a better or more satisfactory judge, which I rejoice at exceedingly, not only for his sake, but as an answer to your dull prosemen who conceit that none but themselves are fit for grave occupations, and look down upon men of lively fancy as little better than (what the lawyers used to call actors) "diverting vagabonds." Jeffrey's wife and daughter were also of the party, as well as old Whishaw, who mentioned an amusing instance of Dr. Parr's stilted phraseology. In address-

* Wants correcting and condensing.

ing a well-known lawyer (whose name I now forget), after some great forensic display he had made, Parr said, "Sir, you are incapable of doing justice to your own argument; you weaken it by diffusion and perplex it by reiteration." Jeffrey, in allusion to my healthy looks, said I was the only "vernal thing" he had yet seen. Went down to the Charter House, and saw Tom, who was hard at work for his examination. In order to encourage him, mentioned how kindly Saunders had spoken of him, and how pleased he was with his late way of going on. Went for a short time to the British Museum. Dined at Brookes's, and from thence to Drury Lane to see the Jewess, my only chance of seeing anything before I plunged into engagements.

14th. * * * Dinner with Rogers, none but ourselves. Opera, the Gazza Ladra, perfect in every way; with four such singers as Grisi, Lablache, Tamburini, and Rubini all doing their best, it could not be otherwise. By the omission of the part of Pippo the piece was in some degree *estropié*, but altogether the effect was delicious. Very pretty dancing afterwards by Grisi's sister, her first appearance. Called in the course of to-day at Lansdowne House, and saw Lady L., whose look and manner, in speaking of poor Lady Louisa, (who daily, I fear, gets worse) affected me so much that I hurried away lest she should see how deeply I felt it; another minute, and I should have burst out a-crying.

15th. Went with Hume to be introduced to his friend Marshall at the Horse Guards. Told him, of course, about Tom and the successful result of his late application to his studies, which pleased him very much. Called for a short time at the Mereweathers. Had left word at Bryant's, in passing, that I would dine with him to-day.

Off to the Charter House, to learn how Tom's examination had gone on. Saw the dear fellow himself, and found, to my great delight, that he had succeeded in getting the Exhibition (contrary evidently to Saunders's expectation), and with great credit and praise from the examiners. Saw Saunders afterwards, who confirmed all this to me, and said that Tom's papers were very good indeed.

After my return from the Charter House, met Lord Grey in Pall Mall. Had seen him a day or two before, immediately after his arrival in town, and was passing him without perceiving who it was, when he of himself stopped and took my hand very cordially. I now begged of him to tell me at what hour of the day I should be most likely to find Lady Grey at home, and he told me at two o'clock, any day, and added that she would be most happy to see me. After parting with him, it occurred to me that I ought to have mentioned Tom's success to him, and I accordingly ran back after him for the purpose; as his kindness, I said, had been the means of putting Tom in the Charter House, it was right he should know that his patronage had not been thrown away. I then told him briefly the particulars, at which he seemed much gratified and congratulated me with much warmth. On my adding that I was just about to pack off my boy, with all his honours fresh about him, to his happy Mamma, I could see that tears almost came into his eyes, as he cordially shook my hand. Nothing, indeed, could be more amiable than his whole manner.

Called at the Hollands, and found Lord Holland writing letters; from which, however, he turned away with his usual good humour, and conversed for some time as disengaged as if he had nothing whatever to do; though I found afterwards that one of the letters he was employed

upon was to Lord Sligo at Jamaica, giving him an account of the state of things at home, and that there was some danger of its being too late for the packet. Another of his letters, from which he read me some sentences, was on the subject of the new bishops; his own wish being strongly that Shuttleworth should be among the number. Speaking of Arnold, I remarked that it would be certainly a strong step to make him a bishop after his very latitudinarian pamphlet on Church Reform, in which he was for widening the portals of the Church so liberally as to admit, if I recollected right, even Jews.* "Aye," he said, "you call that *latitudinarianism;* but observe that the *principle* of intolerance is still preserved even in that apparently liberal plan; as after he has widened his pale to the extent which he thinks proper, he then draws his line as rigorously as any of the rest and says, like them, 'Here we take our stand,' or, in other words, 'Here exclusion and intolerance begin.'"

16th. To dinner at Lord Essex's: company, Rogers (who took me), Luttrell, Byng, Rich, and one or two more, whom I forget. Conversation agreeable, particularly Lord Essex's stories about the Prince and old Travis. Off from thence to Lady John's, where I found only the remains of their dinner-party, and among the rest Sergeant Talfourd, now radiant with the recent fame of his "Ion." Introduced to him. Home.

19th. * * * Went from Rogers's to Devonshire House; a large assembly, where I met with a number of old acquaintances. Had a good deal of talk with Lady Caroline Murray, and also with Lady King, who added another to my tantalising list for to morrow, by asking me

* Not Jews.—Ed

to meet her daughter-in-law, *Ada*, at dinner. By the by, Maclean, the American Minister, the other day, in remarking on the cool and easy way in which the English take their own celebrated people, said that even he himself, though so long accustomed to this *poco-curanteism* of theirs, was quite surprised at the little sensation made by Lady King, the other day, on her first appearance. Nobody, he said, ever looked at her; whereas, to an American, the opportunity of seeing Lord Byron's daughter would be a sort of era in his life. I own I should like to see her myself, though I am not so sure that her mamma may not have prepossessed her mind with prejudices against me, which might possibly render our meeting not very agreeable. As I was coming away from Devonshire House, there was that gay "young gentleman about town," Rogers, just arrived, having got rid of his own party, and still so "up to everything" as to think it worth his while to come out at this late hour (between twelve and one o'clock) to attend a ducal assembly! Long may he be able and willing to do so, say I.

20th. It was past one when I got to bed last night, and this morning saw me at half-past nine walking with Lord Lansdowne in his garden. Congratulated him heartily (and *from* the heart) on the success of his speech the night before last, which has made really a great sensation. Dined at Stanley's (the Secretary of the Treasury), being called for and taken by Luttrell. Company, Sydney Smith (Jeffrey was also to have been of the party, but had been called off suddenly to Edinburgh by the death of a particular friend), Labouchere, Lord Clements, Lady Emmeline Wortley, Miss Dillon, &c. &c. In saying something about O'Connell (I forget what) Luttrell applied the line, "Through all the compass of the notes he

ran," and then added, after a short pause, "The diapason closing full in *Dan.*"

21st. Off in the "Regulator" at nine o'clock for Calne. An intelligent gentleman in the coach, with whom, *sicut meus est mos*, I became intimately acquainted on the journey, and had a good deal of interesting conversation. For a great part of the way, I supposed myself to be *incog.*, but found then that he had been told at the coach-office who he was to have for companion. We had been talking at the time about politics (he, a red-hot Conservative), when, struck by the mere fairness, I suppose, with which I had conceded some point to him, he said, "This is the first time, Sir, I have ever had the honour of being in your society, but allow me to ask you, do you continue quite as much of a Liberal in your politics as you formerly were?" I answered, "Quite as much as ever. I, of course, see the dangers that lie in our path as clearly as you do, and could have wished that the necessary changes we are undergoing could have been brought about in a more gradual and skilful manner; but still the time had come for change, and we must now only take the rough with the smooth. The average quantity of public happiness will, I have little doubt, be increased by the process." Found all well at home, thank God. Among the invitations to dinner which I received, this time in town, and regretted not being able to accept, there were (besides the Greys' and Lady King's) the Milmans', Lord Hatherton's, Lord John's, Dr. Holland's, Lord Holland's, and one or two more.

25th. Visit from Bowles. Brought a new pamphlet of his, to ask my opinion as to the title: "Popish and Protestant Intolerance; the latter the least excusable of the two." Cried, of course, "Bravo!" to this; nothing in

the world being truer. The people who appeal to reason are the very last who should find fault with others for making free use of it.

27th. Forgot to mention my having met Woolriche while in town, and walked some time with him. In talking of old times, the severe illness through which he (and Baillie) attended me, now thirty years ago, formed one of our subjects; and he gave me a much stronger notion of my danger at that time, than I had before entertained. Said that he had often mentioned the case since to some of his brother surgeons, and with surprise at his own courage in taking the step he did. From some cause or other (it did not seem certain what) there came a large abscess in my right side, which increased to suppuration, and my life or death, it seems, depended upon whether it broke outwardly or inwardly. The step taken by Woolriche was to apply caustic to the tumour, which succeeded in determining the discharge outwardly, and, according to him, saved my life. Reminded him that on the evening of that painful day, having been confined of course to my bed, I repeated to him some gay Epicurean verses which I had composed during the eating of the caustic into the inflamed tumour. I should not be up to such a feat now, but seven-and-twenty and seven-and-fifty make all the difference. I rather think, however, that I was no more than six-and-twenty, as it must be now one-and-thirty years since I had that illness; and during the whole interval since, I have never (thanks be to God for such a blessing) been confined for one single day to my bed by any illness whatever! *Υγιαινειν μεν αριστον ανδρι θνητω.*

May 1st to 13th. Turned to work as well as I could, having been sadly thrown back by all these interruptions.

Received, among other odd letters, one from Mr. Bailey, the Master of the Grammar School at Cambridge, who had before applied to me for permission to insert some of my translations of "Anacreon" in a new edition he is about to publish of Dalzel's "Analecta Græca Minora." In his present letter he has sent me—what I have been much amused and flattered by—namely, a corrected edition of the Greek Anacreontic I ventured to write and prefix to my translation. It was a hazardous step for a boy educated in such an unprosodian school as Dublin College then was to venture upon; but it never was much criticised; and the only two occasions on which I afterwards heard of it was once when I paid a visit to the Historical Society of Trinity College, and found among the compositions read on that evening, a translation of this same Greek Ode by Dr. Croly; and another time, when no less a Grecian than Charles Burney talked to me about it, and though (if I recollect right his words) he said that some of the metre of it was "not legitimate," yet, on the whole, his opinion left rather a flattering impression on my mind. But I own, I little expected, at this distance of time, to find a learned Greek of Cambridge sitting down gravely to annotate me and correct my *cako-logy*. The following is the very civil strain in which he speaks of my juvenile performance: "At the head of your volume is a Greek Ode in allusion to the frontispiece, in which I noticed some metrical peccadilloes; and straightway, by way of amusement, set about working them out. The *matériel* of the Ode, the felicity of expression which pervades it, and the general harmony of the lines are such, that it is paying you no compliment whatever to say that, had you been of this University you would have been found nowhere but in the foremost ranks of those who

have made Greek verse, and the writing of it, their study. I will transcribe it throughout, with the alterations I have ventured upon; distinguishing by the common metrical marks the syllables which, in the original copy, seem to militate against the rules of Greek prosody; supporting the proposed alterations by adequate reference, which I will do for briefness' sake, in Latin." All this he has done, and a most learned affair it looks. As I told him, in my answer to his letter, "The school-boy was never so honoured by the scholiast before."

June 1st to 4th. At work at my History; finishing, also, some Sacred Songs for Cramer and Co.; and sending things occasionally to "The Chronicle." Since I returned home have sent them a parody on "The Unfortunate Miss Bailey"—"Oh, Lord Lyndhurst!" and "The Lofty Lords."

5th to 11th. Sent another thing to "The Chronicle," "Epistle from Captain Rock to Lord Lyndhurst," which has had great success. "The Globe," in extracting it, says as follows:—"There can be 'no mistake' about the author of the following lines; there is but one to whom the world will at once ascribe their paternity. We hope to have *more* of the same sort from the same witty writer." "The Courier," in its leading article, says, "There is, alas! too much truth in the following lines, addressed by Captain Rock to his friend Lord L——dh——t in an epistle, the whole of which we transfer to our columns from "The Chronicle" of this morning.' * * *

23rd. Had given up all thoughts of seeing Ellen till the next packet, when, to our joy, she arrived, having had, of course, a very rough passage, not arriving at Bristol till twelve o'clock last night. Quite well, however. Bessy all delight to have her here once more. Brought me, among

other Irish reminiscences, some pretty lines enclosed to her by Miss O'Ferrall, in a note beginning thus:—"My dear Miss Moore,—I send you the promised lines, and beg of you to tell Mr. Moore that if he could have communicated to me a single spark of his own genius, I should have sent him some more brilliant tribute of my *own*; for, as we say in Ireland, 'It is not my heart that would hinder me.'" The verses are by a Miss Scriven, and as follows:—

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE SWAN'S QUILL WITH WHICH MR. MOORE WROTE HIS NAME IN MISS O'FERRALL'S SCRAP BOOK.

"How little didst thou think,
Oh fair and lovely plume,
While resting by the water's brink,
That thou shouldst e'er presume
To give thy gentle form
To that high hand of fame,
And thus, with feelings warm,
Inscribe so bright a name.
Were I a plume like thee,
I'd with my sires have vied,
And, uttering such sweet melody,
Have closed my wing and died."

July 1st to 3rd. Notwithstanding Barnes's friendly letter, he has been shabby enough to insert some wretched poetry, in which I am attacked. If the poetry was even middling, I should have forgiven him; but your journalists! your journalists! Poor Perry must still hold his place as the phœnix of all newspaper men, that I, at least, have ever known.

14th. Dined at Money's: company, Mrs. Money and brother-in-law, Mr. Sutton, with rather a nice daughter, the Bowles, and the Starkeys. Got Bowles to tell the story of the bottle-green coat he bought at Monmouth Street. Told us also that he never lets a tailor measure

him, thinking it "horrible." The fellow must merely look at his shapes, and make the best he can of it. The new coat he then had on was concocted, he told us, in this manner, and from a very hasty glance evidently; as rough guess-work as need be.

31st. Received a letter from M. of "The Globe," containing a proposal of a plan from Macrone to publish a new edition of all my works on the following terms: — "One thousand pounds for an edition of your works, prose and poetical, complete, to be published by him; say 8000 copies, in monthly numbers, commencing with the ensuing year. If they got to fifteen volumes, he makes his offer 2000 guineas; Turner to embellish the volumes with his best style of illustrations, going, if necessary, to Ireland for the purpose. If you accede to his proposal, he will lay out immediately, *i. e.* between this and January, 500*l.* in advertisements; and he adds, that he will devote himself exclusively to its publication, so as to render it every way worthy of your fame and the collection." M. adds, that if I accede to the proposal, he will himself come down next Sunday to make arrangements with me on the subject. Wrote an answer, saying that the plan proposed of a complete edition of my works (at least of the poetical parts of them) had long been a desired object with me, and that the Messrs. Longman had some time since entered with eagerness into the project; that of late, however, it had rather slumbered in their hands, owing to some difficulty, as I understood, raised by Power, whose concurrence, as proprietor of the copyright of most of my songs, would be indispensable towards our plan. I added, however, that I would lose no time in acquainting the Longmans with his proposal; and should certainly not hesitate in entering into terms with *him*, should I find *them* not so

promptly disposed towards the undertaking as I could wish. Wrote, accordingly, to Rees.

August 1st and 2nd. An answer from Rees to say that he had seen Power on the subject, and would himself call upon me, on his way to Wales, to-morrow.

3rd. Rees arrived. A good deal of conversation between us, from the whole of which I could collect that, though he assured me they had never lost sight of the projected edition of my works, the fact was that they *had* set it aside, and that but for this proposal of Macrone's, it would have been allowed still to slumber on. It is evident that, immediately on receiving my letter, they had sent off for Power; and, instead of being an obstacle in the way of our plan, it appears he is quite ready to join in it. From something which Rees said as to our deferring any steps towards the edition till my "Irish History" is completed, I have no doubt that their anxiety for the termination of this work was the cause of their laying on the shelf the project of the edition.

5th. Informed Mr. Macrone of the result of my interview with Rees, and said that while I regretted his being disappointed in a speculation which he did me the honour to consider so promising, still I could not but feel that he had had a lucky escape in being saved the enormous difficulty and expense he would have had to encounter in getting possession of all the copyrights.

6th to 8th. Have not been able to keep notes of much of this time; but, except some strange letters, from strange people, nothing worth recording has occurred. As the time approaches for the departure of our dear little Nell, we begin to feel more and more the loss we shall have of her. Among my letters was one from a clergyman, proposing the erection of a round tower, on

the model of the ancient ones, at *Blarney*. Thought it at first a hoax, more particularly as he was pleased to say that *I* have done more to elucidate the history of those structures than any other antiquarian, whereas the truth is I have but left them where I found them.

9th to 14th. The accounts of poor Lord Kerry's state of health very alarming.

15th, 16th. Went over to dine with the Fieldings. Company, only Sir David Brewster, with whose good sense and simplicity of manner I was much pleased. I spoke of Sir W. Hamilton as one of the first, if not the first, among the men of science of this day.

17th. Returned home. Some more of the *Savans* expected at Lacock, viz., Whewell, Babbage, Dr. Roget, &c. Have had some letters lately from Lord Lansdowne on the subject of poor Kerry's illness, and the approaching meeting at Bristol, of which Lord L. is to be the President, and to which he has asked me to accompany him. The state of Kerry, however, renders it most unlikely that he will be able to go there.

20th. A visit from Babbage. Dr. Roget and Brewster, who are staying at Lacock, full of anxiety as to the chances of Lord L.'s being able to come. Told them that from his letter of yesterday I had scarcely a hope that it would be possible, and under all the circumstances most anxiously wished that they would relieve his mind from even thinking of it. Agreed that it would be right to do so; and accordingly, at their request, I wrote a letter to Lord L. expressing their wish that he would prevail on either Lord Minto or Lord Northampton to undertake the presidency in his stead. To this I added my own most anxious request that he would not think of coming.

24th.† * * * It is gratifying to see how general is the sympathy with the Lansdownes on their late severe loss; and it is a most trying loss. Poor Kerry having been most lucky in his marriage, was giving every promise of a manhood of usefulness and honour when he was thus (not unexpectedly, however, to many) snatched away. It is too sad.

September 17th. Lord and Lady Lansdowne arrived at Bowood about the 10th. Bessy had written to Miss Fox to inquire about them, saying, what is most true, "As you are the person whom all fly to for kindness on such occasions, I write," &c. &c. Her answer most kind and (as far as could be expected under the circumstances) satisfactory.

18th. Went over to Bowood: found Miss Fox, and afterwards Lord L., looking a good deal worn, and still suffering from the attack of gout which came most seasonably in the midst of his mental agony. Such a relief was this *contre-coup* to him, that he assured me, notwithstanding the violence of the pain, he actually slept soundly with it. A good deal of conversation on various subjects. Had luncheon. Poor Lady L. herself looking calm, and even occasionally smiling, but marked indelibly with the loss she has suffered. Felt it difficult to repress my own feeling while looking at her, but did so; and came away full of admiration and sympathy for them all, that amiable Miss Fox included.

October 1st. * * * Disappointed of having Russell out. A note from Saunders, saying that the rule is against it, and that he could not make an exception in his favour. This I ought to have recollected, the first

† Lord Kerry died on the 21st of this month.

Saturday after the return to school being a forbidden day. Hume, too, whom I had written to, never made his appearance, so that I was thrown on my own resources. Accordingly dined alone at Brookes's, being reminded, both by the weather and the dinner, of Swift's well-turned lines,—

> "On rainy days alone I dine,
> Upon a chick and pint of wine:
> On rainy days I dine alone,
> And pick my chicken to the bone."

3rd. Went out to dine with the Longmans at Hampstead; Rees, myself, and M'Culloch having clubbed in a hackney coach for the occasion. Talk with M'Culloch about Sir William Petty; told him of poor Lord Kerry's having been employed in preparing some papers of Petty's for publication, to be accompanied with a memoir of Petty's life, in which Kerry had made some progress, and that it was my intention (as soon as the family were sufficiently recovered from their grief to bear such a proposal) to offer to take up this project where Kerry left it, and avail myself of the opportunity it would afford for paying a tribute to his memory. M'Culloch strongly recommended that I should make it a durable monument at once, by publishing (as he had often suggested before) a complete edition of all Sir W. Petty's works, with a full account of his life. Mentioned his various accomplishments, his dancing and gymnastic tricks described by Evelyn, &c. &c. Company at dinner, besides our hackney-coach party, Chief Justice Tindal and his Lady, Charles Phillipps, Taylor (Van Artevelde), and one or two others.

4th. Went with Hume and Dr. Travers (a young Irishman who, it seems, is preparing an answer to Mason's attack upon the *religious* part of my Irish "History,") to

the Zoological Gardens, to see the giraffes. Hume's account of his meeting with Sterling (of "The Times") the other day. Sterling (who had somebody walking with him when they met) said banteringly, at the same time opening Hume's waistcoat, "Let us see if you have got the regular Whig *badge*, the death's head and cross bones, upon your breast." Hume, without appearing to notice what he had said, quietly took up the skirt of Sterling's coat, and after examining it for a little while, looked up into Sterling's face, and said, with a sort of dry surprise, "Why, you've turned your coat!"

7th. Walked to Kensington, and there took to an omnibus. Went to Thorpe's, the bookseller, and looked over some of his curious old books relating to Ireland. Made several extracts. From thence to the British Museum, where I worked for some hours, and returned to Holland House to dinner. Company: Lord and Lady Lilford (just arrived from Paris, she looking prettier than ever), Lord Radnor and his son Lord Folkestone, Lord Ebrington, Charles Fox and Lady Mary. Day agreeable. In talking of the Russian bands of music, where each performer has his own single note to produce, Lord Holland said, that there was always a man walking about with a cane, who hit each fellow, at the proper moment, to make him bring out his note. This notion of Lord H.'s produced a good deal of diversion; and I mentioned as a case in point, the *pig* instrument invented by some abbé for the amusement of Louis XV. (I believe), wherein pigs of different ages (the young ones performing the treble, and the old — according according to their respective years — the bass) constituted the musical scale, there being keys provided, as in a harpsicord, with a spike at the end of each, which, on the key being struck, touched the pig, and made him

utter his note, whilst at the same time there were muzzles contrived (in the manner of dampers, for stopping vibration) which seized the pig's mouth the moment he had given out his note, and prevented his further intonation till again wanted. Thus, as Pope says of asses,

> "Pig intoned to pig,
> Harmonic twang."

And the whole living instrument being covered over and disguised, in the manner of an organ, the abbé performed upon it, to the no small delight of the King and his court. This story amused Lord Holland a good deal.

9th. Left a card at a Lady Rawson's, who had written to me some days before, and sent me a copy of a French translation of the "Loves of the Angels," by a Pole named Ostrowski. The translator gives me a title by which I am not a little flattered, calling me "the national poet of all oppressed countries." But he also makes a fallen angel of me, addressing my bardship thus, in what he calls an allocution,—

> "D'où te vient la splendeur de ce front étoilé,
> O Moore! n'es tu pas un archange exilé?"

His appealing to myself for confirmation of this suspicion of his is not a little comical. On our way to Lady Rawson's, in passing through George St. Portman Square, I pointed out to Russell, as I had done once before to Tom, the house, No. 44., where I first lodged when I came to London. Seeing a bill on the house of lodgings to let, I took advantage of it to have a peep at my own old two-pair-of-stair quarters, and found that the two rooms were to be let for sixteen shillings a week, which shows they have not gone down in the world since I

occupied them, as I paid for the two but half a guinea a week, having for some time inhabited the front room alone at seven shillings a week, and it was in that room that the first proof sheet I ever received (*i. e.* of my Anacreon) was put into my hands by Tom Hume.

12th. Got out early, and performed some of my home commissions, besides routing away for a couple of hours at the British Museum. Had written to Lord John to say that I would be with him to-day, and, having secured a luncheon at Brookes's, knowing I should be too late for his dinner, started for Tunbridge at a quarter before three. A young Frenchman, part of the way, inside, with whom I was rather amused. Tremendous storm and rain as we approached Tunbridge. Stopped at the (I forget the name) Inn, Lord John having apprised me that, from the smallness of his house, he could not *bed* me. Found a servant with a note from him, to say that I must come on to dinner at his house immediately on my arrival.

13th. Joined them at breakfast. Some curious particulars about the King. * * * Went out to drive with Lady John, meaning to go to Penshurst, Lord John joining us on horseback, but the weather was so stormy that we did not go on to the house, but merely stopped to take a view of the place from the hill; Lady John very agreeable; and a nicer little pair than the two, in their several ways, it would not be easy to find. None but themselves at dinner. Sung a little for them in the evening, and off to my inn at night. In talking of Lord Stanley, and the boyishness of his character and conduct, Lord John, looking inquiringly at me, said, "I thought that very good in 'The Chronicle' about the Boy Statesman, didn't you?" This was my own squib,

founded on Matthews's "That boy'll be the death of me." I, of course, laughed, and acknowledged what I saw he was already pretty sure of.

14th. Started for town per coach at nine o'clock, and got to my own quarters before three. * * *

28th. Macrone arrived in the evening.

29th. Found our visitor a very agreeable, clever, dashing young fellow, knowing a great deal of the general literature of the day, and having seen and known something of most of the eminent men of the time, particularly his own countrymen, viz. Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Hogg, &c. His knowledge of Scott's life and habits chiefly derived from his intimacy with Laidlaw (Sir Walter's bailiff or man of business), whom I recollect seeing at Abbotsford, and who, like single-speech Hamilton, might be called single-song Laidlaw, as he was the author of one very pretty Scotch ballad, called Lucy's Flitting (which I remember Scott's giving me to read), and never wrote anything else. Was delighted to learn from Macrone that Laidlaw said he never saw Scott so pleased or happy with any visitor as he was during the fews days I passed at Abbotsford, nor ever knew him to *work* so little as he did during that time. "There was no one else in the house," said Laidlaw (according to Macrone's report); "he had Moore all to himself, and seemed to enjoy it thoroughly." This (which I am willing to believe true, as it tallies, indeed, very much with what I myself observed at the time,) gave me, of course, great pleasure to hear. * * *

December 24th. * * * Anecdotes of Lord Alvanley. Story told by ——, who was his second in the duel with Maurice O'Connell: Alvanley's silence as they proceeded in the carriage to the place of meeting. —— thinking

to himself, "Well, I see Alvanley is for once made serious;" and then, to break the silence, saying, "Let what will come of it, Alvanley, the world is extremely indebted to you for calling out this fellow as you have done." "The world indebted to me, my dear fellow!" answered Alvanley, "I am devilishly glad to hear it, for then the world and I are quits." Mentioned, also, that at some country house where they were getting up a dramatic piece, founded upon Scott's "Rebecca," they wanted Alvanley to take the part of the Jew, but he declined, saying, "Never could *do* a Jew in my life."

Returned home, glad to get to work, and not meaning to go to Bowood again till the arrival of Rogers, who is expected there. Had two letters from him; one a particularly kind one, chiding me for not having taken up my quarters at his house when I was last in town, and when he himself was in Paris. "But why (he says) did not you the other day come at once to my house and ask for a bed there? Have not I told you to do so again and again, you varlet you?" * * *

1837.

April 5th. Arrived in Paternoster Row between nine and ten. Found Rees, some cold meat and hot brandy and water, awaiting me. Rees, by the by, is about to quit the firm, and Tom Longman, the eldest son, who succeeds to his place, has been for some time past my chief business correspondent. A great dinner at the Row, for which I had been secured before I came up; and not a bad thing to start with, as the company consisted of Sydney Smith, Canon Tate (a regular *Princeps Editio* old fellow, whom I had never met with before), Merivale, Dionysius the Tyrant, M'Culloch, and Mr. Hayward, the translator of "Faust," but better known as the author of some late culinary articles in the "Quarterly." Sydney most rampantly facetious; his whole manner and talk forming a most amusing contrast to the Parson Adams-like simplicity and middle-aged lore of his brother canon, Tate, whom I sat next, and who, between the volleys of Sydney's jokes, was talking to me of "that charming letter written by Vossius to Casaubon," and "the trick played by that rogue Muretus upon Scaliger." *Apropos* of this trick (which was the imposing upon Scaliger, as ancient, some Latin verses written by himself, and which of course Scaliger never forgave), I took occasion to mention that I had often thought of writing a "History of celebrated Forgeries," or rather had thought what a good subject it would be for any person who had time and learning enough to undertake it. The great variety of topic it would embrace; first, the *historical* forgers, Philo of Byblos, Annius of Viterbo, Hector

Boece, Geoffrey of Monmouth, &c. Then the *ecclesiastical* impostures, such as the numerous false gospels, &c.; then the *literary*, including that of "the rogue Muretus," that of Jortin, "*Quæ te sub tenerâ*," &c. (which took in, not designedly, however, the learned Gruter), and so on to Chatterton, Lauder, and lastly, Ireland. Conversation turned on Boz, the new comic writer. Was sorry to hear Sydney cry him down, and evidently without having given him a fair trial. Whereas, to me it appears one of the few proofs of good taste that "the masses," as they are called, have yet given, there being some as nice humour and fun in the "Pickwick Papers" as in any work I have seen in our day. Hayward, the only one of the party that stood by me in this opinion, engaged me for a dinner (at his chambers) on Thursday next.

7th. Got to work a little after nine, and remained hard at it till near four. Lardner came in dismay, not knowing of my arrival, and (there being now, it appears, really no other volume to substitute for mine) despairing of carrying on his series this month. Much cheered by finding that I had no doubt of being ready in time. In a late letter to Tom Longman, I called Lardner and Co. the *cab** drivers; not a bad name for them, I think. Sallied out for the West End. Went to Brookes's, where Rogers came to look for me. Offered to dine with him to-day, which he most heartily agreed to. Called at Lansdowne House; saw Lady Lansdowne, who asked me to dinner to-day, and finding I was engaged, asked me for to-morrow. Rogers very agreeable. Mentioned the Duke of Wellington saying to some enthusiastic woman who was

* In allusion to the *Cab*inet Cyclopædia, of which Dr. L. was the editor.

talking in raptures about the glories of a victory, "I should so like to witness a victory!" &c. &c., "My dear madam, a victory is the greatest tragedy in the world, except one,—and that is a defeat."

8th. Hard at work till dinner time. Company at the Lansdownes, Lord and Lady Holland, the John Russells, the Morleys, Lord Seaforth, the Duke of Argyll, Baring, and one or two more. Sat between Allen and Sir George Grey. In talking of my "History" to Allen, who made some inquiries about it, I remarked that I was lucky in being the first to have the advantage of the facilities which O'Connor's work furnishes to a historian of Ireland, and which before were in a great measure sealed up. He said that pretty much the same was Hallam's good luck, who, in writing his "Constitutional History," had the advantage of the Rolls of Parliament, then recently made public. Some talk between Lord John, Baring, and myself, on the subject of parliamentary oratory; the difficulty of interweaving those parts which every orator, to be effective, must *prepare*, with those called forth by the impulse and demands of the moment. Baring quoted, as one of those things of Canning's which must have been elaborately prepared, though appearing to arise out of the suggestions of the moment, and which ended with some such sentence as, "We find the bird of Diogenes in the man of Plato."* Must remember to look to Canning's speeches for the passage.

* This is a mis-quotation. The passage, though I cannot find it, was to this effect:—"Gentlemen opposite are always talking of the people as distinguished from the rest of the nation. But strip the nation of its aristocracy, strip it of its magistrates, strip it of its clergy, of its merchants, of its gentry, and I no more recognise a people than I recognise in the bird of Diogenes the man of Plato." —Ed.

10th. Moved to the West End, and took up my quarters in Fielding's secluded and comfortable room, where I felt I should be able to work double tides. Dinner at the Hollands: company, Sydney Smith, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Kinnaird.

12th. Was obliged to leave my work at three, and sally forth to the printer (Shoe Lane) about some difficulty that had occurred. Most troublesome people these midwives of the Muse. If they wouldn't take upon themselves to *think*, one could get on pretty well; but the moment they begin to "think they're thinking," all goes wrong. Thus, in quoting the Four Masters, in my notes, I have always written "IV. Mag.;" but the wise compositor or reader took it into his head to *think* that it ought to be "Mag. IV.;" and though I go on continually marking so, "IV. Mag.," and it comes back generally in the *first* revise right, yet in the *second* it is always sure to be transposed back again *wrong*.

Dined at Lansdowne House: company, Lord and Lady Mahon, Lord and Lady Fitzharris, Lord Clare, the Lysters, Eastlake the painter, and Barry the architect. Sat next Lord Mahon, and had some interesting conversation with him. Talked of the Duke of Wellington, for whom I professed (without remembering at the time Lord Mahon's *dévouement* to him) all the admiration which he has at length fairly *extorted* from me, in the very teeth of long-cherished prejudice and dislike to him. And after all, too, it is his *pen-and-ink work* that has made a convert of me. Those Despatches of his, recently published — those most interesting Despatches, — full of traits of thoughtfulness, modesty, consideration for others, patience under misrepresentation, and all, in short, (combined with the vast things he was then accomplishing and preparing) that goes to make

the character of a great man, as well as of a great and fortunate soldier. Expressed myself much to this purpose to Lord Mahon, who, of course, agreed with me most zealously, and said that there was one part of the Duke's political career — his conduct in 1832 (during the attempt made by the Tories to construct an administration) — which was little known to the public, but was sure some time or other to come to light, and redound most memorably to his honour.

Some general conversation, after dinner, about India, in the course of which Lord Clare gave no very agreeable idea either of the country itself or of the society there. A great want of beautiful scenery, all being so flat; and even where elevated, being but an ascending series of flats. The society very much of the same description: people take no interest in any person or events that are not immediately under their noses. "If I were to talk," said Lord Clare, "of Lord Lansdowne, or any other of my friends at home, they would think I was coming Captain Grand over them; I, therefore, carefully avoided all such subjects." Speaking of Rogers, and the feeling between him and Byron, Lord Clare mentioned having seen Rogers at Rome (I think), after his visit to Byron, and R.'s telling him of Byron having said that there were but two men in the world he felt any affection for. "*You* were one (added Rogers), and I am sorry to say *I* was not the other." Lord Clare, after mentioning this, turned round to me and said, "You, I think, were the other." Lord Mahon, *àpropos* of some story about *souls*, quoted to me my own lines, "Says Malthus one day to a clown" (which I had myself quite forgotten), and went through several stanzas of them. It constantly happens to me thus to find people remembering my own things much better than I do my-

self; which shows, at least, that the parturition of them was easy.

Forgot to mention that the day before yesterday, I think, when I was sitting with Rogers (or rather standing, for we neither of us trouble chairs much), he pointed to a note lying on the table, and said, "There's glory." On my replying, that he must have many such testimonies to his glory, he said, "No, but read it." On doing which I found it was a printed circular from my rather too active partisan, M., proposing a dinner to be given to me by my friends and admirers during my stay in town. Despatched a note off instantly to M., to deprecate the design, telling him that I would explain to him all my manifold reasons when we met. On the same evening Lord Holland produced to me another of these missives (or rather missiles) which had been discharged at *him*.

15th. Edward Moore called. A kind and sensible letter from Dr. Taylor. Received within this day or two, by the by, from Sloperton, an anonymous letter, that had arrived there for me since I left home; rather amusing. Begins thus: "Dear Moore, I do not know you. I hate your politics, but I love your songs; and it is from the love I bear those songs that I now write," &c. &c. The writer then proceeds to recommend an edition of my lyrical productions, with the music neatly engraved over each song. Out at four. Received this morning a copy of some new illustrations of "Lalla Rookh," entitled "Pearls of the East," and professing to be portraits of the principal heroines of that work. Not very like the ladies I should hope.

One of the dinners I have been at at Lansdowne House lately is thus announced in the "Court Circular:" — On such a day "the Marquis of Lansdowne entertained Mr.

Thomas Moore and a number of other literary and scientific gentlemen, at dinner at Lansdowne House." These literaries and scientifics having been in reality a party of fine Lords and Ladies. Paid some visits. Dined at Lord John's: company, the Lansdownes, Lord Melbourne, Lord Grey and his daughter, Lord Carlisle and his daughter, and Baron Bulow. Lord and Lady Lansdowne remarked to me, that I had not looked at all well the other day at Lansdowne House; and I can well suppose that fag and worry do *tell* upon me, in despite of all my buoyancy of spirit, which, I thank God, seldom fails. Dinner very agreeable. It was remarked, *àpropos* of something, how much more tenaciously the remembrance of historical personages and events are preserved among the common class of people in Ireland than in England. "You say, I perceive, (said Lord Melbourne, turning to me, in allusion to my 'Captain Rock,') that Lord Strafford is still remembered in Ireland under the name of Black Tom." I remarked, that the Irish were in every respect a people of traditions, dwelling for ever on the past; and Lord Carlisle said, with but too much truth, perhaps, that this is the characteristic of a people backward in civilisation; that, as nations advance, they leave their traditions behind them, or (as I think he expressed it) that "according as a people became instructed, their traditions vanished." A good deal of talk about Cromwell and his character. In speaking of Talleyrand, after we went up to coffee, Bulow mentioned Talleyrand's having told him that none of those speeches he delivered in the Convention were his own. Had them all written for him, and read them out from the tribune. Talleyrand attributed the misfortunes of all the rulers who have reigned over France, from Napoleon down to Louis Philippe, to the neglect of the counsels which he (Talley-

rand) gave them. Bulow said that Talleyrand's lameness was owing to a pig having eaten away part of the foot when he was a child. Had been placed *en nourrice*, according to the old French mode, and the nurse having left him alone one day, a hungry pig that was near got at him, and *rongeait* one of his feet. (Have mentioned this since to Lady Holland, and she says there is no truth whatever as to the pig, though the lameness did arise from an accident at nurse. I believe it, however, to be a case of scrofula.) Came away with the Lansdownes, who very kindly insisted upon leaving me at my own door, as the night was so very cold. Did intend to have gone to Babbage's *soirée* (as did also Lady L.), but had stayed too late at Lord John's.

16th. At work till half-past five, when I dressed for dinner (though not having to dine till half-past seven), and went to Brookes's to relax over the Sunday newspapers. Overtook Sir Robert Peel near White's, who greeted me most cordially. "Ah, Moore, how do you do? I am so glad to see you." Told him that I had called upon him last time I was in town, which he seemed not to have known; and said that at any time when he was at home, if I sent in my card, he would be most happy to see me. Dined at Byng's, having fixed the day myself, in order that he might get Fonblanque to meet me: company, Fonblanque, Shiel, Lord Ebrington, Lord Clanricarde, and a German Count (Walstein, I believe). Some talk with Fonblanque about his paper, "The Examiner," and its deserved success: the more to be rejoiced at as it told well for the readers as well as for the *writer*, the wit being of that high kind which required the recipient also to be of no ordinary description. Quoted to him a passage from one of his own papers, as an instance of the sort of condensed wit which I thought required minds very different

from those of the common run of readers to seize and appreciate properly. It was one which I may have already stated in this journal, where, in speaking of the martial tendencies of the Irish parsons, he says, "It is curious to observe how an Irish parson, in hot water, assumes the military colour." Seemed pleased with my remarks on this, and said "from *you* particularly," &c. &c. On my return home, between eleven and twelve o'clock, sat down again to my proofs, and worked till half-past two. * * *

24th. Dined at Lord Grey's: company, besides their own family, the Hollands, Rogers, Lord Duncannon, and Ellice. The day very agreeable. In the evening came some of the Carlisles, and the Duke of Sutherland, with his engaging Duchess, who combines the thoroughly feminine woman with the air of the "high-born ladye" in a most remarkable and pleasing manner.

27th. Went to the Longmans, for the no less awful purpose than the looking over my account with them for some years past. Had time but for the sum totals on both sides, and found the result more satisfactory than I had expected, the interest of the sums deposited by me in their hands some years since having sufficed pretty nearly to cover all the advances they have made me. Shiel, one of these mornings, at Brookes's, told me some good things said by the Irish barrister, Keller, my godfather. To some judge, an old friend of Keller's, a steady solemn fellow, who had succeeded as much in his profession as Keller had failed, he said one day, "In opposition to all the laws of natural philosophy, you have *risen* by your *gravity*, while I have *sunk* by my *levity*." Shiel mentioned to me his intention of quoting some time soon in the House, Lord Bacon's praise of Ireland (the passage where an allusion to the harp occurs), introducing it by first

quoting some lines of mine to the same purpose, and then saying, "You may object that this comes from a poet and an Irishman; but I will now produce to you one who is," &c. &c.

Dined at Murray's: company, Dr. and Mrs. Somerville, Croker, and Sir David Wilkie and his sister; the first time of my meeting with Croker for many years. Mrs. Somerville, whom I had never before seen so much of, gained upon me exceedingly. So much unpretending womanliness of manner joined with such rare talent and knowledge is, indeed, a combination that cannot be too much admired.

29th. After breakfasting at Rogers's, went to Maclise's, and gave him a long sitting; ditto to Moore at his house in Holland Street. Was obliged to be dressed and ready at half-past four, to accompany Rogers to the Academy in order to have a view of the exhibition before dinner. The whole thing, exhibition, dinner, and company, a spectacle well worth being present at. Was sorry to see that the Duke of Wellington entirely forgets me, though, to be sure, so many years have passed since I dined at his table in Dublin, when he was secretary there, that it is by no means to be wondered at. We have been thrown together once or twice in society, of late years, and then from the few words that passed between us, I was in hopes that he remembered me; but from the manner in which he received me to-day, when Rogers, after shaking hands with him himself, made a sort of half presentation of me to him, I am pretty sure he has no recollection of me whatever. Got seated near Jones, the artist, who, in talking of Turner's forthcoming designs from the "Epicurean," mentioned his having "attempted" some subjects from it himself, and his being curious to see whether Turner had fixed

upon the same. Had some talk too with Turner about his task, and on referring to the subjects I had marked for him, he said, "There is one you have done yourself," meaning, as he added, the incident of the Epicurean hanging by the ring. From the dinner Rogers and I went together to Babbage's, where we stayed but a short time, and then home. * * *

May 3rd to 10th. From this throughout the remainder of the month I had neither time, nor indeed much material, for journalising; every moment being devoted to the careful correction of my "Epicurean," both in its prose form, as published, and in the poetical shape which it was at first intended to wear. Found among my papers a part of the latter, viz. a rough copy of a letter from the high priest of Memphis, which I had entirely forgotten, but which I have now furbished up, and think it one of the best things in the heroic metre that I have ever written. * * *

June 1st, &c. Having long meditated a trip to France with Tom, for the purpose of placing him somewhere (not in Paris) where he may lay in a little French before he embarks in his profession, I wrote to Corry about this time, asking him to join us in our expedition, which he readily consented to do. * * * On the 10th sailed for Boulogne, and arrived at Paris on the 12th. * * *

14th. Took Tom to introduce him to Chabot, and we were a good deal struck by the homeliness of his royal lodgings (up three pair of stairs in the Tuileries), the arms emblazoned here and there on the furniture, being the only things that reminded us of our being in the dwelling of royalty. Dined at Meurice's, at the *table-d'hôte*, and went in the evening to the Tuileries. Had three tickets admitting six persons among us three, but were not aware that they admitted to different places. One of the

tickets, which was of a different colour, being for the roof of the Tuileries, from whence the best view of the fire-works could be obtained. Had to encounter a good deal of confusion in going in, from our ignorance of this difference in the tickets, and not liking to separate myself from Corry, I gave Tom that which admitted to the roof, while Corry and I took our places in the garden of the *Château*, just under the balcony at which Louis Philippe and *la Famille* (as they are called by distinction) were seated. Anxious about Tom, I again went out, and had to experience fresh difficulties in coming back again, during which I was twice irritated into speaking angrily to those fierce fellows with swords in their hands, who, to do them justice, treated my *brutum fulmen* very good-humouredly and concedingly. But there is something so humiliating in being pushed back, that if there was a whole army of them, I could not refrain from speaking my mind to them as I did then. The fire-works beautiful; and what with the flowers, the moonlight, the gay dresses of the women seated around, and the sweet airs played by the military band, I thought it all very delightful, but, like all other very delightful things, sad and affecting. (The Marseillaise Hymn was among the airs they played.) Nor was it the least touching part of the whole spectacle to see that poor Louis Philippe, whom, when I was last in France, I left living happily and comfortably with his family, like an English gentleman in the country — the ladies all at their work-table in the evening, and the children brought in to play with their hoops about the room; — to see him now placed in so very different a situation, not knowing from minute to minute whether the assassin's aim was not levelled at him, and obliged to rise and make obeisance to a set of gazers whom he must both fear and despise, whenever any

one of them chooses to greet him with a half-ironical cheer. It seemed to me, in general, indeed, the voice of a child that began the feeble "Vive le Roi," with which he was greeted. From our position we could not see any of the fire-works but those which rose into the air (whereat Corry grumbled like a great school-boy); but these were well worth seeing, particularly a small balloon, which occasionally detached from itself, as it rose, other bodies, or offsets as it were of light, without losing its own lustre; and the last grand *bouquet*, which exceeded all that I had ever before seen in the pyrotechnic line. Rejoined by Tom, who had seen the whole perfectly and was in ecstacies.

16th. Went to the Chamber of Deputies, and were lucky enough to come in for the briskest "turn up" (as the gentlemen of the ring would call it) that has occurred for a long time. The question turned upon a point of order, M. Mauguin having asked for explanations on the subject of the *Traite d'Afrique*, and nothing short of an actual *row* could exceed the agitation of the scene. The following specimen of it, from an account given in the "Constitutionnel" of this morning, may afford some little notion of what we witnessed, but the gesticulations and violent *acting* of the President it would be difficult to give any notion of.

"*M. Berryer.* Je ne dis pas non; mais j'ai la parole.

"*M. Augustin Giraud.* On ne peut pas vous empêcher de parler; c'est une tyrannie. (Vive agitation.)

"*M. le President.* Je dois protéger la liberté de la tribune: M. Giraud, je vous prie de ne pas interrompre la discussion. Vous troublez l'ordre.

"*M. A. Giraud.* Vous devez maintenir la parole à l'orateur. (L'agitation continue.)

"*M. le President.* M. Giraud, je vous rappelle nominativement à l'ordre.

"*M. A. Giraud.* Et moi, je rappelle M. le President au sentiment de convenances. (Tumulte.)

"*M. le President.* Je vous rappelle à l'ordre pour la seconde fois. (Nouvelle agitation.)

"*M. Berryer* (au milieu du bruit). Messieurs . . . .

"*M. Garaube.* Aux voix! aux voix!

"*M. Berryer.* J'ai le droit . . . .

"*M. de Vauguyon* (frappant sans discontinuer son pupitre avec son couteau de bois). Aux voix! aux voix!

"*M. Pataille* (rivalisant de force et d'agilité avec le couteau de M. Vauguyon). Aux voix! aux voix!

"*M. Roul* (dont le couteau lutte glorieusement avec les couteaux de MM. Vauguyon et Pataille). Aux voix! &c."

And so it goes on: — "Tumulte inoui; les cris, aux voix! et les roulements des couteaux redoublent avec une nouvelle energie; les dames se bouchent les oreilles, l'infatigable couteau de M. Vauguyon domine sur tous les autres couteaux," &c. &c. It was stated in another paper that personalities had passed between the president and some of the agitators, and it looked to me as if all was personality. * * *

24th. Went to Madame de Flahaut, whom I found sitting in the garden with her beautiful daughter (a beauty which struck me to be as pleasing as it was brilliant), and Lord Sandwich and another young man along with them. Have seen no hotel as handsome as theirs in Paris. Sat for some time, and regretted very much not seeing Flahaut, who is among the few men I *like* as well as *admire.*

25th. A visit, during breakfast, from M. B., whom I

did not at first recollect, but found out afterwards that I had known him when formerly at Paris, though his reputation as a writer has been, I believe, chiefly acquired since; several collections of old chronicles having been, I see, edited by him, and his name been frequently joined with that of Guizot, as a fellow-labourer in that line of ancient lore. On hearing of my intention to proceed to Caen, offered me letters of introduction in that quarter. Talked very cleverly and eloquently of the state of France, of Louis Philippe's avarice, his insincerity in holding forth hopes to the people (both his own and those of other countries) that he would aid them in acquiring popular institutions, while he was holding an entirely different language to their rulers. * * *

30th. Breakfasted about nine [at Caen]. Rothe called, and all walked out together; the first great object being the *pension* for Tom.

July 1st. Breakfasted at home. A visit from Wright, bringing with him, to introduce to me, a very clever and amiable-mannered man, M. Bertrand, a Professor of Greek literature in the University of Paris, and a great admirer, as I soon discovered, of my poetry. Has translated several of the "Irish Melodies," and told me himself that it was my poetry first won him into the study of English. A good deal of conversation, during which he explained to me the nature of the professorships and colleges through France. After he had gone Rothe came, and we walked out together. Had not gone very far when Wright came running breathless after us, to say that M. Bertrand would, he believed, take Tom. Went with him to that gentleman's house, and found both him and his wife (who is much older than himself) very kind and amiable on the subject. From what I had heard Rothe and others say of him, was

of course very anxious to secure so good a position for Tom; and, to my great joy, now found that there was no difficulty in the matter; he himself appearing to be quite as much pleased with the office, as I was at his accepting it. Was going, he told me, to his country-seat in a month or so, and would take Tom with him. In the meantime, would have a room prepared for him at his house in Caen. Asked about Tom's Greek studies, but I told him that my chief object for him now was French and French literature. On my coming to speak of terms, he assured me that that was the last consideration with him; and that he was chiefly actuated by the pleasure of being able to do any thing that would show his respect and admiration for me. It would be far more agreeable, he added, to leave the settlement of terms to some third person; and, on my mentioning Rothe, said, that most willingly would he leave the whole matter to him. Drove out afterwards with the General *, who expressed great delight at my good fortune in this arrangement; only regretting it, he said, for one reason, which was, that his brother and himself had made up their minds to offer Tom a reception in their house. Had begged of Rothe to settle the terms with Bertrand, but Wright had been beforehand with him; and it appeared that from 100 to 120 francs a month was all that he would require. Called upon the chief *libraire* of the place; an intelligent man, and possesses several very rare and valuable books, but finds no market for them, he said, in Caen. Is collecting all the remains of the Abbé de la Rue, for an edition of his works, with autograph letters from English antiquarians, Druce, &c. Bought of him the French engravings of the "Tapisserie de Bayeux."

* General Corbet.

Showed me some fine missals; no encouragement for such an establishment as his at Caen, but sends to other markets. Dined at the General's: company Rothe, Wright, Brummel, and one or two others. The poor Beau's head gone, and his whole looks so changed that I never should have recognised him. Got wandering in his conversation more than once during dinner.

3rd. Breakfasted with the General, and off soon after for Bayeux; Rothe, Tom, and myself. My conversations with this worthy fellow * have all been most interesting, but I can only note rapidly a few particulars. Gave us to-day an account of his escape from Kilmainham, where he had been kept a prisoner for a year and a half. The preparations made in the ball-court or tennis-court, where the prisoners were allowed to play every evening,—the place of concealment formed in the heap of sand,—the ladder of ropes prepared,—its failing to reach the persons waiting on the other side,—at another time breaking. The night of escape, he himself getting safely over, and waiting in vain for his companion;—mounting again and looking over the wall for him; seeing that he had fallen and would not venture to try again. Obliged to make his own escape. Major Sirr on board the ship in which he lay concealed during the passage. A long life of prosperity and happiness would hardly repay what he suffered during that year and a half. Reminded him of what he told me, when we last met, of Napoleon's dislike of the Irish. Explained it more fully now, by saying that it arose out of the rivalry then subsisting between Napoleon and Hoche, and the game of the latter being Ireland, which interfered with the designs of Napoleon, both his

* General Corbet.

jealousy and his impatience combined to make all that was connected with Ireland odious to him. Corbet then passed to his detention, along with three other French officers, at Hamburgh, for the details of which, as well as of the negotiations to which it gave rise, I must, some time or other, consult the public accounts. Having served through all the Peninsular War, being in the retreat at Salamanca, &c., Corbet joined the French army of Russia, and was in the battle of Leipsic, then in the defence of Paris, and was the bearer of a flag of truce from Marmont to the Emperor Alexander. Described his interview with Alexander, his deafness, his anxiety to ask questions of Corbet, but, whenever Corbet interposed a remark as to his immediate object, referring him to the official person (I forget who or what) by his side. Marmont held out stoutly on that occasion, refusing to capitulate, and insisting upon an armistice, so as to enable the army to join the Emperor. Corbet's name not mentioned in the public accounts of this negotiation with the Emperor, which he seemed to think lucky, on account of the unpopularity (if I recollect right) which afterwards attached itself to the transaction. But I must take an opportunity soon of reading about all these events, and correcting the impression (if wrong) which I received from his details.

Mentioned, as an instance of Clausel's coolness, in the retreat from Salamanca, his (Corbet's) being sent to him at night to say, that the English had got possession of a certain important post: Clausel, whom he had found fast asleep, on being awakened and told the intelligence, just paused for a few moments, to consider the bearings of his position, and then saying coolly, "It is impossible," turned round and went to sleep again. In talking of Scott's *Napoleon*, Corbet said that it was "an odious work." He had read,

with the greatest admiration and delight, all Scott's novels, but, "when he came to peruse his Napoleon, he was utterly disgusted. To say nothing of the mistakes and ignorance with which it abounded, the intentional falsifications throughout the work were such as drove him, however unwillingly, to the conclusion that Scott was a bad man." This opinion must, of course, be taken with all the allowances that Corbet's position and prepossessions would naturally suggest; but it was the opinion of a truly honest man,—a man (if I am not mistaken in him) of the true grave and steady nature of which heroes and martyrs have been most generally made. As an old poet well says,—

> "Your sad, wise valour, is the true complexion,
> That leads the van, and swallows up the cities."

Apropos of this, I found Corbet to be of exactly the same opinion as that held by most authorities respecting the character of the Spaniards. "Nothing," he said, "would make them fight well." Spoke highly of Flahaut, who, he said, was, next to Caulaincourt, the best man about Napoleon. In speaking of the French affairs in Africa, he said that Guizot's government was the cause of all the failure in that quarter, as well as in Spain. When Thiers was turned out by Louis Philippe, he was within fifteen days (Corbet said) of vanquishing Don Carlos, and the same event interrupted Clausel's operations in Africa.

In his view of Irish politics the Corbet of 1837 is, as might be expected, very different from him of 1798. Considering division to be a source of weakness to both countries, he is so far now from wishing to see Ireland severed from England that he considers their union in support of good government and free institutions to be essential, not only to their own well doing, but also most

important, as an example, to all Europe. Ought to have mentioned, with respect to Corbet's escape from Kilmainham, that he referred to the account given of it in Lady Morgan's O'Brians and O'Flahertys, as remarkably accurate in most of the particulars.

On our arrival at Bayeux found that the bishop was absent. Went to see the fine church. Were kept for a good while from seeing the Tapisserie in consequence of a *conseil* (some town meeting) being then sitting in the chamber where it is preserved. Admitted at last to the Tapisserie, and found it, like many other things in the world, better to be *imagined* than *seen*. The French engravings misrepresent it (on the favourable side) most extravagantly. Napoleon, when contemplating an invasion of England, had this tapestry brought to Paris and exhibited, in order to revive the recollections of the former successful descent; and it was even said, Corbet told me, that the Empress and her ladies were industriously practising embroidery in order to be able to complete the parallel. During our journey the thought struck me that I might turn the subject of the tapestry to account, in the way of poetry, with illustrations; and I told Corbet that, if ever I should carry this thought into execution, it would be to him I should dedicate the work. This seemed to please him greatly.

4th. Went to the [Caen] Museum, where there is a Perugino, which struck me as good, and which, it seems, *ought* to have been sent back into Italy with the other restored plunder, but, by some accident, remained here. Was struck too by a picture of Malherbe. A little *bossu* poet, about half my own height, accompanied me around the rooms with much brotherly devotion. Had published, it appears, some *poëesies* at Caen. Dined at Rothe's, and

went in the evening to drink tea at M. Bertrand's, where I had to go through a fresh round of introductions. In the course of the evening M. Bertrand was requested to recite some of his translations from the "Irish Melodies," and I had accordingly to stand the delivery of two of them; both author and translator being seated side by side on the sofa, and whenever any reference to *le barde* occurred, M. Bertrand would turn round with a profound bow to me, while I, with another profound bow, acknowledged the compliment. Not sorry when the *séance* was over; though seeing more and more reason to congratulate myself on my luck in locating Tom. * * *

7th. After a smooth passage of fourteen hours, arrived at Southampton. Walked about a little with Wilder, and, after breakfasting, set off in the coach for Bath, where I dined most heartily and *Englishly* at the White Hart; and then proceeded in a fly to Sloperton, where I arrived between eight and nine in the evening.

23rd. An official letter from the Horse Guards, acquainting me, that, on my lodging the sum of 450*l.* in the hands of Cox, Greenwood, & Co., Lord Hill will submit my son's name to the Queen for the purchase of an ensigncy in the 22nd Foot.

30th. Received the following letter from Lord Fitzroy:—"My dear Sir. I have communicated your letter of the 25th to Lord Hill, who desires me to say that he will give your son six months' leave of absence from the time of his being gazetted; but if you should think that insufficient, he considers that it would be better to decline the commission in the 22nd, with the understanding that your son is to be provided for as soon as he is ready. Probably, however, leave of six months is all you require. Very faithfully yours," &c. &c.

31st. * * *. Looking back over the journal of my French tour, I find, in Buchon's note accompanying the letters of introduction he sent me, he says: "Votre fils trouvera en France une large —— d'affection; je vous assure ce n'est qu'une faible marque de la reconnoissance due aux nobles et poétiques inspirations de son père. Le nom de Moore s'est naturalisé Français, par l'admiration que nous avons non seulement pour ce qu'il a écrit, mais pour ce qu'il a voulu. Son caractère et son talent ont été adopté par nous, comme une gloire universelle. La langue est la forme, la pensée est le fond qui appartient aux hommes éminens de tous les pays. Votre admirateur et ami, S. A. C. BUCHON." * * *

August 2nd. Dined at Rogers's. Company: Lord and Lady Carlisle and daughter, M. and Madame Dedel, Falck, Luttrell and Landseer. Day very agreeable. Dedel and Falck both excellent, straightforward, and sensible men. A good deal of conversation with them on the state of France, the prospects of England, &c.

4th. Forgot to mention that Greville, two or three days ago, gave me a letter to his right-hand man at the Council Office (he himself being about to leave town), desiring him to put me in possession of his (G.'s) room for the purpose of looking over the Records; and at the same time gave me a letter also to Lemon, of the State Paper Office, desiring him to attend me whenever I should require it, and give me his assistance in my researches. This all very kind of Greville, and promptly and heartily done.

5th. Breakfasted with Rogers, to meet again the Americans. Conversation turned (curiously enough before the son of Hamilton, though none of us seemed to have thought of this at the time,) upon the prevalence of

duelling in America; and Hamilton told some strange stories on the subject. * * * Mr. Hamilton said that there was no longer any doubt of his father's having been the writer of almost all Washington's addresses. Gave me an autograph letter of Washington's to his father, which tends a good deal to confirm this fact. Among the autographs he showed me were some of Jefferson's, and I was not displeased to see in them a frequency of my own trick of erasures and corrections. Jefferson always opposed to Washington; being always an advocate for French predominance in their councils. Went, all of us, with Rogers to see Stafford House, which evidently astonished the Americans (as it well might) by its richness and grandeur. They are just come from visiting all the great *palazzi* of the Continent, but it was plain had seen nothing like this. After we parted with them, turned in with Rogers for a few moments to the exhibition in Pall Mall, and took a passing glance at some of the fine things there.

7th. Breakfasted at home, and was at the Council Office by ten, where I was joined soon after by Mr. Lemon. Looked over the indexes of the papers with him, and found him in every respect the man for my purpose; being not only versed in the subject, but also most readily disposed to assist me in any way most useful to me. Explained to him how I was situated with respect to my History, being now more than ever aware that in less than two volumes more I should not be able to do justice to my subject, and yet from the inadequate pay I receive for my labour (compared with what I should make by employing myself otherwise), being unwilling to expend so much of my time unprofitably. He remarked that nothing, unluckily, was more common than to see historical works which had been commenced, and continued

to a certain extent with most exemplary carefulness, then begin to show signs of relaxation and haste, and at last hurry on to the end in the most careless and clumsy manner. Gave, as an instance, Turner's "History of Henry the Eighth," in which a small part of Henry's reign occupies the great bulk of the work, while the remainder is dispatched in a few pages. Must see how far this is the case. * * *

8th. Breakfasted with Rogers, to meet a Frenchman of the name of W. B. His grandfather, I believe, was English, but he himself cannot speak a word of English. Found him alone when I arrived, and in the course of conversation he guessed (from my portraits, as he said) who I was. During breakfast arrived Count Krasinski, an intelligent Polish refugee, and man of letters. Told me how familiarly all my works were known in Poland; particularly the "Irish Melodies." The great favourite amongst his countrymen was, "Oh blame not the bard;" and he himself was acquainted with a young poet who always made use of the authority of this ode when reproached with being an idle fellow. Remarked that there was a strong similarity between the Poles and the Irish; and mentioned, as an instance of this, a countryman of his, who having, on some occasion, knocked a man down for being, as he thought, insolent to him, was expostulated with for having done so, by some friend, who remarked that, after all, what the man had said to him was not very offensive. "No, it was not," answered the other; "but still it was safer to knock him down." The Fire Worshippers, he told me, had been translated in Poland in a *Polish sense;* and there was also, he said, a Russian translation of that poem.

Dined with Rogers to go to the Opera. Party at

dinner: Wordsworth and Miss Rogers. A good deal from Wordsworth about his continental tour. In talking of travelling in England, said that he used always to travel on the top of the coach, and still prefers it. Has got at different times subjects for poems by travelling thus. A story he has told in verse (which I have never seen) of two brothers parting on the top of a hill (to go to different regions of the globe), and walking silently down the opposite sides of the hill, was, he said, communicated to him by a fellow traveller outside a coach. Also another story about a peat hill which had been preserved with great care, by a fond father, after the death of the youth who had heaped it up. Must look for these stories in his poems. On my mentioning that I had met with a young man at a *café* in Paris who had seen him (Wordsworth) in Italy, he asked me who he was, and on my answering that I did not know his name, and it appeared he had merely *seen* Wordsworth, the sublime Laker replied, "Oh, Virgilium tantum vidi," but immediately conscious of the assumption of the speech, turned it off with a laugh.

10th. Dinner at Rogers's. Almost over when I arrived. Company: Wordsworth, Landseer, Taylor, and Miss R.. A good deal of talk about Campbell's poetry, which they were all much disposed to carp at and depreciate, more particularly Wordsworth. I remarked that Campbell's lesser poems, his sea-odes, &c., bid far more fair, I thought, for immortality than almost any of the lyrics of the present day; on which they all began to pick holes in some of the most beautiful of these things. "Every sod beneath their feet shall be a soldier's sepulchre."* A *sod* being a sepulchre! (this, perhaps, *is* open to objection.) The "meteor flag braving the battle and the

* I have heard that the word was originally "cemetery."—J. R.

breeze," another of the things they objected to. Then his "angels' visits, few and far between," was borrowed from Blair, who says: —

"Or, if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between."

Taylor remarked that "The coming events cast their shadows before" was also borrowed, but did not so well make out his case. "Iberian were his boots," another of the blots they hit: altogether very perverse industry.

To the Opera, all except Wordsworth. The Gazza Ladra — charming notwithstanding that a stick was substituted for Rubini. In talking of letter-writing this evening, and referring to what Tucker has told of Jefferson's sacrifice of his time to correspondence, Taylor again mentioned the habits of Southey in this respect, and Wordsworth said that, for his own part, such was his horror of having his letters *preserved*, that in order to guard against it, he always took pains to make them as bad and dull as possible.

12th. Rogers showed me some verses of his own upon youth, the last, he said, he had ever written or should write. Said he could cry over them all day, and was very near bursting into tears while he spoke. Part of the feeling in them consists in sadly anticipating all that youth has before it in life, of wrong as well as of suffering; of wrong that will be regretted in after days.

September 2nd to 4th. Received a note from Lord Holland, announcing that his present of Bayle was on its way down by the waggon. The note was accompanied by an amusing string of rhymes full of fun and pun, *à la Swift;* and the next day's post brought me what he calls *Editio auctior et emendatior* of the same, which I shall here transcribe.

"DEAR MOORE,—

Neither poet nor scholar can fail
To be pleased with the critic I send you,—'tis Bayle.
At leisure, or working, in sickness, or hale,
One can ever find something to suit one in Bayle.
Would you argue with fools who your verses assail?
Why here's logic and learning supplied you by Bayle.
Indeed as a merchant would speak of a sale,
Of the *articles* asked for, I forward a *Bayle.**
But should you, in your turn, have a fancy to rail,
Let me tell you there's store of good blackguard in Bayle:
And although they for libel might throw you in jail,
Pray what would release you so quickly as *Bayle?* †
Your muse has a knack at an amorous tale,—
Do you want one to versify? turn to your Bayle.
Nay, more—when at sea, in a boisterous gale
I'll make you acknowledge there's service in Bayle;
For, if water be filling the boat where you sail,
I'll be bound you'll cry lustily, 'bail, my lads, *Bayle.*' ‡
A mere correspondent may trust to the mail,
But your true *man of letters* relies on his Bayle.
So much knowledge in wholesale, and wit in retail,
(Tho' you've plenty already) greet kindly in Bayle.

"Holland House, 3rd Sept."

9th & 10th. Perceive, on looking back, that while I have noted down trivial and ordinary occurrences, I have made no memorandum of a loss which will be long felt at Sloperton — the death of poor Fielding, one of our kindest and most amiable friends. His sufferings were so long and so hopeless, that his death, at last, (Sept. 2.) came as a relief both to himself and to all who felt for him. Received a letter from Talbot, informing me that the funeral is to take place next Friday, and that Lord Valletort and George Montgomerie are to attend. Wrote to him to ask whether it would be agreeable that I should also come.

11th. A letter from Talbot, saying that he is sure it would gratify Lady Elizabeth if I also would attend the funeral.

* *Aliter*, bale. † *Aliter*, bail. ‡ *Aliter etiam*, bail.

15th. Drove in the pony carriage to Lacock, twelve being the hour appointed for the funeral. Found there the persons I have already mentioned, and also one of the Audreys. The whole ceremony most painful, though the form and manner of it were as simple and as worthy of the man as could be desired. We followed the coffin on foot through the pleasure-grounds and the garden (which were then looking in their highest beauty) without any crowd of gazers to disturb or distract us; and the funeral service was read touchingly and impressively by Paley. It was poor Fielding's wish (expressed some years ago, it seems,) that his coffin should be made of the oak of an old man-of-war; and Talbot, on applying to the Admiralty, got some of the same wood of which Nelson's coffin was made. After luncheon walked home, Talbot and Montgomerie accompanying me a great part of the way. Besides the loss of poor Fielding, I have had some other losses lately, not touching me near so closely, but which, combined with his, comprise all that is meant by events that "come home to the *business* and *bosoms* of men;" for while he came under the latter description, my good old partner of the Row, Rees, who has also died lately, may be classed among those *business* ties, the breaking of which by death cannot but be felt solemnly, if not deeply. Poor young Macrone, too, whose death, however, did not take me by surprise, as I saw, when I last parted from him, that he was not long for this world.

16th. * * * It was mentioned by Joy that Sir William Scott, to save the legacy duty, made over the 20,000*l.* he intended for his son William during his life-time; but William, who died before his father, made a will, leaving this sum back again, so that Sir William did not escape the duty after all. And now a question has

arisen out of this complex transaction, whether Lady Sidmouth (to whom the sum was bequeathed by Sir William) can establish her claim to it; adding one more instance to the many already extant, of great lawyers committing blunders in the management of their own legal affairs. Sir William, who placed this money in the Three per cents., used to congratulate himself "on escaping," as he said, "from the perplexities of land to the pure Three per cents."

17th. Took a long walk with Lord L. and the Codringtons. In the course of conversation, Milman asked how happened it that the Irish, after having produced such pure writers of English as Swift and Goldsmith, should have broken out into the peculiar style now known by the designation of "Irish?" Something called my attention away, or I should have asked him why he left out such additional examples as Bishop Berkeley, Burke, and Sheridan? Milman mentioned having heard one of Göethe's tragedies performed with a chorus in the ancient manner: said that the effect was good. Asked him if it was like a chaunt; he said, "Somewhat, but more monotonous." Attended prayers, Milman doing the duty.

24th. Bentley and Moran to breakfast. Bentley full of impatience and ardour for something of mine to publish, — a light Eastern tale, in three volumes. Scene, Circassia; events, founded on the struggle of that people against Russia; and price 1500*l.*, with two-thirds of the copyright my own. After we had lunched I walked them over to Spye Park, the day being delicious. Bentley had now started on another scent — the edition of my poetical works, which, after telling him the difficulties that at present beset the plan, I confessed to him was one I had so much at heart, that *whoever* would enable me to accom-

plish it should have my best wishes and co-operation, even though I myself should not gain a penny by it. I then told him the state of my poetical copyrights; "Lalla Rookh" and "The Melodies" being in the hands respectively of the Longmans and Mrs. Power, and the rest all my own, those of Carpenter having now returned to me. Was amused with the sanguineness with which, on hearing this (not having before known that so much of the property was my own), he seemed to consider the whole thing as settled, or, at least, settle-able without any difficulty. He would see Mrs. Power and the Longmans on the subject, and had little doubt of bringing them round to his terms. Told him (while doubtfully shaking my head at all this confidence of his) how sanguine I had always found men of business in such matters; and that, in fact, I had constantly, in my dealings with them, been obliged to take the business line, and to repress as much as I could their "gay soarings." On more than one occasion have I endeavoured to keep the Longmans within bounds, as to the number of copies in an edition, when the event has proved that *I* was right, not they. The imaginations, indeed, of some of your *matter-of-fact* men (as they are called) beat those of us poets hollow.

October 12th. A visit from Lord John, who arrived yesterday at Bowood, and walked over to see Bessy this morning. Sat with us for some time, and then he and I sauntered on together to Bowood, where I had promised to dine to meet him and Lord Melbourne. Nobody at dinner but Lord Melbourne, the John Russells, and a young Lady Strangeways, very pretty. In talking of Chateaubriand, and of his having got deaf lately, Lord Lansdowne quoted Talleyrand's saying of him that "*Il se croit sourd parcequ'il n'entend plus parler de lui.*" In

talking of Windsor, Lady Lansdowne objected to the number of dirty houses that come up quite close to the Castle. This Lord John said he liked; it was feudal, and he preferred it much to the insulation of the great houses of the present day. Was at first inclined to agree with him, but on recollecting the dependence implied by this juxtaposition of the great and small, retracted my concurrence, and was all for the stand-off system of Lady Lansdowne; each rank in its own station. To be sure, it might have been retorted upon me, that my own social position is little better than a hut placed cheek by jowl with palaces; and not a bad neighbourhood either, do I find it.

16th. A note from Lady Elizabeth to Bessy, saying how much good she had done her, and begging of her to come again to Lacock during my absence at Bowood. Poor Bessy, rather fearing a repetition of the painful scene of Saturday, but still felt that she could not refuse, and promised to come to-morrow. To Bowood to dinner; the party increased by the addition of Lord Suffolk and his daughter, Lord Glenelg, Sydney Smith, and the Rogerses. Much amusement excited by the article in "The Spectator" newspaper about the "conclave" assembled at Bowood. "At the Bowood meeting of Ministers," says the journalist, "it is not credible that any consideration of what is due to the people of England, of what they require and deserve, will clash for an instant with the main object of securing office for as many Whig lords and gentlemen as possible." Had this *sour-crout* politician been present at our dinner-party, he would have seen that *one* main object of Ministers was certainly laughter and good cheer; and that while the Bowood cook took care of this latter branch of policy, Sydney Smith administered

amply to the other. Talking of proverbs after dinner, Lord John mentioned his own definition of a proverb: "The wit of one, the wisdom of many," which Mackintosh (I think he said) quoted in one of his works. Sydney, speaking of Mackintosh and his "Memoirs," remarked on the proof they afforded of his having been so very honest a politician; the more striking, certainly, as there was always a sort of tarnish on his name, in this respect, which was a good deal perpetuated by Parr's antithetical contrast between him and Quigley, addressed, it is said, to Mackintosh himself, on his saying something in disparagement of Quigley.

17th. Bowles came after breakfast, more odd and ridiculous than ever. His delight at having been visited yesterday by the Prime Minister and Secretary of State, Lord L. having taken them both to Bremhill. The foolish fellow had left his trumpet at home, so that we could hardly make him hear, or, indeed, do any thing with him but laugh. Even when he has his trumpet, he always keeps it to his ear while he is talking himself, and then takes it down when any one else begins to talk. To-day he was putting his mouth close to my ear, and bellowing away as if I was the deaf man, not he. We all pressed him to stay to dinner, but in vain; and one of his excuses was, "No, not indeed, I cannot; I must go back to Mrs. Moore." Rogers very amusing afterwards about this mistake. "It was plain," he said, "where Bowles had been all this time; taking advantage of Moore's absence," &c. &c.

18th. Joined Rogers and Sydney in a walk before breakfast. Sydney said to me "There are two points in the character of our noble host which, I think, must strike every one who knows him, and none more than

yourself. One is, the patriotic feeling with which, neither wanting nor liking office (for whatever he might have done formerly he certainly does not like it now), he yet takes upon himself its trammels for the public service; and the other is, the gentlemanlike spirit and courtesy which unvaryingly pervades his whole manner and conduct, never swerving a single instant from the most perfect good-breeding and good-nature." To this tribute I most heartily subscribed after an acquaintance with the subject of it more than thirty years, and a close intimacy of more than twenty.

After breakfast set off to return home, and Rogers accompanied me. Nothing could be more agreeable and amiable than he was. In talking of his age (he is now some months turned seventy-five), he said, "If I was asked what ailment I have, I really could not say that I have any;" and yet, so delicate was his health up to the age of between thirty and forty that it was difficult to keep him alive. We walked up and down between the Sandy Lane Gate and the Calne Road three or four times, I still turning back with him, and he then retreading his steps with me. In the course of our walk he said, "You know Mrs. Moore is my almoner." I anticipated what was coming, and both for Bessy's sake and the poor people's rejoiced in my heart. He then took out of his pocket five sovereigns and gave them to me for the poor of Bromham. One of my embarrassments, indeed, during his visit has been the fear lest Bessy should thank him for the five pounds I brought her in his name, for the same purpose, two or three years since. But I had taken an opportunity of warning her against doing so, saying that it would look like asking for more. I now told him the circumstance of my having imposed upon her, as just stated, not saying,

however, that it was in his name I had done so. I need not say how great was Bessy's pleasure on my producing this new fund for her old women.

22nd. Read a story of Lover's for the party in the evening.

November 1st to 30th. At work busily, and with but few interruptions; none, indeed, except a visit now and then from young Henry Fitzmaurice, who is, I rejoice to say, improving in his looks. As I generally read for about twenty minutes or half an hour after I go to bed (always something different from the task I have been employed upon during the day, in order to get that out of my head), I have taken lately as my night dose a dry book on ethics, by I know not who, in answer to Mackintosh, which Brabant lent me; and here I discover the source of Brabant's low opinion of Mackintosh. It does, to be sure, take the shine out of Mac's ethics prodigiously, and the instances of confusion of thought, and even of ignorance, which he cites from Mac's book, are some of them astounding. Cannot help making a memorandum here of one (indeed the most glaring) of the proofs brought by him of Mackintosh's marvellous ignorance (marvellous in him), or, what is much more likely to have been the truth of the case, excessive carelessness. Leibnitz, in a familiar letter to a friend, gives a short account of a book which had just appeared, "De Principio Juris Naturalis," and after mentioning several other things discussed in the book, he says, "*Quæritur deinde utrum custodia societatis humanæ sit principium juris,*" and adds, "*Id negat vir egregius* (the author) *contrà Grotium, qui societatem, Hobbesium, qui mutuum metum; Cumberlandium et similes, qui mutuam benevolentiam, id est, semper societatem, adhibent.*" In other words, the author of whom Leibnitz is giving an

account inquires, "What is the origin or *principium* of Law? and decides that it is not, as Grotius, Hobbes, and Cumberland have supposed, a regard to the conservation or guardianship of human society, but simply, as he subsequently endeavours to prove, the Will of the Creator,— '*Jussum Creatoris.*'" In ranging, too, on the same side of the question, Grotius, Hobbes, and Cumberland, this author shows that he considers all their several opinions on the subject to be resolvable into one and the same, namely, that a regard to the safety and conservation of *society* is the origin of human law. (I have put clearly, I flatter myself, in the foregoing few lines what it has cost the castigator of Mackintosh more than half-a-dozen pages to explain.) This being the state of the case, let us now observe how Sir James, with much pomp and plausibility, disserts upon the subject. Having given it as his opinion that preceding inquirers had not been very clear in their theories of morals, he proceeds as follows:— "It is little wonder that Cumberland should not have disembroiled this ancient and established confusion, since Leibnitz himself, in a passage where *he reviews the theories of morals* which had gone before him, has done his utmost to perpetuate it. 'It is a question,' says he, 'whether the preservation of human society be the first principle of the *law of nature.*' This our author* denies, in opposition to Grotius, who laid down sociability to be so, to Hobbes, who ascribed that character to mutual fear, and to Cumberland, who held that it was mutual benevolence; which are all three only different names for the safety and welfare of society." "Here the great philosopher," continues Mackintosh, "considered benevolence, or fear, two feelings of the

* Meaning Leibnitz.

human mind, to be the first principles of the *law of nature**, in the same sense in which the tendency of certain actions to the well-being of the community may be so regarded. The confusion, however, was then common to him with many, as it even now is with most. The comprehensive view was his own." The confusion and inaccuracy crowded into this short paragraph of Mackintosh's is really astounding. It requires but the merest schoolboy's power of construing to see that the proposition which Mac ascribes to Leibnitz is, that of the author on whose book Leibnitz is making remarks; and, not content with this blunder, Mackintosh misrepresents also the author of the book, making him say that Grotius and Hobbes considered benevolence and fear to be the first principles of the law of *nature;* whereas this author was not speaking of the law of nature at all, but of the "*principium juris.*" I could not help endeavouring to bring this exposure into a somewhat more concise and intelligible form than has been done by Mac's *Mastix* himself, who is, however, a very clever clear-headed fellow, and withal, a very disagreeable one. Indeed, so much so, that I would almost rather be *wrong* with Mackintosh, *cum Platone errare,* than be *right* with so harsh and conceited a dogmatist.

November 1st to 3rd. Hard at work at "The Reign of Edward II." Forgot whether I have mentioned before that the Record Commission have (as in duty bound) sent me all their published volumes. Have got down as many as are *immediately* necessary to me, and hardly know how to dispose even of these; my study being already overloaded with learned rubbish, of various kinds, and the floor not being very trustworthy. Have also got down a num-

* "The italics are my own, in order to mark his mistakes more emphatically."—M.

ber of gigantic books from the Longmans; so that, what with Rymer, Palgrave's Parliamentary Writs, &c. &c., poor Sloperton will, I fear, hardly hold out. A good number are stowed away in the hall, with Bessy's club things for her *old* women; and very fit companions they are for each other.

14th to 17th. No change or novelty in my mode of existence; still the same still-life picture. It is some comfort, however, to find that, while so quiet at home, one has still the capability of kicking up a row abroad. Witness the "turn-up" I was the cause of the other night (the 21st) in the House of Commons. The subject of debate was the Pension List; and the best mode of recording what took place is to insert here the scrap from "The Times'" report of the debate: —

"An hon. member (name unknown, but with a strong Irish accent) rose to ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer a question. He wished to know whether the name of one Thomas Moore was in the list of pensions charged on the Civil List ('Oh, oh!'); and, if so, whether it was placed there for making luscious ballads for love-sick maidens, or for writing lampoons upon George IV. of blessed memory. (Cries of 'Oh, oh!' and great confusion in the house.)

"*Mr. Spring Rice* — I am confident that the house, and I am equally persuaded that the public, will appreciate the motives which induced the Government to place the name of Thomas Moore on the Pension List. (Loud cheers from both sides of the house.) By a formal resolution of this house, the Ministers of the day are authorised to grant these pensions as the reward of distinguished talent in literature and the arts. From the tones of his voice, I suspect that the hon. member who has just put to me this extraordinary question belongs to the same country with myself

('Hear,' and a laugh). I believe that there is no other Irishman but himself in this house — differing, as many of them do, from the political opinions of Thomas Moore — who does not feel it to be a credit to our common country that the name of 'one Thomas Moore' is on the Pension List. (Immense cheering.) For my own part, I think that the name of Thomas Moore is in itself a credit to the Pension List. (General cheering.) I may ask, — and, I hope, without offence, — whether it was for writing works of a very democratic character and tendency that the name of Dr. Robert Southey is placed on the same Pension List with that of Thomas Moore? The names of both those distinguished men are on that List, and are on it for the same reasons (cheers); and I rejoice as heartily in seeing the name of Southey there as I do in seeing the name of Moore (cheers continued). Both are men of great and immortal talent. Both have added to the literary pleasures and instruction of their age and country, (vociferous cries of 'Hear'); and I rejoice that both of them have received, though from rival administrations, the rewards to which they are both so fully and so justly entitled." (Cheering from all quarters of the House.)

In reference to the above the London "Standard" has the following: —

"We observed with regret that a gentleman — we doubt not with the best disposition — complained of Mr. Moore's pension. Mr. Moore's pension is a tribute to genius — a testimony to the claims of one who, if not the first living poet, is certainly not second to any with whom the present generation has lived. With Scott and Southey Mr. Moore completes the number of the first-class British poets of the nineteenth century, and it is idle to underrate the merit of his poetry, because of the direction taken by

his genius, as was the miserable effort to depreciate Scott on account of the lowness of the pursuits of his borderers. That Mr. Moore has been a political writer, as well as a poet, ought to be the last reason for objecting to the reward of his *political* (?) merits in a free country. Alas! for the freedom of Great Britain, when a divorce shall be effected between literature and politics,—when men of genius or learning shall find it injurious to come forward in all their power, and, according to their conscientious views, in defence of that constitution which is the business of every Briton. The democratical changes that we have lately made are bringing the empire, indeed, rapidly enough under the dominion of brute ignorance. Let us not accelerate the calamity by interdicting the arena of politics to genius and knowledge. Mr. Moore has taken the wrong side; but this matters nothing: we are contending for a principle,—a principle in which Conservatives are much more deeply interested, as a party, than any other party can be. Of the party that seeks to establish the ascendancy of truth and justice, literature is the natural ally. It is gratifying to us to be able to add that, his political bias apart, there is nothing in Mr. Moore's character—amiable, and honourable, and consistent as it is,—which ought to exclude him from the benefit of the principle for which we contend."

December 1st to 12th. Still confined to my study and garden, and, as long as I have health, not desiring any thing better. An agreeable announcement, in a letter from Mrs. Napier to Bessy, of the approaching marriage of one of her daughters to Lord Arran. The whole of the details promise most prosperously, and I rejoice at it sincerely.

14th. Looked again over the curious "Diary of Sir Edward Bayntun," which Salmon has in his possession. There are several volumes of it, and a curious selection might be made from their contents. Took down the following memorandums for the year 1754, just after Pelham's death, when a new administration was about to be formed.

"March, 1754. Went to the Smyrna. Thence to Lady Northumberland's: her house the resort of distressed lovers; and herself so compassionate as to neglect nothing for their general relief.

"Do. To Leicester House. Great appearance of faction. Boone said, if Mr. Fox was Chancellor of the Exchequer, it would not be borne: what must become of this poor woman and the children; that old friends must stand together. Thence to Lord Winchilsea to dinner. Had much of his confidence touching the new schemes; would join the Duke of Newcastle; anything to obstruct Sandwich and the Duke of Bedford, which must be the consequence; that Murray had been ruined by malice, and that there was difference in drinking the 'P.'s' [*qu.* Pretender's] health with Tosset or at Oxford. Complained of Lord Granville. VIII o'clock. To White's and Lord Granville. Curious to know where I had been.

"March 15. Went to Mr. Fox, who told me he had refused to accept being the Secretary of State; that he had accepted it according to the message delivered by Lord Hartington; notwithstanding that he was to manage business in the House of Commons under the Duke of Newcastle. For more certainty how his Grace understood it, he had waited upon him; and found, upon his proposing some questions of explanation, that he was not to be the channel between his Grace and the divers applications

arising in the House of Commons; that his Grace even refused to permit him to inquire into the plan left by Mr. Pelham till his Grace and Dafflin had adjusted it. That he conceived his being employed in a business he did not understand, and secluded from one he did, was a plain project to ruin him, and he rather chose to fall in the station he was [*qu.* in]; that he could be of no sort of use without this countenance. * * * XII. To Lord Granville, who was waiting for Mr. Stone. I told him what Mr. Fox had said, by his direction. My Lord seemed surprised, and said he had heard nothing from the Duke of Newcastle. He feared they would trifle in this manner, &c. &c.

"March 17. The Duke of Grafton in opposition to the Duke of Newcastle. The Duke of Devonshire inflamed by H. Walpole; the scene deeper laid than appears. Thence to Mr. Fox's: did not stay to see him. To Lord Winchilsea, who discovers expectation from these difficulties. The Duke of Newcastle shows evident marks of fear: this confirmed by Gen. Lake."

16th to 18th. At work. Sent one of these days a short answer to Rice's circular on the subject of the Pension List, which I concluded by saying that my pension had been given to me without any solicitation on my part, and would be surrendered by me without a murmur should the Committee think right to withdraw it.

19th to 23rd. Some correspondence with the Longmans respecting our projected edition of the works. Mrs. Power has asked 1000*l.* for the right of publishing the poetry of which she holds the copyright. This the Longmans think excessive; and so it probably is; but my dear, generous, and just-minded Bessy thinks otherwise; and

(though she knows a large outlay in that quarter must necessarily trench upon *my* share of the emoluments) hopes most earnestly that Mrs. Power will, for the sake of her family, refuse to take any less. A "rare bird" is Bess in more ways than one.

* * * * * *

1838.

JANUARY 9th. To Bowood to dinner: company, the Phippses, Joys, and Youngs, Miss Fox, and the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. In the evening, the Duchess having expressed a strong wish that I should sing, I sat down, and began, unluckily, with "There's a song of the olden time," which I had not sung before for a long time; and the state of my spirits not being very good, the melancholy both of the song and of my own voice affected me so much, that before I had sung the two first lines I broke out into one of those hysterical fits of sobbing, which must be as painful to others as they are to myself, and was obliged to hurry away into the next room, whither I was immediately followed both by Lord and Lady Lansdowne, and Henry Fitzmaurice. The exceeding effort I made to suppress the sobbing only made it break out more audibly; and, altogether, nothing could be more disagreeable, the company that witnessed the scene being, unluckily, larger and more miscellaneous than is usual at Bowood. Having drunk off a tumbler of sal-volatile and water, which Lady Lansdowne brought me, I returned to the drawing-room; and after laughing a little at my own exhibition, sat down again to the pianoforte, and sung through all the gayest of my songs that I could call to remembrance.

27th. My poor Bess, whose state of weakness for some time past gives me many a painful boding (though I trust in God without any real grounds), not finding herself well enough to go to Lacock, Tom and I set off thither in the pony carriage at three, leaving the Hugheses to keep Bessy

company. None but the Talbots, Lady E., and Horatia, at dinner. Lady E. much better than I could have expected to find her. Found it very agreeable, though inwardly sad the whole time. Poor Fielding seldom absent from my thoughts. In the evening Horatia played over several beautiful things from Bellini, Strauss, &c., while I sat in a corner and listened in silent sadness.

28th. After luncheon, Tom and I started in the pony carriage for home; and when at the top of Bowden Hill, I got out and walked through the fields home. Brought a note from Lady Elizabeth to Bessy, which I shall here copy: —

"My dear Mrs. Moore,—I cannot tell you how very much disappointed I was at your not coming yesterday, nor how grieved I am for the cause. You are always most soothing to me; and I am sorry the weather and the winter put a sort of gulph between us. You particularly know how to 'minister to a mind diseased.' I am glad to have seen Mr. Moore, whom I consider (that rare thing) a sincere friend both for the present and the past. His voice reminded me but too much of the gay days of the Abbey. Happy days. They can never return. How often have I thought formerly that it was a mistake calling this world a vale of tears, a thorny path, &c. &c. I always found it such an agreeable world, and so pleasant to live. I suppose nobody believes those truths till they feel them in their own person. God bless you. E. F.—Let me hear soon by the post how you are. We are all anxious about you." * * *

Feb. 7th. Dined at Lord Essex's. Boldero and Co., as usual, with the agreeable addition, on this occasion, of Sir Robert Adair, from whom one gets, now and then, an agreeable *whiff* of the days of Fox, Tickell, and Sheridan.

Told one or two things of that date, which I had known before, but which came from him with the stamp of the time upon them, and were, in so far, more interesting than even better *new* things.

[On the 10th of this month, Moore met Mr. Luttrell, at breakfast, at Mr. Rogers's.] * * * Talked of Irishmen's unwillingness to pay ready money, their notions of the *ready* being always a bill at sixty-one days' date. Somebody saying that one would think every Irishman was born sixty-one days too late, from their being always that space of time behind the rest of the world; and Luttrell described the process of purchasing a horse between one Irish gentleman and another: "Price sixty pounds, for which you have no occasion to pay down cash — only *commit your thoughts to paper.*"

[During the month of February, Moore's attention was much taken up by his son Tom's preparations to join his regiment, and begin his career in life. About the 22nd he left Bristol for Cork. The stormy weather which followed his departure gave cause for fresh anxieties to his fond parents. He arrived safely at Cork. A dangerous illness of Mrs. Moore, immediately afterwards, was the cause of new fears. She happily recovered, owing to the attention and skill of her physicians.]

March 5th. Brabant with us early (and Kenrick also, whom he had thought it right to ask to meet him, but who did not see her); and though he gave his opinion with a degree of reserve and caution, which in itself was like a dagger to me, I was but too happy to collect from him that if there was no return of the hæmorrhage, no danger need be apprehended. My dearest Bessy herself has preserved throughout all our alarm the same collectedness and sweetness of feeling which she has shown on every trying

occasion since I first knew her, thinking of everybody but self.

6th to 8th. Thank God, all has been going on well, and will, I trust in God, continue so. On the morning after her attack, Bessy mentioned a pretty story, translated by Miss Fisher from the German, of an old man who received three calls or warnings before his death. "I look upon this," she added calmly, "as my *first*." But, thank God again and again, the danger now seems past.

9th to 11th. Between my continual and anxious watching of my dear Bessy's progress (for such I flatter myself it is), and my efforts to work, for which I have now more than usual need, from my late expenditure both of time and money, I have not had a moment to give to these pages. In default of other matter, I shall here transcribe from a late publication (or rather re-re-publication of Bowles's) a note respecting myself, which, in his usual good-natured sensitiveness, he has thought it necessary to insert. What the passage about "The Sorcerer Poet" was to which he refers, I have not the slightest notion.

"Sorcerer Poet. — I trust it will not be thought necessary by one human being for me to disclaim any the most distant allusion to one consummate master of song, who, if in the unthinking gaiety of premature genius, he joined the Syrens, has made ample amends by a life of the strictest virtuous propriety, equally exemplary as the husband, the father, and the man; and, as far as the Muse is concerned, *more* than ample amends by melodies as sweet as scriptural and sacred, and by weaving a tale indeed of the richest Oriental colours, which faithful affection and pity's tear have consecrated to all ages."

12th to 31st. Nothing much different to add on the subject that now occupies all my cares and thoughts — my

dearest Bessy's health. The prospect of losing the advantage of Brabant's attendance, by his approaching departure for the Continent, gives me a great deal of uneasiness, though *he* looks upon her as past all danger now, and means to leave written instructions for her how to act in case any change should occur. Went to dine one of these days with the Hugheses at Devizes, who were anxious to have me to meet their member, Dundas. Returned home at night. Nothing could be more gratifying than the anxiety manifested in all quarters, both high and low, about poor Bessy's health. Every two or three days a messenger comes from Bowood, with a supply of ice, vegetables, and such other things as it is known Bessy has been ordered to take.

April 1st to 3rd. Still the same course of life, watching over my dear Bessy's progress — slow, but I trust sure — and working in the intervals at my "History." Sent a squib one of these days to "The Chronicle" — "Sketch of the First Act of a new Romantic Drama," which Easthope, in a note which I had from him, told me was very much admired. In the same note he added (what I had suspected myself, and mentioned to him) that my former squib on the Ballot, "The Song of the Box," had not produced much effect. Found one of these mornings some memorandums of my own in pencilling, so very nearly effaced, that I think I had better copy out whatever is worth preserving of them here. They relate, I see, chiefly to Petrarch, and must have been collected, I think, for a comparison between him and Catullus, which I took as one of my subjects while writing for "The Metropolitan," but made little use of, I believe, in the hasty sketch I gave to that periodical. * * * The Cynthia of Propertius was accomplished, and a poetess. Petrarch's triflings about the

laurel. For Laura's coquetry, see sonetti 31. 39, 40, 41., canzon. 15.; and particularly sonetto 43., where he describes himself baffled when just within reach of his object — *Trà la spiza e la man quel muro è messo.* See sonetto 50., where he complains that he was tired of loving her, at the end of ten years. The pretty scene in sonetto 207., the old man giving the two roses. The beautiful picture in sonetto 189., *Dodici donne,* &c. Her pretty action in sonetto 219., in putting her hand before his eyes when she sees him in a reverie gazing at her. The three celebrated canzoni which he himself called "The Three Sisters, 18, 19, and 20. The canzoni *after* her death, allowed to have more truth and nature in them than those before. *Levommi il mio pensiero* — sonetto 261. See this for her veil, which she says she had left on earth. See for his trifling decomposition of the name of Laura or Laureta into three parts — sonetto 5. In his dialogues, *De Contemptu Mundi,* he says, "*Scio autem quid hîc mihi solatii est quod illa mecum senescit.*" The "Evêque de Lombaz" wrote to Petrarch rallyingly, that all his love for Laura was a meré fiction — "*De hâc autem spirante Laurea cujus forma captus videor, manufacta est, et omnia ficta carmina, ficta suspiria.*" See "Académie des Inscriptions," tom. 15.

4th to 6th. Agreeable accounts from Tom from Ireland. His regiment ordered to Dublin, which will be very delightful to Ellen, and make a great difference in point of society to himself. Received one of these days the following note from Spring Rice, relative to the Pension List Committee: —

"My dear Moore, — Though you could not have anticipated any other result, still, as committees are strange and unaccountable bodies, I think it may be agreeable to you to know that your case came on yesterday, and was by

acclamation confirmed. I think the Committee would have increased the grant, had it been in their power to do so. Always, my dear Moore,

Very sincerely and faithfully yours,
T. S. RICE."

May 1st to 4th. Received a letter from Haydon the painter, written, it appears, a year since, but mislaid, and only just now, as he tells me, found again, containing an account of three letters relating to Sheridan, which had been brought for his inspection. Wrote to thank him, saying, that any communication from his hand was better late than never; that I had written so much and on such various subjects since Sheridan was my topic, that I had now almost forgotten all about him: adding, that what some poet has said of the waves of the sea,—

> "And one no sooner kiss'd the shore and died
> Than a new follower rose,——"

was but too applicable to the multifarious succession of my works,—the "dying," I feared, included. *Apropos* of Sheridan, I see by an extract from the "Diary" of Wilberforce just published, that he says I overrate Sheridan's powers as a wit. This may be so; but I think it rather more likely that Wilberforce *under*rated him. My opinion was derived, not so much from my own knowledge of Sheridan, for he was gone off when I knew him, but from the indestructible proofs of his wit in the *School for Scandal*, and the *Critic;* and the unanimous tribute paid to it by all his own personal friends.

Sent another squib one of these days to "The Morning Chronicle," in reference to the Copyright Question, entitled "Great Dinner of Type and Co.: a Poor

Poet's Dream," which has been copied, I see, into the "Athenæum," and placed side by side with the letter of Wordsworth, and the famous one of Southey's to Brougham, as our joint protests against the present state of Copyright. To my squib they merely annex asterisks, saying that it requires no signature. Have fixed my projected visit to town for the 17th. Wrote to Lady Elizabeth (who was so kind when we last met as to offer me lodging at Sackville Street), asking whether she is still in the same mind, and received the following answer: — "Only a moment to say, I shall be *so* pleased to have you in *casa mia*. I am not such a *capricieuse* as to have changed my mind since I saw you at Sloperton, and Mrs. Moore looking so well and handsome in her reclining attitude in the *fauteuil*. Who is Mr. Calvert, who talks in such rapture about you? It was agreeable to read his enthusiastic opinions in these prosaic and utilitarian days. Love to Bessie."

5th to 13th. On my explaining to Bessy, at breakfast one of these mornings, the nature of the retrospective clause in the intended Copyright Bill (which I had but just come to understand myself, not having troubled my head much with the question), she exclaimed, with that directness of aim at the true and the just which, in her, is innate, "Why, that's not honest." Having to write to the Longmans the same day, I mentioned this circumstance just as I have here stated it, adding, "As for *me*, I, of course, shook my head and said nothing, being an author."

19th. In London. Breakfasted with Rogers to meet Ratcliffe and Young the actor. Story of the Lady who wrote to Talleyrand informing him, in high-flown terms of grief, of the death of her husband, and expecting an elo-

quent letter of condolence in return; his answer only, "Hélas, Madame. Votre affectioné, &c., Talleyrand." In less than a year, another letter from the same lady, informed him of her having married again; to which he returned an answer in the same laconic style:—"Oh, oh, Madame! Votre affectioné, &c., Talleyrand." In talking of office and its routine business, a great deal of which does itself, Rogers mentioned Lord North's illustration of this fact by a sign at Charing Cross of a black man turning a wheel. "People stare at this," said Lord North, "thinking that the black man turns the wheel, whereas it is the wheel that turns the black man."

20th. Went to breakfast with Lord John. Found him alone. Longman had called upon him, he told me, on the subject of the Copyright Bill, and had shown him my letter, the whole of which Lord John had read. So much for private correspondence with one's publisher. In the course of our conversation he referred to my praise of the aristocracy at the Bristol dinner, and said he had often since thought of my courage in venturing it. Spoke of the tendency of the world now to Americanise in every thing; in the forms of government, in literature, in the tone of society, &c. The remark, I fear, but too just. Talked of Bulwer's "Athens," and said he found it interesting. *Apropos* of Americanising, I remarked what an instance "Athens" was of the fact, that it is *the few* who have hitherto taught and given the tone to the world. What a light surrounds that small spot still! It is the ὁι πολλοι that will again reduce the world to barbarism. Asked me to come to dinner next Sunday, and said he would be glad to have me also on Saturday * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Had in the children for me to see, and

showed off all their little ways as nicely as any mother could do. It is indeed charming to see so much gentleness of nature combined with a spirit so manly and determined as is certainly "Johnny's." Talking of Sydney's last letter, which is making such a noise, I said that I had as yet read only the memorable note, but had heard that, after having, in that note, glorified him (Lord John) at the expense of all his colleagues, Sydney had, at the end, thrown him overboard as well as the rest. "He *has*," answered Lord John, in his quiet way, rubbing the back of his head. He was, however, animated and earnest in condemning the manner in which Sydney had treated Lord Melbourne; "affecting," as he said, "to underrate Melbourne."

22nd. Breakfasted at Milnes', and met rather a remarkable party, consisting of Savage Landor and Carlyle (neither of whom I had ever seen before), Robinson, Rogers, and Rice. A good deal of conversation between Robinson and Carlyle about German authors, of whom I knew nothing, nor (from what they paraded of them) felt that I had lost much by my ignorance. Robinson had witnessed the performance of Schiller's "Bride of Messina," with the ancient chorus, but I forget now what he said as to its effects. Savage Landor a very different sort of person from what I had expected to find him; I found in him all the air and laugh of a hearty country gentleman, a *gros rejoui;* and whereas his writings had given me rather a disrelish to the man, I shall take more readily now to his writings from having seen the man.

23rd. Breakfasted at Brookes's. Went and sat some time with Valletort, whom I found much better. Called at Bulteel's, and saw his nice wife, Lady Elizabeth. Bulteel full of the North London Hospital perform-

ances, having left a case behind him in Devonshire more extraordinary than any of them. Read me a letter from the gentleman in whose house this phenomenon of a young lady is residing, giving an account, in the most serious and *bonâ fide* manner, of such downright miracles, as throw all we have hitherto heard of in that line into the shade. Among other things, she can, in the dark, by passing her two forefingers down the page of a book, take off the impress, as he expresses it, of the whole contents of the page, in about two seconds, and repeat it all correctly! Proposed to me to accompany him to the North London Hospital some day to see Dr. Elliotson's manipulatory experiments.

Dined at Lansdowne House: a grand dinner to the Duke of Sussex, and a very splendid thing it was in every respect. Company, besides the Duke of Sussex and Lady Cecilia, the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, Duke and Duchess of Somerset, Lord and Lady Minto, Lord and Lady Breadalbane, Lord Camperdown, Lord John Russell, and plain *Mister* Moore. Sat next Lord John. The Duke of Sussex, on coming in, exclaimed, as usual, "Ah, Tommy!" and called me to account for not having been to see him, but I told him I *had*. In the course of dinner, taking wine with different people, and lumping three or four together at a time, in order to *diffuse* the compliment, he cried out, on proposing wine to some at *our* part of the table, "Lord Minto, Lord John, and, last not least, Tommy!" On which Lord John said gravely, in an undervoice, "Last and least;" thus putting in his claim, as I told him, for the small modicum of superiority he has over me in that respect; whereat he gave one of his very agreeable and playful laughs.

24th. Went down to the Longmans. Bad prospect

for the edition of my works, and consequently of the supplies I expected from it. The uncertainty of the effects of the Copyright Bill, and, as yet, of the very nature of its enactments, must naturally suspend all undertakings dependent upon it. Have not mentioned, I believe, that on my first visit to the Longmans after my arrival, when I found them in high delight at Mrs. Moore's "opinion on copyright," I took care to impress upon them that it was solely from what I thought due to myself, and my own feeling of what was right, that I had come to the determination of not availing myself of any such law to change or unsettle my agreement with them. "There has already," I said, "been too much *sentiment* mixed up with this Bill, —sentiment for *authors;* and I wish you to understand that it is not from sentiment towards *publishers* that my present views have been adopted."

26th. Lady —— having just received a letter from Paris giving an account of Talleyrand's death, gave me the note paper sheets of the letter to read, according as she read them herself. The account curious, and well given. The management of the archbishop, in leaving the whole conduct of the death-bed scene to an abbé, who intermediated, and the evident anxiety of —— to give as orthodox an air to the whole transaction as was possible, all very amusing. Talleyrand more than once said during his dying moments, "*La machine s'en va;*" and these words were his last. Had received notice in the course of the day, that I must be early in attendance at the Freemasons' Tavern, as one of the stewards, to receive the President*; but found it far more agreeable, of course, to go *with* him, Henry Fitz being also of the party. Immense bustle on our arrival. Was invested with my wand as steward, and all made our way

* Of the Literary Fund.

to the head table, the room being already crowded. Got seated between Bulwer and Wyse, within two or three of Lord L., and opposite me sat Sir Harris Nicolas with his flaming star (being a Guelph), whose book of the Privy Council I had lately been studying. The whole proceedings of the day interesting, and to me, in an almost overwhelming degree, flattering and gratifying. Lord Lansdowne, by general admission, a most admirable chairman; more particularly for such a purpose, his feelings and taste being, I think (whatever his ambition might once have been), far more towards literature than politics.

28th. A note from Mrs. Smith to say, that Sydney would take me to the Longmans to-day, if I liked. Had already half promised to go with Lardner, but sent a note to put him off. On our way to Hampstead, Sydney talked of his "Letter," rather nervously, as I thought. Forget whether I have mentioned Luttrell's saying to me the other day, "Well, my dear Moore, could you have conceived any man taking such pains to upset a brilliant position in society as Sydney has been taking lately?" In the course of our talk, Smith mentioned his having received a letter lately from Lord Carlisle, in acknowledgment of a copy of the pamphlet he had sent him. Repeated the substance, and, I suppose, nearly the words of the letter, which appeared to me a very polished but pointed condemnation of the pamphlet. Lord Carlisle, it is clear, in writing it, felt himself bound to express, as politely as possible, what he knew to be the opinion of the persons he lived with on the subject; and being himself unscathed by the pamphlet, he could of course do it with a better grace. This, however, Sydney did not seem to me to feel. While we were on the subject, I thought it *my* duty, also, to tell him what I thought of

his attack on Lord John; his representing him to be so totally devoid of feeling as to hear with unconcern the loss of the Channel fleet, the dying of a man under an operation for the stone, &c. &c., through his means. This he denied to be the purport or effect of the passage in question, which meant merely, he contended, that you could not perceive by Lord John's manner that he felt it. In the course of our conversation afterwards, he happened, in speaking with great bitterness of Lord Castlereagh, to say something of his indifference to the mischief and ruin he might cause by his measures, which amounted in purport exactly to the same which he has said of Lord John. I therefore instantly interrupted him, saying, "There, that's precisely the impression you produce in your character of Lord John." "You don't say so?" he exclaimed. "I assure you," I answered, "that such is the way in which it is viewed by all whom I have heard speak on the subject." "Then I must certainly," he said, "set myself right on that point; and as there is a new edition just coming out, I shall not lose a moment in doing it." On our arrival at Hampstead, he absented himself from the drawing-room for a short time, and I found afterwards it was for the purpose of making this correction. It is merely a short note denying that he meant to impute any want of feeling to Lord John. But the arrow had already sped, and no one now minds the note.

[On some occasion at this time, not worth recording, Mr. Moore quotes some verses from an Epilogue he wrote for the Killarney private theatricals, which describe well the various uses to which the manager (*Mr. Corry*) put his friends.

"'Tis said our worthy manager intends
To help my *night*,—and he you know has *friends*.

Friends, did I say? for fixing *friends* or *parts*,
Engaging *actors*, or engaging *hearts*,
There's nothing like him! wits, at his request,
Are changed to fools, and dull dogs learn to jest;
Soldiers, for him, good 'trembling cowards' make,
And beaux, turn'd clowns, look ugly for *his* sake;
For him e'en lawyers *talk*, without a *fee*,
And I,—oh friendship!—I act tragedy!"]

July 7th to 10th. Nothing remarkable; working away at the reign of Henry VII. Received a letter from my countryman Dillon, of the "Bibliothèque du Roi," introducing some friends of his, and sending me two or three *brochures* published lately by Guizot; of which he says, "You will find them not unworthy of your attention, independently of the value you will naturally attach to a *souvenir* from such a writer.* M. Guizot has mentioned your name to me more than once. He, in common with the distinguished portion of his countrymen, appreciates fully those talents and that sterling patriotism which have earned for you the esteem and admiration of every dispassionate mind in England."

August 15th to 17th. A letter this latter day from Lord Morpeth, to whom I had written, in consequence of one I had received from Drummond, his under secretary. I shall here copy his note on account of the good fun it contains in allusion to Durham's late Ordinance, which makes it a capital offence to bid "farewell" to Bermuda.

"My dear Moore,—Many thanks for your good news of your intended sojourn at Dublin next month. It will be my compensation for getting no holydays, at which sometimes I am half disposed to repine. You are some-

* Sent to me from Guizot himself.

times accused of treasonable tendencies in your poetry; but there is one passage containing in its outset such a direct incitement to capital crime, that I wonder it has never been branded as it deserves.

> "Farewell *to Bermuda*, and long may the bloom
> Of the citron and myrtle its valleys perfume;
> May spring to eternity hallow the shade
> Where Ariel has warbled and Waller has stray'd."
>
> "Most sincerely yours."

31st. Went to H. the dentist to have my teeth cleaned. Told me of his nephew, who is practising as a dentist in India, being employed to make a set of teeth for the King of Delhi. The difficulty at starting was, that the dentist required to be allowed to take a model of the King's mouth; and the idea of a Christian putting his hand in the royal mouth was an abomination not to be heard of. It was at last, however, agreed, that by washing his hands, before the operation commenced, in the water of the Ganges, the dentist might qualify himself for the contact. The teeth succeeded wonderfully; and one of the courtiers, who, from jealousy of the Englishman, had declared they would be good for nothing, was desired by the King to put his finger in and try, and, on the courtier doing so, his Majesty nearly bit the finger in two. The affair turned out, however, unluckily; as the King, whose appetite was enormous, being enabled by these new grinders to gratify it *ad libitum*, brought on a plethora, which nearly killed him, and the teeth were thrown into the Ganges. * * * Called one of these days at the Admiralty and saw Sir John Barrow, whom I found to be an old acquaintance of mine. My object was to make some inquiry as to the person at present holding the deputy-

ship of my unlucky office at Bermuda. During peace there is little to be got or lost by it; but if, in the present combustible state of Western politics, a naval war should break out some fine morning, I might possibly be brought into the same scrape by my deputy (though of the Governor's appointment) as that which fell upon me like a thunder clap. Barrow agreed with me that I ought to look to the matter; and likewise that it would be the most prudent step, all circumstances considered, to resign the office.

September 1st. Started, in company with Hume, for Birmingham and Liverpool by the railroad. From this point my journalising was not very accurately attended to; the whirl of society in which I was kept not allowing me to "take note of time,"—I will not add "save by its loss,"—for it was anything but lost time to gather such a harvest of kindness and welcome as awaited me in Ireland at every step. The interruptions of our journey by the change from railroad to coach, and from coach back again to railroad, by no means agreeable. On our arrival at Vauxhall, too (near Birmingham), where the train stopped, the whole scene but too strikingly bore out the notion of those who see a tendency to *Americanise* in the whole course of the world at present. The way in which we were trundled out of the carriages, like goods, and all huddled together in the same room,—the rush up-stairs to secure beds,—the common supper-room for the whole party,—and the small double-bedded room in which Hume and I were (to my no small uncomfort) forced to pig together,—all struck me as approaching very fast the sublime of Yankeeism.

2nd. Took the railroad to Liverpool, and was quite enchanted with the swiftness and ease of our course.

There I sat, all the way, lolling in a most comfortable arm-chair, and writing memorandums in my pocket-book, as easily and legibly as I should at my own study table, while flying through the air at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Did the journey in about four hours and twenty minutes, and had but little time to look about us when we found ourselves on board the Liverpool packet. * * *

12th. Having appointed to go out to the Park, to the Ordnance Survey, went there with Petrie. Shown the whole by Mr. Larcom, and was as much struck with the man himself as by anything he showed me. The whole full of interest. Called in my way back on the Lord Lieutenant; and was told by Liddell, before I saw himself, that his Excellency had bid him say to me, that he hoped whenever I was not engaged elsewhere I would come and dine with him.

13th. Roused up about seven from my short sleep, by the arrival of Tom, who tramped up at once to my bedroom, looking very pale and ill. I had not told him of the night appointed for Nell's party, lest he should have made an effort to be there by starting sooner than the doctor might think prudent. Took him after breakfast to Crampton, who gave me every hope of his being soon brought round again. Went all of us,—Nell, Tom, and myself,—to dine with the Finlays to-day. In speaking of Irish history, it was not ill said by Finlay, "The lies are bad, and the truth still worse."

15th. Agreed to dine with Crampton *en famille*. Nobody but his own family; and a little after eight he and I and Tom proceeded to the theatre. Found I was rather late. Took my place in the front of Nell's box, between two very pretty sultanas she had provided for me, Georgiana O'Kelly and Miss Burne. The explosion on my ap-

pearance was tremendous, and when —— but it will save trouble to insert the "Morning Register's" account of the whole affair: —

"THEATRE ROYAL. — MR. MOORE, Sept. 15th, 1838. On Saturday night our illustrious poet — the true-hearted Irishman — had a reception at the theatre such as Irishmen are known to give when a heart is in every voice. The first piece had concluded before the shout of friendly recognition announced that the star of the night had appeared. The audience rose as one man, and again and again the long loud cheer swelled upon the ear, until the many-mouthed monster ceased through very weariness. It seemed the madness of joy. The second piece was then allowed to proceed, the shifting of each scene giving opportunity for some word of welcome. When the drop-scene fell, the cry for 'Three cheers for the Bard of Erin!' again called up every soul present; hats and handkerchiefs waving in one wide sea over the densely-crowded pit and galleries. Mr. Moore, evidently under the influence of feelings deeply touched, repeatedly rose in acknowledgment of the compliment; and as the applause had been frequently renewed, his lips were seen to move in involuntary expression of what he felt. A call for silence was then made, upon which the poet again rose and bowed, and, pointing to the stage, where the curtain had been raised, he resumed his seat. But what did those present value 'Robert Macaire'?—it was their illustrious countryman they went to see; and the cordial shout again rose as though it never were to die. There was nothing for it but to speak, even if the fixed heart had set itself against it; but it was not so, and Mr. Moore endeavoured to give utterance to what he felt in the following terms: —

"'Unusual as it is to speak from the boxes of a theatre,

I really cannot sit any longer silent under these repeated demonstrations of cordiality and affection, and therefore have nothing for it but to say, with Mr. Muddleworth, in the farce which we have just witnessed, "and now for my oration" (laughter). It would require a voice, I fear, of far more compass than I command to make myself heard by the numerous kind friends who have here assembled to greet me; though, had I the voice of Stentor himself, combined with the eloquence of Demosthenes, or of your own O'Connell (loud cheers), I should fail to convey to you a hundredth part of what I feel at this great, this overpowering kindness: not that I pretend to consider myself as wholly unworthy of such a reception—for that would be to do injustice to *you*, my kind friends, as well as to myself. No; you have had in other times, and you have still, far more able and eloquent champions of your cause ("no, no," and loud cheers). But, as the humble interpreter of those deep and passionate feelings—those proud, though melancholy, aspirations which breathe throughout our own undying songs—as the humble medium through which that voice of song and sorrow has been heard on other shores, awakening the sympathy of every people by whom the same wrongs, the same yearnings for freedom are felt—in this respect I cannot but flatter myself that I am not wholly unworthy of your favour (enthusiastic cheering). It may be in the recollection of most of my hearers, that, in one of the earliest of those songs, I myself foresaw and foretold the sort of echo they would awaken in other lands:—

> "The stranger shall hear our lament on his plains,
> The song of our harp shall be sent o'er the deep."

(Loud cheers.) This prediction I have lived to see accom-

plished — the stranger *has* heard our lament on his plains — the song of our harp *has* been sent o'er the deep — and wherever oppression is struggled against, or liberty cherished, there the strains of Ireland are welcomed as the language native to such feelings. It is a striking fact, that on the banks of the Vistula the "Irish Melodies" have been translated in a Polish sense, and are adopted by that wronged and gallant people as expressive of their own disastrous fate (loud cheers). Not to trespass any longer on your attention (hear and cheers), I shall only add, that there exists no title of honour or distinction to which I could attach half so much value, or feel half so anxious to retain unforfeited through life, as that of being called *your* poet — the poet of the people of Ireland.' (Enthusiastic cheering.)

"This brief address, which was repeatedly broken in upon by hearty cheers, was followed by tremendous applause. We do not speak of the performance of the dramatic corps; for, as we have already said, their doings had little to do with the attraction of the night."

17th. Went with a party, consisting of Mrs. Fitzsimon (O'Connell's daughter), and some others, to see the National School in Marlborough Street, and was much pleased, particularly with the *infant* part of it, which we found in the playground, and certainly never before saw so many happy, pretty, and picturesque urchins assembled together. Went to dine, Tom and myself, with Lord Morpeth, and had rather a whimsical adventure. In going out to the Park I have generally used one of those cabs (or *shanderadans*, as they call them) which my sister recommended me, driven by an odd fellow named Ennis, and thinking it was he who had driven me the last time I went to Lord Morpeth's, I merely said now at starting, "Go

to the same place you took me to the other evening." The length of the avenue to the house rather struck me, and when we arrived and were told they had gone to dinner, some mention of "the groom of the chamber," &c., made a sort of passing impression upon me, which, instead of startling, produced insensibly, I suppose, that change in all my associations which prepared me (so otherwise unaccountably) for what followed. After a little delay we were ushered into — the Lord Lieutenant's dining-room, where only himself, Lady Normanby, and the *aides-de-camp* were seated at their family dinner, and it was only by taking close order they were able to make room among them for Tom and myself. To Lord Normanby there was just sufficient, in the general invitation he had given me for *any day*, to prevent his being greatly surprised at my present intrusion; but my bringing my son also must have appeared to him a somewhat strong measure. Nothing, however, could be more kind than our reception by the whole party, and I was helped to soup and had finished it before the actual fact of what I had done and where I was flashed upon my mind. "Good God!" I exclaimed, "what a mistake I have committed!" "What!" said Lord Normanby, laughing, and at once seeing the whole fact of the case, "were you to have dined with Morpeth? That's excellent. Now we have you we'll keep you." Upon which he instantly ordered the *aide-de-camp* to send a messenger to Morpeth's to say, "We have stopped Mr. Moore on the way." The dinner very agreeable, but soon after we had retired to the drawing-room, I said, "Well, all this is very delightful so far; but I really must now go to the *right* place;" upon which Lord N. very kindly ordered one of his carriages to take me to Morpeth's, but it turned out that my own shanderadan had waited for me,

so off Tom and I set in it for the Secretary's, where we found a very large party, and I sung away for them at the rate of a dozen songs per hour, to make up for my default.

22nd. The day not very favourable for our passage home; but I cannot expect to be lucky in every thing. Tom danced till two in the morning at the Lord Lieutenant's. Went the first thing after breakfast to the Royal Irish Academy to look over a MS. life of Red Hugh, which Petrie yesterday told me of. Had luncheon at Nell's at three o'clock, and then set off, Hume and I, accompanied by Tom, to Kingstown. Encountered an odd scene on going on board. The packet was full of people coming to see friends off, and among others was a party of ladies who, I should think, had dined on board, and who, on my being made known to them, almost devoured me with kindness, and at length proceeded so far as to insist on each of them *kissing* me. At this time I was beginning to feel the first rudiments of coming *sickness*, and the effort to respond to all this enthusiasm, in such a state of stomach, was not a little awkward and trying. However, I kissed the whole party (about five, I think,) in succession, two or three of them being, for my comfort, young and good-looking, and was most glad to get away from them to my berth, which, through the kindness of the captain (Emerson), was in his own cabin. But I had hardly shut the door, feeling very qualmish, and most glad to have got over this osculatory operation, when there came a gentle tap at the door, and an elderly lady made her appearance, who said that having heard of all that had been going on, she could not rest easy without being also kissed as well as the rest. So, in the most respectful manner possible, I complied with the lady's request,

and then betook myself with a heaving stomach to my berth. * * *

24th. I shall now note down briefly, as well as I can recollect them, some particulars respecting my *studies* during the time I stayed in Dublin; scarcely a day having passed without my devoting some hours to the chief object I had in my visit. In the College library I found the abstract of the Book of Pandarus, which I wished to see. I also found some curious things (but *only* curious) in the catalogue Todd is making of the manuscripts of the library. Went through the manuscripts likewise, and took memorandums of the few things I saw much worthy of notice. Among others the contents of four of the books given by Archbishop Laud to the Bodleian, which I shall take a trip some time or other to see. Went through the "Annals of Clomnaenoise," and the "Annals of Inisfallen," one of which books of annals was, if I recollect right, at the Royal Irish Academy, and the other at the College. But the book to which I devoted the most time was O'Donovan's translation of the "Four Masters," beginning at the period when O'Connor's translation of the "Four Masters" ends. This work I found in the possession of Smith and Hodges, the booksellers, and passed some hours of almost every day, for the last ten or twelve of my stay, in looking over and making extracts from it. Found nothing, however, of much importance, their omission of some remarkable events being far more remarkable than anything they contain. For instance, the second visit of Richard II. to Ireland is entirely unnoticed by them. The day before my departure, Petrie reminded me that I had not looked through the MS. life of Red Hugh at the Royal Irish Academy; accordingly, immediately after breakfast the next morning, I went to the Academy, and,

taking with me the second volume of Sir W. Betham's "Antiquarian Researches," which professes to give an abstract of the said MS., found that the abstract would be quite sufficient for my purpose. Forgot whether I have mentioned among my memorandums a visit or two which I made to Betham during my stay. Found many curious things in his library, but almost all relating to periods later than that on which I am at present employed. Among some *accessible* books I found was the "Index to the Rolls of the English Parliament," which contains many references of importance respecting Ireland, and of which I must procure a copy. Have also, I think, omitted to mention my going to see the "Black Book" of Christ Church [Dublin], under the auspices of the Bishop of Kildare (a fine old man), who was remarkably kind to me, and wanted me to dine with him to meet Lady Stuart and her handsome daughter, but I was unluckily engaged. Went with him to Kirk's, to see his bust, my shanderadan being our conveyance. Only think! Tom Moore and a bishop cheek by jowl in a cab! * * *

It was Billy Murphy, I believe, who, fresh from reading my "Captain Rock," said to Corry, with the tears running down his cheeks, "Oh, its a beautiful book; I never before knew how ill-used we are." * * *

This is all, I think, of the communications received during my trip that deserve any particular notice. I forget whether I have mentioned the recollections that gradually came over me, at Lord Morpeth's table, the day Lord Lansdowne and myself dined quietly with him to go to the theatre. I had remarked, in the course of conversation, that it was a significant proof of the politics that had prevailed in the Castle during my lifetime, that I was but once before a guest in that house. When I came to

recollect, however, it turned out, that in the *one* instance which I had then called to mind, Sir Henry Hardinge had been my host, and that I had dined (whether at the Castle or Park, I now forget,) both with Elliot and (never-to-be-forgotten day) with Sir Arthur Wellesley. I say never to be forgotten, because on that day, the conversation happening to turn upon my poor friend Emmett, I was afforded an opportunity within those memorable walls of speaking of him as he deserved, and with Sir Arthur Wellesley for my most attentive, and apparently most interested, listener. Such a flight of daring at an Irish Secretary's table was, at that time, little less than a portent. But the merit was far less in the speaker than in the great listener; for even the most ordinary of Irish Secretaries could, from his very position, have consigned me to silence with a look. But I was encouraged by the attention of my auditor; and that very night, when undressing for bed, I remember saying to myself, "Well, thank God, I have lived to pronounce an eulogium upon Robert Emmett at the Irish Chief Secretary's table."

October 20th. Went to dine at Bowood. Company staying there, my old friends the Miss Berrys, Mr. Twopenny, and Henry's *quondam* tutor, Mr. Pashley. Sung in the evening. Miss Berry, as I now found from her, was present on that very evening (to me long memorable) when I made my first appearance as a singer in London. When I call it "*first* appearance," I mean before any very large or miscellaneous company. Miss Berry's description of the effect I produced tallied very much with my own recollections; and she also described (what I did not of course myself observe) the sort of contemptuous titter with which the fine gentlemen and amateurs round the pianoforte saw a little Irish lad led forth to exhibit after

all the fine singing that had been going on,—the changes in their countenances when they saw the effect I produced, &c. &c. I don't know whether I may not already have mentioned somewhere, that, on that night, as I was leaving the pianoforte, I heard a lady say, as I passed her, "And he's going to the Bar—what a pity!" Old Hammersley himself, who, it appeared, had also heard her, begged me, when I was taking my departure, to call upon him in the morning; and I found, on going to him at the time appointed, that his object was to express the regret he had felt at the foolish speech uttered in my hearing by this lady, and to advise me not to allow the admiration thus bestowed on my musical and poetical talent to divert my mind from the steady pursuit of the profession chosen for me. This I always thought most kind and fatherly in old Hammersley. A good deal of talk also with Miss Berry about the agreeable times we passed together at Tunbridge in 1805–6. Would I had begun journalising then! our ever-memorable party consisting of the Dunmores, Lady Donegal and sisters, the Duchess of St. Albans, Lady Heathcote, Lady Anne Hamilton, with the beautiful Susan Beckford (now Duchess of Hamilton) under her care, Thomas Hope (making assiduous love to Miss Beckford), William Spencer, Rogers, Sir Henry Englefield, &c. &c. Miss Berry reminded me of several odd incidents of that period.

27th. Had some beautiful singing in the chapel from Lady Barrington and Lady Williamson, Combe the organist having been brought over from Chippenham to accompany. Lady Williamson sung "Let the bright Seraphim" with great spirit and power. They sung, also, Haydn's beautiful "Tu di Grazie," in which I *could* have joined (as I told them afterwards), but did not volunteer.

Walked late in the day to Serjeant Mereweather's to dinner; nobody but Serjeant Cross and his lady and daughter to dinner. Sung a good deal for them in the evening, and had a fly home,—at least *thought* it was a fly (though much surprised at its smartness) till on coming to *pay*, I found it was Serjeant Cross's carriage.

November 15th. * * * Found a good many droppers-in at Brookes's, notwithstanding the dead season. Rich mentioned his having met Alava at dinner the other day, and his telling of Pitt's prophecy of the Spanish war a short time before his death. His saying that, Nothing was now to be done by the sovereigns; it must be a war of the people; and it was in Spain it would begin.

16th. Called upon Moxon, the publisher, to inquire about Rogers, whom the Hollands left behind them at Paris, and who has chosen an apartment for himself to which there are 120 steps of stairs to go up, this being Rogers's system to keep the *physique* for ever in play; if you once give it up, he thinks, all's over. Talking of my Edition, Moxon said there would be no doubt of its success. Wordsworth's (published by him, and for the edition of which he gives Wordsworth 1000*l.*; the same the Longmans give me) sells, he said, very well. Has already sold near 2000 copies. The Longmans printed, according to him, only 1000 of Southey; they mean, however, I believe, to print 8,000 or 10,000 of mine. * * *

When at Cramer's this morning had some conversation with Addison, and was glad to learn from him that the old things of mine he has had from Mrs. Power ("The Irish," The "National Melodies," "The Sacred Songs,") are still doing wonderfully well; hardly a post arrives that does not bring orders for some of them. Expressed himself quite surprised at the popularity and vitality there is still

in them. All this very agreeable to hear. Was curious to know from him which of the settings of my words, "They tell me thou'rt the favoured guest," was the most asked for and popular,—Balfe's, or the pretty air I originally wrote them to; and was sorry, though not surprised, to find that, though both sold very well, Balfe's was the most in request. In the same way, I found that a song of mine which I myself had entirely forgot, "The Dream of Home," (so little had either the words or music interested me) was one of those that sold the best. I wrote it, if I recollect right, to an air not of my own choosing; and the same ordinary *sing-song* style which caused it to make so little impression on my own mind was what recommended it to the great mass of song-buyers. I *may* be, all this time, calumniating both the song and its singers, for I took but a glimpse of it when Addison produced it; but, if I had felt it very much, I certainly should not have so entirely forgot it, particularly as little more than a year could have elapsed since its production.

19th. Had fixed with Sydney to call to take me to dinner; and in fixing the hour, he said, "Remember, I'm a *prose*-writer, — so be ready when I come." *Was* ready. Tom Longman's our dining-place. Company, Serjeant Talfourd, the Hart Davises, Merivale, junr., and one or two more.

20th. Dined at Brookes's alone: and having received a message from Drury Lane Theatre, to say that if I would come to the stage-door there would be a person waiting to receive me, set off there accordingly [to see the lions], and had my choice of private boxes given me. In the course of the piece was joined by Bunn, and went behind the scenes with him, where the mixture of materials, both human and bestial, was, to be sure, most as-

tounding. In one place was a troop of horse from Astley's, with the riders all mounted, and about and *among* them were little children with wings, practising their steps, while some maturer nymphs were pirouetting, and all looking as grave, — both riders, urchins, and nymphs, — as if the destiny of the world depended upon their several operations. A few steps further you came upon the lions, which I did rather too closely, and was warned off by Bunn. While I stood looking at them, there was also another gentleman, a grave and respectable looking young man, standing with his arms folded, and contemplating them in silence, while the animals were pacing about their cage without minding any of us. This, to my surprise, (I found from Bunn) was Mr. Van Amburgh, their tamer; and having heard since that he is under the impression he will one day or other be the victim of one of these animals (the lesser lion, I think), I must say that the grave earnestness with which he stood silently looking at them that night was such as one might expect from a person prepossessed with such a notion. Dreadfully wet night; got home in a cab.

21st. Called on Lady E. Fielding, who is staying at the Valletorts. Sat some time with Valletort. Talked of the Duke of Wellington, who is (deservedly) an idol of V.'s. The Duke's grief at Fitzroy Somerset's wound. Saying to some one who was congratulating him on the victory: "*Don't* congratulate me; I never was so torn by anything in my life." Dined at Bentley's; Luttrell and I going together. The company all the very *haut ton* of the literature of the day. First (to begin *low* on the scale) myself, then Mr. Jerdan, of the "Literary Gazette," then Mr. Ainsworth, then Mr. Lover, then Luttrell, and lastly, "Boz" and Campbell. Poor Campbell, I was

sorry to see, broken and nervous. Our host very courteous and modest, and the conversation rather agreeable. Lover sung, and I was much pressed to do the same, but refused, saying, rather unluckily, that I should feel as doing something unnatural to sing to a party of men. Forget, by the by, one of the cleverest fellows, Barham, the minor canon, my friend Hume's friend, and also Moran of "The Globe." Hume enclosed to me, some time after, a letter he had received from Barham, giving an account of this dinner, and in which (aware, no doubt, of Hume's habit of circulating his letters from friend to friend), he thus speaks of myself. After praising Luttrell's conversation, he adds, "Still he did not extinguish his neighbour who sat between him and Campbell, and who, beyond all question, bears away the palm from any man that I, and, I believe, any one else ever met in society."

22nd. Breakfasted at Brookes's, and from thence to the Longmans, calling at Beaufort Buildings in my way, to say I should come later in the day. Turner (the solicitor) not yet arrived. The signing and sealing of our agreements as to the Edition having been fixed to take place to-day. Had an advance of 100*l.* from them. The sum they are to give me for "The Edition" 1000*l.* The reading over and signing all the different papers took a good deal of time. Went up to their old book-loft to look over the volumes of the "Record Commission" (belonging to me), which I have not yet had down to Sloperton. Found nothing more among them that could be of any use to me. A man employed there in tracing the autographs of Melancthon from an old MS. common-place book, which is now proved to be all in his handwriting, and which Butler, the Bishop of Lichfield, bought some time since from the Longmans for 80*l.* Had it been known

then that the manuscript was all Melancthon's own, the book would have brought, the Longmans think, two or three hundred pounds. It is curious that Melancthon appears to have had three or four entirely different sorts of handwriting; and that not for the purposes of concealment or mystification, as he seems to have sometimes employed them *all* in writing the same letter or article. A curious whim! The pages also full of odd and grotesque drawings by the same hand. Dined at Murray's. Company, Lockhart, James Smith, Murchison, Penn, and some others. Murray mentioned to me his having two MS. volumes of Captain Morris's songs sent to him by the widow, with a view to publication; all *proper*, for a wonder. I had not the least notion that he had written so many produceable lyrics. Said that the widow indulged in most extravagant notions of what she was to make by them; talked of 10,000*l.*! Asked me should I like to look over them, and I said, Yes, very much.

24th. Started at seven alone, and continued so, with but a short interruption all the way, having Swift's "Tale of a Tub," which I bought at a stall, for my companion. At Calne took a fly and got home to Bess rather early.

Mem. Received, some time this month, from my Paris friend, Dillon of the "Bibliothèque," a copy of M. Thierry's "Etudes Historiques," sent me, through his hands, by that gentleman (the author of the "History of the Descent of the Normans"). I had seen this work at Millikin's some years since, and read the article in it on my "Melodies," which is very flattering and gratifying. The following is a part of Dillon's note, "M. Thierry handed me a few evenings ago the accompanying book, in order that I might forward it to you as a faint expression of admiration for your talents and character. You will

find these feelings expressed in one or two eloquent fragments of the work itself; a proof that they are not of recent growth in M. Thierry's bosom. Should you think proper to acknowledge this little *souvenir* by a letter or line to M. Thierry, he will feel very proud of it I am sure, and doubly so were you to send him a copy of your "Melodies," which he often speaks of as the source from which he derived the purest and best of his literary inspirations. I was delighted to see, the other day, the reception given you in Dublin. The Irish people deserve all that zeal and eloquence which you have displayed in their behalf. They are a grateful people, and a grateful people ought never to be despaired of," &c. &c.

I of course sent a copy of the "Irish Melodies," to M. Thierry. Received, also through Dillon, some time ago, two or three new brochures of M. Guizot, sent me from himself, as "*hommages.*"

December 16th. * * In talking of Hume's charming style, Allen said it was curious to trace the gradual formation of it (for it was the work of time and elaboration) from his earliest essays till it reached the point at which we see it in his History. Somebody ought to publish an edition of the History, correcting the mistakes.

17th. Bowles sent me, this morning, a Latin epitaph (ancient, I believe) and his own translation of it, with both of which he seems mightily pleased. The original (as well as I can remember) is as follows: "*Hic jacet Lollius juxta viam, ut dicant præterientes, Lolli vale!*"

TRANSLATION.

"Here Lollius lies, beside the road,
That they who journey by
May look upon his last abode,
And 'Farewell, Lollius,' sigh."

This last line is as bad as need be, and so Lord Holland seemed to think, as well as myself. I suggested, as at least a more natural translation of it,

"And say, 'Friend Loll, good bye!'"

Which Lord H. improved infinitely by making it,

"And say, 'Toll Loll, good bye!'"

Some talk with Lord Holland about Morris's songs, the MS. volumes of which Murray sent after me from town. Repeated to him the pretty lines: —

"My muse, too, when her wings are dry,
No frolic flights will take,
But round the bowl she'll dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake;"—

which he was, of course, pleased with, but did not seem to think much of Morris's talent, in general. Certainly in the immense heap which the two MS. volumes contain, I found none but the few already known to me that were at all worth saving from oblivion, and this I told Murray in returning them. There was one, a political song, which I had forgot, but which for its rhythmical adaptation of the words to the air is wonderful. It begins: —

"*We be*
Emperors *three*,
Sandy, and Franky, and little *Boney*;"

and preserves this structure most lyrically throughout. The following scraps I have thought worth transcribing for old recollection's sake: —

"Old Horace, when he dipp'd his pen,
'Twas wine he had resort to;
He chose for use Falernian juice,
As I choose old Oporto.

"At every bout an ode came out,
Yet Bacchus kept him twinkling,
As well aware more fire was there,
Which wanted but the sprinkling.

* * *

"Then what those think, who water drink,
Of those old rules of Horace,
I won't now show, but this I know,
His rules do well for Morris."

And the following, from his excellent mock praises of a country life: —

"Where nothing is seen
But an ass on a common or goose on a green.

And it's odds if you're hurt, or in fits tumble down,
You reach *death* ere the doctor can reach *you* from town.

In the country how sprightly our visits we make
Through ten miles of mud for formality's sake,
With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,
And no thought in your head but a ditch or a bog.

To look at fine prospects with tears in one's eyes.

But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,
And for groves—oh, a fine grove of chimneys for me!

But in London, thank heaven! our peace is secure,
Where for one eye to kill there's a thousand to cure.

In town let me live, then, in town let me die,
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I!
If one *must* have a villa in summer to dwell,
Oh give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall."

1839.

JANUARY 1st. Tuesday. At Bowood: Bessy, Russell, and myself having come here on Saturday last. Company in the house, Charles Fox, Lady Mary, Lady Kerry, and Pashley, with the addition, yesterday, of Lady Elizabeth and Horatia. Fine fun for Russell, as two of the nights we had Acted Charades, in which Charles Fox, Shelburne, and Russell were the performers, and yesterday a large party went out riding, of which Russell made one. Charles gave us his imitations of the national singing of different countries, the conversations of Hottentots, &c., and the whole time has been very cheerful and amusing. Yesterday took place the usual dinner to the children of Lady L.'s school in the conservatory, which was very pretty and interesting, all the ladies attending upon them, and Bessy, of course, quite in her element. Our whole visit very agreeable. Forget whether I mentioned that I wrote to the scrap-book man, declining definitely his proposal. It is too provoking to think that while I have been now nearly two years at work at the third volume of my "History" (not even yet finished) for which I am to receive but 500*l.*, I should be thus obliged to refuse the same sum for a light task which I could accomplish with ease in three months!

In this month Moore received from M. Thierry the following letter: —

"MONSIEUR, — Rien ne pouvait m'être plus agréable que votre lettre, et le present que vous avez eu la bonté d'y joindre. Je suis heureux de tenir de vous ce livre que j'admire et dont je me suis inspiré. Votre poëtsie patrio-

tique me parut, il y a bien des années, non seulement le cri de douleur d'Irlande, mais encore le chant de tristesse de tous les peuples opprimés. C'est de la vive impression qu'elle fit sur moi après nos désastres de 1815, qu'est venu, en grande partie, le sentiment que domine dans l'Histoire de la Conquête d'Angleterre. Le livre, auquel vous avez la bonté d'accorder un suffrage qui m'est bien précieux vous doit beaucoup; et je suis heureux de vous le dire. On en fait en ce moment une édition plus ornée et plus correcte que les précédentes; permettez-moi de vous l'offrir; dès qu'elle sera imprimée, vous en recevrez un exemplaire. Agréez-le, Monsieur, comme un témoinage de gratitude, et croyez aux sentimens de haute estime et d'admiration avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être, &c. &c."

18th, 19th. Received a letter one of these days from Mrs. Shelley, who is about to publish an edition of Shelley's works, asking me whether I had a copy of his "Queen,"—that as originally printed for private circulation; as she could not procure one, and took for granted that I must have been one of those persons to whom he presented copies. In answering that I was unluckily *not* one of them, I added, in a laughing way, that I had never been much in repute with certain great guns of Parnassus, such as Wordsworth, Southey, her own Shelley, &c. Received from her, in consequence, a very kind and flattering reply, in which she says, "I cannot help writing one word to say how mistaken you are. Shelley was too true a poet not to feel your unrivalled merits, especially in the department of poetry peculiarly your own, — songs and short poems instinct with the intense principle of life and love. Such, your unspeakably beautiful poems to Nea; such, how many others! One of the first things I remember with Shelley was his repeating to me one of your *gems*

with enthusiasm. In short, be assured that as genius is the best judge of genius, those poems of yours which you yourself would value most, were admired by *none* so much as Shelley. You know me far too well not to know I speak the exact truth."

20th. I am not sure whether I have mentioned that when last in town, I spoke to Hobhouse about our little Russell, and his wish to become an Indian soldier. Hobhouse then said that his cadetships for that year had been all given away, but that *if* (emphatic, as it well might be) his official life lasted long enough, my son should not be forgotten. I have lately reminded him on the subject, and he has most promptly and kindly appointed Russell to a cadetship. We have accordingly taken him from the Charter House, and in order to prepare him for Addiscombe, have sent him to a preparatory school at Edmonton, Dr. Firminger's.

February 1st to 3rd. The same monotonous course of life, which leaves but little for journalising. Have again played the same trick upon Bessy, with respect to her supplies for the poor, as I have done more than once before,—have confidentially got Boyse to send her a five-pound note, as if from himself, for the poor of Bromham. It makes her happy without the drawback of knowing it comes from my small means, and, in the way she manages it, does a world of good.

4th to 7th. Received a letter from my Calcutta friend, whose first letter I took a whole year to answer, though he sent me a volume of poems with it that showed a good deal of talent. He is, however, in very good humour with me, and bears testimony to my accuracy as an orientalist, which, from such a quarter, is not a little satisfactory. After saying some flattering things, such as that, "a man

who has the admiration of nations need concern himself very little about the opinion of a small poetaster in Calcutta," he adds, "and yet after all, perhaps, my local knowledge of Orientalism may render me in some respects by no means a contemptible judge of the fidelity of some of your Eastern descriptions. It appears to me that the character of most oriental scenes and nations exhibits that general resemblance which enables a person, familiar with a part of them, to judge pretty fairly of all oriental poetry. If this be true, I may venture to speak with some confidence of the exquisite fidelity of your oriental descriptions. I have been for some few years a Professor of English literature at the Hindu College (a noble institution for the instruction of the natives in the literature and science of the West), and I have always found poetry greedily devoured by the students."

26th. Bessy and I started for Napier's, on our long-promised visit. Found Roebuck with him, whom I was very glad to meet, and even more surprised than glad, as nothing could be less like a firebrand than he is, his manner and look being particularly gentle. But this is frequently the case; my poor friend Robert Emmett was as mild and gentle in his manner as any girl. Roebuck stayed but a short time, having to return to Bath by the boat, which I was sorry for.

27th. Young Falkner, the brother-in-law of Roebuck, came, and soon after Roebuck himself joined us. Conversation on various subjects, — America, mesmerism, &c. &c., — all very agreeable. Some allusion having been made to my squibs, Roebuck said that I had described *him* (which I had myself forgot) dancing a fandango with Recorder Shaw. On the subject of mesmerism I found Roebuck to be much of the same opinion as myself —

that the next folly to that of swallowing all its marvels is that of rejecting them all. The very circumstance, as I remarked, of its rising again and again into notice, at no very distant intervals, after having been crushed as it was thought by the ridicule of the world and the quackery of its own professors, shows that there is some germ of real truth and life in it. Was sorry when Roebuck and his brother-in-law left us, as they would have been a most welcome ingredient in our evening party; but they were obliged to go.

28th. Went shopping, and made a purchase I have long dreamed of, but could never muster up courage enough for the outlay, namely, a fire-proof box for valuable papers. It cost me, after all, but 5*l.*, and the ease of mind it will give me on that score is well worth the money.

March 4th to 7th. Bessy better, thank God. From an account of a duel between Roebuck and Lord Powerscourt which has appeared in the papers, I find it must have taken place the very morning after the day when we last saw him at Freshford.

8th, 9th. A letter from Mrs. Napier to Bessy, from which it appears that Roebuck was on his way to town that Wednesday for the purpose of the duel with Lord P., having left Mrs. Roebuck under the impression that he was to pass the night at Napier's. I must say, with such an affair on his mind, the composure and cheerfulness of his conversation and manner was not a little remarkable.

28th. An amusing letter from Byng, telling me one or two ludicrous things which have happened lately, evidently, I think (though he does not say as much), for the purpose of tempting me into squibs thereon. The following are extracts from his note:—"Are you aware that Grosvenor

Square is at length completely lighted with gas? Are these new lights preparatory to taking office? If you have not already been told, you may be glad to hear that the High Church at Oxford having, as you know, acquired an enormous subscription to build a temple or monument to Cranmer, sought out, and at length as they thought found, the very spot where he was buried, and, still more fortunately, discovered his bones. The bones were sent to Professor Buckland, who, having examined them, pronounced them to be the bones of a *cow*."

April 4th to 7th. Received a letter one of these days, at which, on the first glance, we were rather alarmed, thinking it was our own J. Russell that had met with some accident while at play. It was as follows, dated from Ipswich:—"Sir,—Mr. J. Russell, while amusing us with his entertainment here, a short time since, stated, when speaking of phrenology, that Mr. Deville was visited by yourself and Dr. Lardner; that you were pronounced a mathematician, and the learned Doctor a poet. Mr. Deville assures me the assertion is incorrect. May I beg the favour of a reply? Apologising for troubling you on so trifling an occasion, I have the honour, &c., A. B. Cook." Wrote in answer to him, that the story, though a very good one, had not the slightest foundation in truth. Something analogous to it, however, *did* happen, which I had half a mind to tell him. When Deville first examined my head, without the least idea who I was, he found in it a great love of *fact*, which Rogers, I recollect, laughed at, saying, "He had discovered Moore to be a matter-of-fact man!" Deville, however, was quite right in his guess. I never was a reader of works of fiction; and my own chief work of fiction ("Lalla Rookh") is founded on a long and laborious collection of facts. All the customs,

the scenery, every flower from which I have drawn an illustration, were inquired into by me with the utmost accuracy; and I left no book that I could find on the subject unransacked. Hence arises that matter-of-fact adherence to Orientalism for which Sir Gore Ouseley, Colonel Wilks, Carne, and others, have given me credit.

May 3rd. * * * On my saying something, by the by to Landor of my consciousness of the little value that any thing I had done in the way of poetry must bear in his eyes (meaning the eyes of his school altogether), he answered, "On the contrary, I think you have written a greater number of beautiful lyric poems than any one man that ever existed." Corry reminded me of a good criticism on our Kilkenny theatricals, by some one who said, that of all the stage company he infinitely preferred the prompter; and why? "Because he is least seen and best heard:" also a very Irish description given by Harry Bushe of the place which he held under Government, namely, "Resident surveyor, with perpetual leave of absence." I took the Devizes coach home, having bought a book at Bath to amuse myself with on the way, "Select Funeral Orations of Thucydides, Plato, Lysias," &c. &c. in the *original!* I had the help of notes, however.

9th to 12th. A visit from Bowles one of these days. Showed me some new progeny of his muse, which really breeds rabbit-fashion. This was prose, however, and theological; tracing the Catholic adoration of the host to the circular image of the sun worshipped at Heliopolis. But why not take the cross itself, which formed a part of the religious worship of the Egyptians?* This, however,

* The Egyptians were acquainted also with the Trinity, as would seem by the inscription on the obelisk in the Circus Maximus at Rome, — Μέγας θεὸς, θεογενητὸς, παμφεγγής.

would involve somewhat more than the mere Catholic case, and is therefore let alone. The Catholics, however, instead of shrinking from this sort of parallelism between their religion and that of the heathen, are, on the contrary, proud of it; and Bishop Baines the other day, in showing me some magnificent engravings executed at Rome, representing the grand ceremonies of the Church, remarked how closely the fans borne by the attendants resembled the *flabella* carried in the holy rites of the Egyptians. This shows good sense, I must say, as well as fearlessness, and affords in itself a pregnant distinction between the ancient and the mere upstart.

13th to 14th. The following are a few of the things that struck me in my Greek studies the other day in the Bath coach. *Γνώμη μὴ ἀξύνετος*, a mode of expression resembling the English one "He is no fool," meaning that he is a man of very good sense. Plato, too, in one of these orations uses the same form of speech,—*οὐ πάνυ φαύλη*, i. e. *ἀγαθή*. Thucydides thus tersely and sensibly describes the difficulty there is in hitting the true medium in oratory,—*χαλεπὸν γὰρ τὸ μετρίως εἰπεῖν*. The following sentence, quoted from Sallust, *de Bell. Jug.*, might aptly be applied to our great Duke;—"*Ac sane, quod difficillimum imprimis, et prœlio strenuus erat et bonus consilio.*"

29th. Went to breakfast with Lord John, having written yesterday to say I would. No one but his sister, Lady Georgiana (who now lives with him), at breakfast. Had the children in for me to see them. Talked of poor Lord Essex, whom he had seen but two or three days before his death. His spirit and his interest in politics unflagging to the last. Urging Lord John to do something bold and decisive; and when Lord John said, in replying, "Yes, we must take some steps," "Some steps!"

said the gallant old fellow, interrupting him, "Why, the carriage is at the door, and you've nothing to do but to *step* into it, and drive on." Speaking at the same time of the change of feeling that had taken place in all ranks, Lord Essex said, "I remember when we used to wear our stars of a morning; now, even in the evening, we are inclined to hide them under our waistcoats." He then told Lord John an anecdote of his walking in the street one morning with the late Duke of Queensberry, when both were young men (returning, I believe, from some night party), and the Duke had on a large star. As they passed some labouring men, one of them looked at the star, and then turning to his companions gave a significant laugh or smile. "What!" said the Duke, after they had gone by, slapping his star as he spoke, "have they found out this humbug at last?" All this lively talk took place but two days, I believe, before Lord Essex died; and he in his 82nd year! His death leaves a great gap in the social circle.

Praised Macaulay's late articles in the "Edinburgh," and agreed with me in lamenting that his great powers should not be concentrated upon *one* great work, instead of being scattered thus in Sybil's leaves; inspired, indeed, but still only leaves. I did not express the thought quite in this way, but such was my meaning. Went from Lord John's to Rogers's. Met Savage Landor on the way, who walked with me through the Park. I had previously called at Lord Carlisle's, and found Lord Morpeth, with whom I sat for a little while; and then, being so near, paid a visit also to Lady Lilford, and saw both her beautiful self, and her beautiful little boy. Told me that Lord Holland was very far from well.

June 1st. Saw by the bills that my counterpart "Tim

Moore" was to be acted once more, "by desire," this evening, and resolved not to miss it. Went to Haymarket, and left word that I would come. Dinner at Spottiswoodes', Mrs. Robert Arkwright, Longmans, &c. &c.; a very large party. Told Mrs. S. that I must leave her for a short time (not saying where I was going) at half-past nine, but would positively return; she, though a little distrusting me, very good-humoured about it; her guests, however, on seeing me rise to depart, warned her not to let me slip out of her hands, as I was sure not to return. Got a swift cab, and rattled off to the Haymarket (from Bedford Square no trifling distance); but found they had told me too early an hour, as the piece preceding "Tim Moore" was still not nearly finished. This rather *contrariant;* but I was well rewarded for the effort, having been seldom more amused. The instructions of the Blue lady to her sister Blues (the scene laid, too, at Devizes) as to the manner in which they were to receive the supposed poet; their getting him to write in their albums, &c.; the old dandy who is to cry "Dem'd foine" at everything the poet utters; all very comical. The medley, too, which the Blue lady sings, made out of the first lines of the different "Irish Melodies," as well as of the first few bars of each air, is exceedingly well contrived, and was most tumultuously encored. When she came again, it was with an entirely new selection from the "Melodies," equally well strung together. Altogether, between the fun of the thing, and the flattering proofs it gave of the intimate acquaintance of the public with me and my country's songs, I was kept in a state between laughing and crying the whole time. The best of it all, too, was, that I enjoyed it completely *incog.*, being in a little nook of a box where nobody could get a glimpse of me. Dashed

off again, before it was quite over, to Bedford Square, and found that already more than suspicions had begun to be entertained of my fidelity. Lost no time in making up for the delay by sitting down immediately after Mrs. Arkwright, and singing, as well as the breathless bustle I had been in would let me.

4th. Breakfasted this morning with Rogers. The party, Sir Robert Inglis (my first time of ever meeting with him), Babbage, and Milnes, the M.P. and poet; Sir Robert Inglis very agreeable, and, like most men who are *strong* in their *opinions*, mild and gentle in *manner*. Received me with marked kindness, notwithstanding our antipodism.

9th. Dined at Miss Rogers's. Some talk with Webster, the American, who said, in a very marked manner, that it gave him great pleasure to make my acquaintance. It is always agreeable to me to be kindly received by Americans. Told him of my having received a letter within these four days from a countryman of his, dated from the Coho Falls. An odd letter, too, it is; here are some specimens of it:—"Many are the nights that have seen my head pillowed on a volume of your poems; and I am now reading your 'Life of Lord Byron,' for the thirtieth or fiftieth time, with increased zest." He afterwards breaks off into the following sally:—"But I must tell you that at this very moment, as I am writing, a beautiful young lady in the next room is singing a certain lyric, which I presume you have seen, commencing 'Oft in the stilly night.' I must stop and hear it. . . . Beautiful, by Jove! You have visited our country; may we not hope to see you again? Do you remember writing some years ago some stanzas at the Coho Falls? Do you remember the cataract, and the scenery adjacent? Do you remember

the humble cottage in which you became domesticated? That cottage is still standing; the cataract and adjacent scenery are still the same, unless it be that the forest is shorn of its scenery. I spent a few days in the same cottage, during the past summer, and used probably to walk in the same paths which your footsteps had so often trod. I endeavoured to discover your favourite haunt, and through the assistance of the family now occupying the cottage was enabled to do so. The accompanying lines were written at the spot, and under the influence of the association and scenery. They were pencilled in a blank leaf of a volume of your poems."

10th. Breakfasted at home, and corrected a sheet of the "Epicurean." Have not had time to continue my corrections of the first volume of the Edition. Went to the Row for the purpose of arranging the order of the works with Tom Longman. Learned from him the astounding fact that my scribblings in verse amount to between 80 and 90,000 lines! "Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day," and why shouldn't I? Did not get away from the Row till half-past four, making more than four hours of work.

13th. What I wrote to my dear Bess yesterday was but too true,—that the manner in which I am pulled about here in all directions, by callers, diners, authors, printers' devils, is quite too much for one little gentleman to stand.

15th. * * * Went to the British Museum, and, having been told that it was a holiday, asked for Panizzi, who was full of kindness, and told me the library should be at all times accessible to me, and that I should also have a room entirely to myself, if I preferred it at any time to the public room. He then told me of a poor Irish labourer now at work about the Museum, who, on hearing the

other day that I was also sometimes at work there, said he would give a pot of ale to any one who would show me to him the next time I came. Accordingly, when I was last there, he was brought where he could have a sight of me as I sat reading; and the poor fellow was so pleased, that he doubled the pot of ale to the man who performed the part of showman. Panizzi himself seemed to enjoy the story quite as much as I did. Received a note from Montalembert, full of kind and well-turned praise, which I fear I have lost. Should have been glad to transcribe it here, along with those many other tributes which I feel the more gratified by from an inward consciousness that I but little deserve them. Yet this is what, to the world, appears vanity. A most egregious though natural mistake. It is the really self-satisfied man that least minds or cares what others think of him.

16th. Breakfasted at home, and went afterwards to Rogers, who was most kind and agreeable, as he has been indeed through my whole time here. Made me stay with him. Said that, whenever he is asked "Where Mr. Moore is?" he always answers, "He is at this moment in three different places." Walked with me on my way to Moore's, the sculptor's, where I sat for some time. Went a quarter before three to Westminster Abbey, to meet Lady Lansdowne and Louisa, for the purpose of hearing service. I sat with Milman in his prebendal seat, and they somewhere else. A beautiful anthem. Dined at Holland House. Had been asked to Lady Morgan's. Called there on my way out to say that I should be with them in the evening. Company at Holland House, Lady Keith and her charming daughter, Lady Cowper (looking as young and handsome as *any* daughter), Lord Clarence Paget, Byng, and Lady Agnes. Sat at dinner

between Lady Cowper and Mademoiselle de Flahault. To my astonishment, on our joining the ladies in the evening, saw a fine pianoforte prepared for the occasion; a most new and portentous appearance at Holland House, and *why* there now, I could not understand, though I saw my own fate clearly in the apparition. Mademoiselle de Flahault played a little, and then I sang three or four songs.

19th. Some pleasant talk with Strangford about old times; the times when he and I were gay young gentlemen (and both almost equally penniless) about town, and that rogue C. was tricking us both out of the profits of our first poetical vagaries. The price of a horse (30*l.*) which C. advanced, the horse falling lame at the same time, was all that Strangford, I believe, got from him for his "Camoens," and my "Little" account was despatched in pretty much the same manner. I remember, as vividly almost as if it took place but yesterday, C. coming into my bedroom about noon one day (some ball having kept me up late the night before), and telling me that, on looking over my account with him, he found the balance against me to be about 60*l.* Such a sum was to me, at that time, almost beyond counting. I instantly started up from my pillow, exclaiming, "What *is* to be done?" when he said very kindly, that if I would make over to him the copyright of "Little's Poems" (then in their first flush of success) he would cancel the whole account. "My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "most willingly, and thanks for the relief you have given me." I cannot take upon myself now to say how much this made the whole amount I received for the work, but it was something very trifling; and C. himself told a friend of mine, some years after, that he was in the receipt of nearly 200*l.* a year from the sale of that volume.

The following is the note which I mentioned having received some days since from M. de Montalembert:—

"Sir,—As I dare not hope to have the good luck of finding you at home when I call on you, I cannot refrain from writing these few lines in order to express the deep gratification I have felt in meeting you and hearing you at Mr. Milnes. Your poems have been the earliest and one of the highest objects of my admiration. They were particularly my guide and delight during my journey in Ireland, when I used to hear the 'Melodies' sung, and really felt, in every priest's house and every peasant's cabin where I halted. To hear them from the lips of their own inspired author, and to enjoy his company even for so short a time, has been a pleasure greater than I could have anticipated, and will for ever remain stamped in my remembrance. Allow me to offer you the enclosed pages (which were the first productions of my humble pen), not as anything in the least worthy of you, but as a slight token of my ardent sympathy for your country and yourself. I remain, &c. &c."

August 19th. * * * A letter, in which our old friend Kenny announced his intention of coming to us, written last June, is, for its cleverness and *tournure*, well worth copying here. The application of Erasmus's words tickled my fancy (and *vanity*, of course,) exceedingly.

"My dear Moore,—I am very glad of a pretence for writing to you; for, ever since the time we were roosting like a nest of owls in the ruins of Bellevue, when you were wont to clamber up the crazy staircase to cheer me with your sunshiny visits, I have ever and anon regretted the very brief as well as the 'few and far between' renewals of our intercourse. For, how true what Erasmus has said of you, '*Thomæ Mori, quid unquam finxit natura vel*

mollius, vel dulcius, vel felicius?'—and, recollecting those days, who more sensible of its truth than I am? And, again, '*Thomæ Mori, domus nihil aliud quam Musarum est domicilium.*' But this all the world knows; yet even Erasmus says nothing of the peerless lady (in addition to the Muses) of which this *domus* is also the *domicilium;* and this brings me to the 'pretence' of recalling myself to your mutual recollection." He then tells us of his daughter being in our neighbourhood, and asks of Bessy to "give her once in a way a half-holiday" at Sloperton. "I know," (he adds) "I am making this request to one who has resisted ever the lures of the great world to follow the quiet ways of her own heart; and she may reckon this among the charities that are wont to occupy her." A subsequent letter announced his coming, and we had his daughter to meet him.

December 15th. * * * A thing Lord John said to me struck me as peculiarly melancholy (coming from *him*, so highly placed as he is, in every respect), though it is a sort of feeling that often comes over my own mind. On his speaking of the speed with which time seems to fly, I said to him, "If you find it so now, what will you say of it when you are as old as I am?" "I don't know," he replied, in his quiet manner; "for my part, I feel rather glad it's gone."

19th to 20th. In a letter from Miss Pigot of Southwell, was a poem written by some young lady, a relative of the writer, and addressed to me.

Lines addressed to the Author of Lalla Rookh.

"And what is writ is writ,
Would it were worthier!"

"Enchanter, wake! thy harp that sleeps,
The muse that now neglected weeps,
Silent have lain too long;
Oh, let one lingering heaven-born note,
Like an expiring echo float,—
Arouse thee, child of song!

"Shall envious spirits smiling tell
How pass'd the mighty wizard's spell?
No, wake each slumb'ring strain:
Prove thy bright genius ever young,
And let thy hand in fervour flung
Strike thy own harp again!

* * * *

"Then by thy loved, thy Emerald Isle,
By beauty's once so worshipp'd smile,
By rock, and tree, and flower;
By the green sea and the blue skies,
By woman's love and woman's eyes,
Recal thy former power!

"By thy young spirit's golden dream,
By all that once did joyous seem,
Be what thou wert of yore;
By earth beneath, by heav'n above,
By all that you have loved or love,
Awake thee, Thomas Moore!"

21st. Lord John came over to Sloperton to see Bessy, and brought his little children with him; but, unfortunately, Bessy had gone upon some business to Devizes, and so missed him. Nothing can be more touching than to see him with these children, and he has them almost always with him. Took them up to my study, which he wished the children to see; and I there sung the "Crystal Hunters" for them, the eldest girl (who is clever, and has shown a taste for drawing,) having made a sketch from that song. In going away, he promised to bring the children again when he is sure of finding Mrs. Moore

at home. The youngest little girl (his own child), who is a very odd, original little thing, sings a song about "Long live *Keen* Vittoria" in a very amusing style.

28th. Miss Fox showed me, after breakfast, a letter she had just received from Lord Holland, respecting the case of Frost, she having written to him, it appeared, in favour of leniency. Was struck with the clearness and precision of style with which he stated his own opinion on the subject, though the letter was evidently a hasty one, written just as he was about to hurry away to the Cabinet.

1840.

FEBRUARY 1st and 2nd, 1840. The following note from Miss Coutts: — "MY DEAR MR. MOORE, — I have this moment received, with the greatest pleasure, the enclosed note from Mr. Loch, through Mr. Marjoribanks. I lose no time in forwarding it to you, as I feel how anxious you must be on the subject; and I must again beg you to accept the assurance of the very great satisfaction it has given me to be of any service to you." She adds, in a postscript, "Should your son be in town any time, I should hope he will do me the favour of calling." This news gave us all great pleasure, though my poor Bessy saw in it the sad certainty of her soon losing, or at least being separated, and perhaps for ever, from the one whom (*next* to myself) she most clings to and loves.

12th, 13th. Received a letter lately from Crampton, in answer to a note I wrote him under the apprehension that he was seriously ill. Happy to find that the attack (gout) had passed off, and that he is himself (he *could not* be anything better) once more. The following, which he tells me about Tom, is at once frightful and ridiculous: — "I forget if I told you that I strongly suspect that I have discovered the exciting cause of Tom's convulsive attack. The infernal folly of our military service (I mean, of course, that part of it which regulates the dress of soldiers) has determined that to *look* like a fighting man, an unfortunate soldier must *be* a choking man; and poor Tom, who is the pink of soldiers, wore his stock and his collar so strictly according to order, that the jugular veins were so com-

pressed that the blood could not return from his head. I observed that his face had a violet tint, and that the veins on the temple were full to bursting. On examination, I found the collar so tight, that I could not pass the tip of my finger between it and his throat. He confessed to me that he was 'half choked,' and that he could not stoop or turn his head to the right or left. I need not tell you that I soon made him violate the Queen's order, and that he has lost all the uneasy sensations which he used to experience in his head from that hour."

16th, 17th. It had now become absolutely necessary for me to go to town on Russell's business, and accordingly I prepared, or rather my sweet active Bess, with her usual diligence, prepared everything for my departure.

19th. My first visit was to Rogers, whom I found remarkably well and full of kindness. Agreed with me that the three men now most looked to by the people of England were the Duke, Lord John, and Peel. Mentioned, *àpropos* of this, what he had told me of the Duke saying to him last year, in speaking of the Ministry, "Lord John is a host in himself." When he found I had not yet engaged myself to dinner, proposed that I should call with him at Lord Ashburton's, where he was to dine, and where he was sure they would be glad to have me; but I did not much fancy it. Walked out with him, and went to Lansdowne House, where he left me. Found Lady L., Lady Louisa, and Lady Kerry. Taken by Lady K. in her carriage to Sackville Street, and thence to Brookes's, where she dropped me. A most charming person, and gains more upon me every time I see her. Something quite touching in her present position — *in* the world, but not *of* it. The very cheerfulness which she has now, I am glad to see, regained, has a calm and deep sentiment mixed with it,

which (even without the weeds) sufficiently tells her story. * * *

By the by, was taken to task to-day by R., who is just come from Ireland, for not making a large allowance to Tom, such as would enable him "to live like a gentleman." B., too, who was by, joined in the same cry. I told them (in the very few words I could trust myself with saying on the subject) that they little knew how hard I was pressed to make out the allowance I at present gave him, and that there were some men, as good as he or any of us, who lived on their pay, without any additional allowance at all. "Aye, these (they said) are rare instances." "Then why (I asked) should not my son be one of them?" But there was no use in any such appeal. He ought to be enabled to "live like a gentleman!" as if the living like a *man* was not something far higher and better. But such is the standard of station at present in England, where (as has been lately remarked) poverty is ignominious. Nor can we wonder at young, giddy schoolboys and ensigns having such notions, when their superiors and guides, the colonels, tutors, fellows of colleges, &c., all set them the example, and make money, money alone, the test of the man and the gentleman. I think I must have mentioned in this journal a somewhat parallel case to R.'s view of the matter, in what —— of the Charter House said to me when it was intended that Tom should go from thence to the University. After informing me that the exhibition coming to him from the Charter House would be, on an average, about 100*l.* a year, he coolly added, "To that you would have to give him from yourself only 150*l.* a year." That is the *half* of the *only* income (my pension) that ever I possess without working hard for it; aye, and sharing my earnings all the time with almost everybody

related to me. If I had thought but of "living like a *gentleman*" (as those colonels and tutors style it), what would have become of my dear father and mother, of my sweet sister Nell, of my admirable Bessy's mother?

23rd. Met Hume, by appointment, at Brookes's. Went with me to Paternoster Row, where I had fixed to meet T. Longman. Returned in an omnibus; Hume to proceed home, and I to pay a visit to the Duke of Sussex at Kensington. Buckland was with the Duke, and I had to wait a little time. Found that Buckland had been showing and explaining to him a new invention for the taking off or copying any printing or engraving by means of electricity. Bank notes, for instance, can be thus copied instantly and accurately. Could hardly refrain from throwing in the pun of "*flash* notes" while he was describing this to me. Complained strongly of the encroachment there was now going on of the spiritual on the temporal, and the confusion it was producing.

24th. Dined at Holland House. A good deal of talk about Erskine, and the particulars of his first brief, much of which, as now told by Rogers, was quite different from the account given me of it by Jekyll; but Rogers, it seems, took it all down from Erskine's own lips. Came away with Rogers, and went to Lady Minto's: a large assembly. Saw there many a familiar face, to which I could annex no name; and while some persons, I dare say, were passed by formally whom I once knew well and intimately, there was one lady whose hand I seized cordially (on her making some movement which I took for recognition), and it turned out that she was an utter stranger to me. Luckily, however, I was not such to her, for on my apologising, she said, with much sweetness and good breeding, "Mr. Moore must be well aware that to be addressed

by him, whether known or unknown, cannot be otherwise than a compliment."

25th. Performed some commissions, and went down to Paternoster Row (having first made my excuse to the Milmans for Friday). Worked at the Edition, and transposed a good deal of the matter. They think of publishing the first volume in April, which is alarming. Found from Tom Longman that there is some chance of their being able to bring out the "History," some time or other, in a better shape than that vile Lardnerian *format*. Showed me the items of the expense of our forthcoming edition (the Poems), amounting to more than 7000*l*.!

26th. Went to call upon Marjoribanks, and on my mentioning the desire I had to get Russell's appointment changed, if possible, from Madras to Bengal, he advised me to go at once to Loch, the director, myself, and ask him to do it for me. Wrote a letter for me to take to Loch, very strongly and kindly expressed, and I instantly set off with it to the India House. Saw Mr. Loch, who received me most cordially (though we never, that I know, set eyes on each other before), and in a very few minutes my object was accomplished. On my mentioning what my wish was, he said, "I rather think I have got *one* Bengal appointment left;" then ringing the bell, he ordered the person who answered it to bring him some paper which he described, and having run his eye down this paper, said, to my very great pleasure, "I find I *have* one Bengal appointment left, Mr. Moore, and it is very much at your service." After a few words more of conversation, I took my leave; and thus was despatched in a few minutes a favour which (from knowing no channel through which to apply) I had given up all thoughts of seeking for. Called on Marjoribanks on my way back to

say how much obliged I was to him as well as to his friend.

27th. Dined at Lansdowne House; taken by Rogers. Company, Bobus Smith, Lord Ilchester, and one or two more. Bobus exceedingly agreeable, and said several very lively things; short, apt, and pregnant. Took me away in his carriage, and left me at Miss Berry's, where I found his brother, Sydney, in full plume and play. Two very remarkable men; both wits of the highest order, but of entirely different *genres*.

29th. Set off to Cornhill, and secured a cabin for Russell, near midships; I suppose a good position. In my way back called upon Jones, who is employed upon a sketch from my "Fudges in England." Am sorry that he chose a subject from that work. He mentioned his surprise that Maclise should have found any difficulty in meeting with good subjects in the "Irish Melodies." To him (Jones) "all my poetry appeared to abound with picture." Might have told him in return that his painting abounded with poesy.

February 6th to 8th. At work, and looking over my Journal, many parts of which brought tears from me, particularly the details of my dear child Anastasia's death. Much struck, too, by the falling off there has been, from various causes, of many of my former friendships and intimacies; people with whom I once lived familiarly and daily, being now seldom seen by me, and that but passingly and coldly. This partly owing to the estrangements produced by politics, and to the greater rarity of my own visits to Town, of late years; but, altogether, it is saddening.

14th. In thanking Talfourd for a copy of his collected speeches on the Copyright Question, mentioned that I had

once intended to request of him to take some opportunity of stating to the House the resolution I had from the first formed not to avail myself of the clause once contemplated, giving a reverting interest to the author. In replying to my letter, he says, "I think Lord John Russell, in the few remarks he made the session before last on the Copyright Bill, alluded to your generous determination not to avail yourself of the reverting interest which it then contemplated, but I shall be too proud of gracing my cause by the mention of your name not to avail myself of any opportunity that may arise more distinctly to express your feeling; which cannot be irrelevant, as it will show the disinterested spirit in which the general cause of literature is advocated by a poet who has no personal interest to bias him."

March 16th to 18th. Received about the latter end of this month some letters from Ireland respecting this strange movement in the temperance direction which is now in progress there. Had but a few days before sent a squib to "The Chronicle" on this very subject, but not in a tone I fear that my correspondents would approve of. One of them, a Quaker, rather a sensible sort of a fellow —at least sensible enough to feel some doubts respecting the stability of this anti-whiskey enthusiasm—presses me much to lend my aid to the cause. The other, a priest. also invokes my pen. "And oh!" he exclaims, "if it were not too much that, in addition to this rather pious effusion (a card he had sent me to add some lines to), you would write us a ballad of a few verses for our Irish peasants, boys and girls, who are to walk with their medals on the 15th of August." The Quaker pretty strongly hints that I *owe* some reparation of this sort for

the many effusions in the opposite direction which I have been guilty of.

April 9th. In Town. Sallied forth after breakfast, Bessy, Russell, and myself, to visit the ship in which our poor boy is to be taken away from us. Called at Lubbock's, in whose hands I had placed the 339*l.* remaining of the sum destined for the outfit, &c. Went from thence to the East India Docks, where the ship was lying. The operation of getting Bessy up the step-ladder that led us on board added not a little to my exceeding nervousness on the occasion. Had never myself been on board so immense a vessel; the accommodations for passengers almost as roomy as those in a good-sized house. Forget whether I have mentioned that Sir Lionel Smith, the new governor of the Mauritius, goes out in this same ship, together with his family, a wife and daughters. The cabins prepared for them quite a suite of rooms, and very handsomely furnished. But our dear Russell's berth was, of course, the chief object of our attention, and I was most agreeably surprised by its roominess. We had determined from the first, that though increasing so much the expense, he should have a cabin to himself, and we now had all his things brought and stowed away under the mother's eye comfortably. The lieutenant, a hearty, good-natured Irishman, and, even before he knew who I was, full of most cheering kindness. But when he reappeared, his increased cordiality showed most *comfortably* what he had heard in the interval, and with the captain it was exactly the same case. Indeed, every step I take in this to me most painfully interesting task (though painful chiefly on the dear mother's account), makes me feel with gratitude the value of a friendly fame like mine. I call it friendly, because, from the manner in which it manifests itself, I cannot help

feeling that the tribute is as much, nay, I should hope much *more*, to the man than to the author.

Had written to Lady Holland to tell her of my arrival, but expressing doubts of my being able to see her during my stay. Got in return a note from her, in which, after naming some days for me to dine, with her, if I can, she adds, "I hope Mrs. Moore is in good health and heart, for I fear it is a pang to separate from her son which will require both."

14th. * * * It being now time for our dear boy to leave us, a few parting words were said, and he then set off in a boat to the ship, which was to be towed by steamers to the Downs. As long as the vessel continued in sight my poor Bessy remained at the window with a telescope, watching for a glimpse of her dear boy, and telling me all she saw, or *thought* she saw, him doing. Corry having set off in the coach, we hired a little open fly in the town, and got comfortably to Town in the evening.

15th. Forgot what I did this day, except walking about a little with Bessy, and (after I had left her at home) calling upon Rogers. In speaking of Bessy, he said, "We are told marriages are made in heaven, and certainly none but God Almighty could have brought you two together. She has beauty, sense,"——and so he went on most kindly about her.

June 16th. Found the following verses addressed to me, in 1823, on reading the "Loves of the Angels," by Miss Lefanu:—

"Beloved of heaven, how passing bright,
The wreath thy threefold lay has won!
So varying shines with hallow'd light,
The rising, ris'n, and setting sun.

"To Lea, first, the spell-word giv'n,
Teaches to range yon starry sphere;
Virtue a mortal lights to heaven,
While Vice detains an angel here.

"A bolder chord now shakes the lyre;
See Rubi in his radiance move,
Where Lilis kneels, with soul on fire,
That lov'd to learn, and learn'd to love.

"But, hark! what notes, at day's decline,
With sweetest, holiest influence, steal,
And all a *seraph's* flame divine,
And all a *mortal's* love reveal!

"The closing strains, like parting day,
A flood of soften'd radiance pour;
For Virtue points the moral lay,
And Genius twines the wreath for Moore."

July 15th to 17th. Received from the Cramers a copy of Bunting's newly published collection of Irish airs, which they have often written to me about, as likely (they hoped) to furnish materials for a continuation of the Melodies. Tried them over with some anxiety; as had they contained a sufficient number of beautiful airs to make another volume, I should have felt myself bound to do the best I could with them, though still tremblingly apprehensive lest a failure should be the result. Was rather relieved, I confess, on finding that, with the exception of a few airs, which I have already made use of, the whole volume is a mere mess of trash. Considering the thorn I have been in poor Bunting's side, by supplanting him in the one great object of his life (the connection of his name with the fame of Irish music), the temper in which he *now* speaks of my success (for some years since he was rather termagant on the subject), is not a little creditable to his good nature and good sense. Speaking of the use which I made of the first volume of airs published by him, he

says, "They were soon adopted as vehicles for the most beautiful popular songs that have perhaps ever been composed by any lyric poet." He complains strongly, however, of the alterations made in the original airs, and laments that "the work of the poet was accounted of so paramount an interest that the proper order of song-writing was, in many instances, inverted, and instead of the words being adapted to the tune, the tune was too often adapted to the words,—a solecism which could never have happened had the reputation of the writer not been so great as at once to carry the tunes he designed to make use of altogether out of their old sphere, among the simple and tradition-loving people of the country with whom, in truth, many of the new melodies, to this day, are hardly suspected to be themselves." He lays the blame of all these alterations upon Stevenson; but poor Sir John was entirely innocent of them, as the whole task of selecting the airs, and in some instances shaping them thus, in particular passages, to the general sentiment which the melody appeared to me to express, was undertaken solely by myself. Had I not ventured on these very allowable liberties, many of the songs now most known and popular would have been still sleeping, with all their authentic dross about them, in Mr. Bunting's first volume. The same charge is brought by him respecting those airs which I took from the second volume of his collection. "The beauty of Mr. Moore's words," he says, "in a great degree atones for the violence done by the musical arranger to many of the airs which he has adopted."

18th to 22nd. A thought having crossed my mind that Lord Lansdowne, in accepting the dedication of my collected works, might have forgotten the numerous squibs and satires with which some of the volumes must swarm,

I thought it as well to bring this circumstance to his recollection, and therefore wrote to him to say that, though I myself saw no reason why a dedicatee should be considered responsible for all the freaks of his dedicator, yet as it might be a matter of question, I thought it right to submit the point for his consideration. Received in answer from him the following letter, which I shall give entire, as containing the first account we received (though a note soon followed from Lady Lansdowne giving Bessy the same intelligence) of the acceptance of Shelburne's proposal by Lady Georgiana Herbert.

"MY DEAR MOORE. * * * You will allow I had some excuse for hurry and delay, when I tell you (what I am sure you will be glad to hear) that, in addition to my expected avocations during the day, arose others unexpectedly, from the circumstance of Shelburne's having proposed to and been accepted by Lady Georgiana Herbert in the course of the morning; an event which, as she is, I believe, a very amiable person, gives Lady Lansdowne and myself great pleasure. But I have wandered from the dedication, which I should be very sorry to decline on the ground you mention. By receiving it I am not responsible for all that the volumes contain; and if I was, as I could only be made a party to anything that might be thought exceptionable, by being also a party to that far greater portion which all will join in admiring, I should be a gainer by it, independently of the value I attach to the expression of your friendship and kindness."

August 2nd. In London. * * * In passing through Brompton showed them the house which Bessy and I occupied on our marriage, and where, at a breakfast we gave a few months after, I introduced her to Lady Donegal, Miss Godfrey, Rogers, Corry, and one or two other

very old friends. "How handsome she must have been then!" said Lady Elizabeth; and she *was* certainly, in *my* eyes, *very* handsome.

Dined at Lansdowne House. A dinner of men only, Lady L. being at Bowood. Company: Macaulay, Lord Clarendon, Lord Clanricarde, Rogers, young Fortescue, and Fonblanque. Sat between Macaulay and Rogers. Of Macaulay's range of knowledge anything may be believed, so wonderful is his memory. His view of Göethe as being totally devoid of the moral sense as well as of real feeling; his characters, therefore, mere abstractions, having nothing of the man in them, and, in this respect, so unlike Schiller's. Such, at least as far as I could collect it, was his view of Göethe. Some conversation with Fonblanque, who, in speaking to me of my own writings, remarked how full of idiom they are. "There was in no writer (he said) so much idiom." This odd enough, as I told him, considering that I am an Irishman. Take for granted, however, that he had chiefly my lighter, playful style of writing in his mind.

28th. Received soon after I returned from town a letter from Lord Holland, sending me a translation by himself of some Italian verses (Metastasio's, I believe), which I recollect his mentioning to me when we last met. The following is his letter:—

"DEAR MOORE,—

"'Chi ciecamente crede
Impegna a serbar fede;
Che sempre aspetta inganni
Alletta ad ingannar.'

"I said I could not translate them, nor have I to my fancy. But, *tant bien que mal*, I have thus compassed the job:—

"'Who trusts in those with whom he deals'
Inspires the same good faith he feels;
But he who still suspects deceit,
Tempts others in their turn to cheat.'

"I have another version which perhaps renders the thought more correctly, but which seems to me, I know not why, more prosaic and more like a flat epigram than a pathetic stanza, and yet less natural and easy. Here it is, *shorter* (?) than the other by *two words* (?):—

"'Who trusts in all with whom he deals
Invites the very faith he feels;
Who constantly expects deceit,
Lures those he so suspects to cheat.'

"'Tis thus I turn th' Italian's song,
And deem the meaning is not wrong;
But, with rough English to combine
The sweetness that's in every line,
Asks for your muse and not for mine.
Sense only will not quit the score,
We must have that and a *Little More*.

"Yours, VASSAL HOLLAND."

29th. Another letter from Lord Holland (about the 16th, I think, of this month) as follows:—

"DEAR MOORE,—A little helped by Rogers, and a little by my own reflection, I now read my translation thus:—

"'Who trusts in all with whom he deals
Inspires the confidence he feels;
But he who still suspects deceit
Tempts others in their turn to cheat.'

"Yours, VASSAL HOLLAND.

"I send you too a melancholy epigram, of which I have, alas! seen many witness the truth:—

"'A minister's answer is always so kind!
I starve, and he tells me, he'll keep me in mind.
Half his promise, God knows, would my spirits restore,—
Let him keep me, and, faith, I will ask for no more.'"

This epigram very good. Wrote to tell him I thought so.

September 23rd, 24th. Another poem has just turned up (in the general rummage I am now making among my old papers), of the source of which I am entirely ignorant.

IMPROMPTU, ON THEIR REPEALING THE ACT AGAINST WITCHCRAFT IN IRELAND.

"So you think, then, the days of witchcraft are past,
That in Ireland you're safe from the magical art?
Those who hold this belief may rue it at last,
When the force of a spell is found in the heart.

"That the maidens of Erin in *witchery* deal,
By those who have seen them can ne'er be denied,
While the *spell* of their bards o'er the senses will steal,
As by some hath been felt, and by *Moore* hath been tried.

"Then think not to 'scape, on such dangerous ground,
Nor fancy that magic and witchcraft are o'er,
For in Ireland those powers will ever abound,
While her *Witches* are *fair*, and her Wizard is *Moore!*"

October 5th. Still searching among old papers. Found the following verses:—

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE PERUSAL OF MR. MOORE'S POEM IN THE "METROPOLITAN," ON RECEIVING THE GIFT OF THE INKSTAND OF THE LATE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

"And canst thou, Moore, thou gifted one,
Each muse presiding o'er thy birth,
Deem, mid the courses of the sun,
Thyself alone a child of earth?

"Perish the thought! tho' Albion mourns
Full many a star's departed light,
To thee, with hope renew'd, she turns
To shed a splendour o'er the night.

"Though hush'd in holiest, last repose,
The 'Village' bard, the rural sage,
Who sang the peasant's joys and woes,
From blameless youth to reverend age.

"Though on the northern blast is borne
A fitful wail, on viewless wings,
And spirit voices, plaintive, mourn
A master-lyre's all broken strings.

"Though he, of flight like eagle strong,
And with delirious anguish brave,
Hath pour'd his tortur'd soul in song,
And found in distant Greece a grave.

"While poesy her choicest rays
Concentres round thy favour'd head,
We hail the living minstrel's lays,
Nor miss the living or the dead.

"Then deem not, thou all-gifted one,
Each muse presiding o'er thy birth,
Among the courses of the sun,
Thyself alone a child of earth."

21st. Went to Bowood to dinner. Found, besides those Lady L. had mentioned (Lady Cunliffe, Lady Morley, and Rogers), Lord John and his children, Lady Macdonald and Macaulay. The dinner and evening very agreeable. Macaulay wonderful; never, perhaps, was there combined so much talent with so marvellous a memory. To attempt to record his conversation one must be as wonderfully gifted with memory as himself.

23rd. While I was dressing this morning, the *maître d'hôtel* came to my room with the distressing and startling intelligence that Lord Holland was dead! He had been

sent by Lady Lansdowne to tell me, with a request also that I would inform Mr. Rogers of the sad news. Went immediately to Rogers's room, who was equally shocked with myself at the sad intelligence. Met all at breakfast. Lord Lansdowne showed me a letter from Dr. Holland, giving an account of all the particulars of the death, which took place after a short illness. My own opinion was that our party ought to separate, but I found, to my surprise, that both Lord and Lady Lansdowne's wish was that we should stay. Having expressed my opinion to Rogers, he thought right to mention it to Lady Lansdowne, but her earnest wish was that we should stay, and Rogers returned to me from her crying like a child. It is right to say, however, that both he and all felt (as who would not feel?) that a great light had gone out, and that not only the friends of such a man, but the whole community in general, had suffered an irreparable loss.

31st. Rogers mentioned, among other agreeable things, a curious parallel found in the "Odyssey" to the well-known story of the Indian chief at Niagara, who was lying asleep in his boat, just above the current of the Falls, when some wicked person cut the rope by which his boat was fastened to the shore, and he was carried down the cataract. The poor Indian, on waking up, had made every effort, by means of his paddle, to stop the career of the canoe, but finding it to be all hopeless, and that he was hurrying to the edge, he took a draught out of his brandy flask, wrapped his mantle about him, and seating himself composedly, thus went down the Falls. The parallel to this in Homer is when the companions of Ulysses, in spite of all his precautions, let loose the Bag of the Winds, and when, with the same dignified composure, Ulysses submits to his fate. The natural action of wrapping round the

mantle is the same in both. Cowper thus translates the passage:—

> "I then awaking, in my noble mind
> Stood doubtful, whether from my vessel's side
> Immers'd to perish in the flood, or calm
> To endure my sorrows and consent to live.
> I calm endured them; but around my head
> Winding my mantle, laid me down below."

December 1st to 30th. The whole of this month has been passed in such a state of agitation, from the pressure of business, the calls of society, and, last and worst, the news we received of our dear Russell's illness, that I have not had the time or the heart to record anything in these pages, and must now only give a hurried retrospect of the whole interval with such extracts from letters as I can get into the few remaining leaves of this volume. We had received most kind letters from Lord Auckland and Miss Eden, announcing to us our boy's arrival at Calcutta, and their having taken him to lodge with themselves at the Government House. The following is a part of Lord Auckland's letter, dated September 17th, 1840:—"My Dear Moore,—Your letter, announcing the departure of your boy from England, reached me about three weeks after his arrival in Calcutta, and I and my sisters had already been glad, in the recollection of you and of the many happy hours we have passed together, to welcome him to India. I can, as you are aware, be of no substantial advantage to so young an officer, but I have had pleasure in giving him a room in Government House for so long as he may remain in this city; and I have endeavoured to impress him with the precepts which I look upon as most important,—namely, that he should study the native languages, that he should expose himself as

little as possible to the sun, and that he should apply to the doctor upon the smallest ailment till he shall have learned to deal with himself and the climate. He shall have letters from me when he goes up the country, and I will endeavour, even at a distance, to have some cognizance of his progress. He has been in all things most amiable, and every one here has liked him." Lord Auckland then proceeds to tell me of an illness Russell had had, in consequence of going out fishing, but from which he had then recovered, and adds, "I have not pressed his immediate appointment to do duty with a regiment near to the Presidencies. It is as well that he should remain here two or three weeks more, and perfectly recover strength; and in the mean time the severities of our season will be passing away." In addition to this most friendly letter, there came also one from Miss Eden to Bessy, containing equally comfortable and gratifying details. By the next mail there came another letter from Lord Auckland, dated October 19th, which was as follows:—"My Dear Moore,—Your boy has given us a fright, but he is now doing exceedingly well. He was recommended change of air soon after I last wrote to you, and we sent him up the river Naper, at Moorshedabad, where he was hospitably and kindly received, and was for a short time without fever. But he again became ill, and rather seriously so; and, at his own request, he returned to us, and ever since his return he has been daily improving, and we may be confident that, in another week, he will be as well as he was when he landed here. We will keep him with us till he is quite strong, and I will do my best to get him appointed to a regiment stationed in the dry climate of the upper provinces. His attack here may have been accidental; but I think it desirable that he

should not pass a bad season in the damp atmosphere of Bengal. For the next few months, however, the weather here is not likely to be oppressive or unhealthy. I write these few lines at the last moment before our overland mail goes out. Most truly," &c. &c. This I look upon to be *thorough friendship*, and such as, if I lived to the age of Methuselah, I could never forget. In this state, between hope and fear, have the poor mother and myself been left ever since the receipt of the foregoing letter, which, I must add, was accompanied by one from Russell himself, of an equally encouraging character. Still, the fears predominate with us both, and I know not that I ever have passed so painful an interval. (Written January 10th, 1841.)

I forget what more I did in December, with the exception of the occupation which my monthly volumes and their prefaces pretty abundantly give me.

31st. The following timely suggestion is I think worth preserving: —

" Sir,— Previously to the publication of 'Lalla Rookh,' in the collection of your poems now issuing from the press, allow me to suggest what many of your readers, as well as myself, would consider a great improvement; that is, to versify the short introductory notice to each part. To emerge from the splendour of poetry into the vapidness of prose is a terrible damper. So pray be propitious to this humble petition of your obedient servant, Ignotus."

Received a letter from Mr. Dudley Costello, in consequence of my mention of him in my second preface, in which he says, " By this act you have done for me what no exertion of mine could ever have accomplished; you have given me the assurance that my name *must* descend to posterity, and that in the most enviable manner, by

linking it with the associations which you have rendered immortal." * * *

The following scrap was sent me lately by Moran, extracted from Miss Lloyd's "Sketches of Bermuda," published by Cochrane, London. "I had the pleasure of being introduced to the family of Nea, celebrated in 'Moore's Odes.' Nea is no more (dated August 16th, 1819), but she still lives in song and in the fond recollection of her friends. From a likeness which I saw I should judge her to have been a fine woman; but it is said that she was indebted for her fame less to her beauty than to the fascinating and easy gracefulness of her manner." I should like to know whether they have hit upon the *right* Nea; though it would be rather hard for them to do so, as the *ideal* Nea of my "Odes" was made out of *two real* ones.

1841.

[THE year 1841 was to Moore a year of much affliction; his son, Russell, who had always been a comfort to his parents, was not strong enough to bear the trial of an Indian climate and the military profession. Lord Auckland and his sisters upon hearing of the boy's illness took him into the Government House at Calcutta, and bestowed upon him every care which kindness and friendship could provide. Miss Eden, who alone survives of the family who were at Calcutta, remembers with pleasure and regret the amiable character of the poor boy, when he was in her brother's house as an invalid. Miss Eden herself was sure to do all that good sense and kindness of heart could do in such a case. But his constitution was too delicate to carry him on to manhood. Perhaps, as Anastasia, with an English home, fell an early victim to disease, Russell would not have survived long, even in his native climate. But at all events, the service and the climate of India hastened his death. — J. R.]

January 4th, 1841. The Lansdownes anxious that Bessy and I should have gone there to-day; but she is in such a state of suspense about intelligence from Russell, that I could not prevail on her to leave home.

7th. Brabant left us after breakfast. In the evening took place the usual annual ball on this day, to the servants and tenants, which Bessy enjoyed so much last year, and would now, had not her anxiety for news from Russell prevented her from coming. I danced with

Mademoiselle, and went down an English country-dance of fifty couple on the stone floor, no trifling achievement for a sexagenary.

From the last date till the day on which I am now writing (July 6th), a long interruption has occurred in this Journal; the first of any such length that has yet broken the chain of these records. The chief cause of this has been the monthly pressure upon me of the successive volumes of the new edition of my Works, which, slight as may appear what I have done for it, has kept me the whole time in a state of busy worry, and quite convinced me (if I wanted any such additional proof) of my utter unfitness for *periodical* labours. In addition to the responsible task of revising and correcting all my past writings, the series of prefaces which I rather rashly volunteered to write, imposed upon me a duty which, both from its difficulty and its periodical recurrence, has left me no peace nor pause; and I rejoice most heartily that I am now so near the end of it.

Among the worrying mishaps I have had lately, was the miscarriage of the MS. of one of my prefaces, after my having destroyed all the rough copy of it. Most marvellously, however, I was able to recall the whole to my memory; and on the MS. being afterwards found, I found I had departed hardly by a syllable from my original copy.

Being anxious to introduce in one of my prefaces some anecdotes about my old friend William Spencer, and our *Poluphitetic* revels together, I meant to take as a peg to hang them upon, his translation into Italian of one of my songs, "The wreath you wove;" but on consulting Frederick Montgomery, and getting Rossetti to look over the verses, I found they broke Priscian's head even more grievously than I had supposed, and were not fit to be

published. It may be worth while here, as a curiosity, to preserve both Spencer's translation, and Rossetti's remarks on it; placing first the original song, one of my juvenile productions.

ORIGINAL SONG.

"The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove,
Is fair — but oh, how fair,
If Pity's hand had stolen from Love
One leaf to mingle there!

"If every rose with gold were tied,
Did gems for dewdrops fall,
One faded leaf where Love had sigh'd
Were sweetly worth them all.

"The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove,
Our emblem well may be;
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless Love
Must keep its tears from me."

SPENCER'S TRANSLATION, WITH ROSSETTI'S REMARKS ON IT.

"Son soavi quei fioretti[1]
Ch'annodasti per me[2],
L'imago degli affetti
Però tra lor non è.[3]

"Perciò ch'i nostri amori[4]
La sorte fa languir,
Che veggia almen i fiori[5]
Con essi impallidir!

"Se l'oro i lacci fece
La ghirlanda a legar,
Se di rugiada in vece
Vidi gemme cascar,

"Un foglio inaridito[1]
Ch'amore pianse in su[2]
Da me saria gradito[3]
Oh quanto e quanto più!"

[1] "Questo verso è ottonario, mentre debb' essere settenario: 'soave' in Italiano è di tre sillabe e non mai di due.

[2] "Questo verso non ha convenevole accento: l'avrebbe se potesse legarsi 'annodasti,' ma sarebbe strana parola.

[3] "Questi due ultimi versi son buoni. '*Immago*' è più usato che *imago*, che ha intanto qualche esempio. '*Non v'è*' suona più italiano.

[4] "'*Perciò che*' non è voce poetica, nè è quella che il senso chiederebbe: '*poichè*' dovrebbe dirsi, ma il ritmo non l ammette.

[5] "'*Ch'io veggia*' determina meglio la prima persona ed allontana l'oscurità.

"Questa strofa non presenta netto e limpido il senso, e il secondo e il quarto verso non son ben collocati. Sarebbe stato bene che mi fosse stato mandato l'originale inglese, poichè non son sicuro di essere entrato nell' idea vera dell' autore. Io intendo che il nastro che annodava il mazzolino fosse di seta e d'oro, e che tra i fiori sieno stati mescolate della gemme, se pure questa parola non è qui metaforica.

[1] "Se dice '*foglio* di carta' e '*foglia* d'albero,' di pianta, di fiore e parmi che l'idea esiga la seconda e non il primo.

[2] "Sintassi non Italiana; sarebbe tale se dicesse, '*Su cui pianse amore.*'

[3] "Se gli ultimi versi s'invertissero ne guadagnerebbe la dizione, ma perderebbe il ritmo che richiede la rima tronca al termine della storfa."

April. On the 12th of this month set off for London, taking up with me a part of the preface for our next volume, meaning to finish it in town. Arrived in London between three and four. As I made no memorandums during all the time I remained in town, I shall here give extracts from my letters to Bessy to supply their place:—

"Brookes's, twenty minutes past four, April 12th. I have had a most amusing journey of it, my companions being my old eloquent friend H. of Calne (who made me laugh almost as much as you sometimes do), and our new neighbour V., who I am glad to tell you is a very nice fellow, and one likely to make a very good neighbour.

"13th. This morning I breakfasted with Miss Rogers (having walked there with Rogers), to meet Barbara and her husband. Barbara herself but little altered, and he seems a very excellent fellow. They pressed our visiting them in Worcestershire most urgently and kindly.

"14th. You will rejoice to hear that all my fears and scruples about my prefaces have been removed. I hear they are liked exceedingly, and the only fault found is my not telling enough. This is a most agreeable relief to me. My poor old friend Douglas (the Admiral) is, I fear, near his last breath; but this attack must have come on, I think, quite suddenly, as Mrs. Douglas and his daughters left him at his sisters' yesterday, and went to the country. I saw the sisters about half an hour since, and he was then insensible; but they said if he revived at all, they were sure he would be glad to see me, and would send for me.

* * * * * *

"29th. Went with the Milmans to Miss Berry's last *soirée* for the season. On my saying something to Miss Berry of the liberty I had taken, as an old friend, of

coming there unasked, she reverted, in her odd way, to the early days of our acquaintance, and said, 'I didn't so much like you in those days. You were too — too — what shall I say?' 'Too brisk and airy, perhaps,' said I. 'Yes,' she replied, taking hold of one of my grizzly locks. 'I like you better since you have got these.' I could then overhear her, after I left her, say to the person with whom I had found her speaking, 'That 's as good a creature as ever lived.'"

* * * * * *

June 21st. Set off on my long-promised visit to the Godfreys in Staffordshire, taking Cheltenham and Corry in my way. Started in a coach, thinking I was soon to have railway, but found I had got into the "wrong box;" and after an accident with our horses, which delayed us at Chippenham more than an hour, had nothing but coaching all day, and did not arrive at Gloucester till between six and seven in the evening. Was most lucky, however, in the weather, and would not have lost the succession of beautiful scenes I passed through, for twice the speed of the railway. Took the mail at Gloucester and got to Cheltenham between eight and nine, not having had anything for twelve hours, except a biscuit and glass of sherry during our stay at Chippenham.

22nd. Going about all day with Corry, his sister Connelan, and her very gentleman-like and agreeable son, seeing all the pretty places of this most beautiful town and neighbourhood. Dined with Corry and Connelan at Mr. Ramsay's (whom I had never before seen), brother to Lord Panmure. A small party, and the daughter of our host pretty, which was at least something to look at. Sung a good deal in the evening for them.

23rd. Started by railroad for Hughes's. A good

story, by the by, of Williams's (the circulating library man), of a stranger passing through Cheltenham, who wishing to devote the few hours he had to stay there in visiting the scene of the great battle of Worcester, walked out there alone, and having inquired of some man he met as to the spot on which the battle had been fought, was accompanied thither by this person, who at once entered with much communicativeness into the subject of his inquiry; showed him exactly where the battle had taken place, mentioned how soon the first blood was drawn, and quite delighted the antiquarian with the minuteness of his historical knowledge. "It was certainly a great battle," exclaimed the latter. "Oh, wonderful, sir," answered his informant; "nothing but Spring's wind could have carried him through it." Had received a note from Barbara to say that I should find Hughes, her husband, with the carriage for me, at Wolverhampton; and there he was. Poor Mary Godfrey much affected at our first meeting. She has lost the use of her limbs; but in all other respects is as much herself as could be possibly expected, after such a lapse of time.

July 1st to 6th. Have just found the note my poor Bess wrote to me, in sending up to town Tom's bill upon me for 112*l.* "I can hardly bring myself to send you the enclosed. It has caused me tears and sad thoughts, but to *you* it will bring these and hard *hard* work. Why do people sigh for children? They know not what sorrow will come with them. How *can* you arrange for the payment? and what could have caused him to require such a sum? Take care of yourself; and if you write to him, for God's sake let him know that it is the very last sum you will or *can* pay for him. My heart is sick when I think of you, and the fatigue of mind and body you are always

kept in. Let me know how you think you can arrange this." I have already mentioned the difficulties to which this bill of Tom's reduced me: and I had not been more than a week or two at home, when another bill of his, drawn upon me at three months, for 100*l.*, was sent to me for acceptance. This blow coming so quick after the other, was, indeed, most overwhelming. It seems on his arrival at Bombay, he found that his regiment had been ordered on active service, and he was accordingly obliged to provide such an outfit as would enable him to join it. I could not do otherwise, of course, than accept the bill; but how I am to pay it, when due, Heaven only knows.

The following note from the priest who wrote the article in the "Dublin Review" on my writings, reached me about the beginning of this month.

"Respected Sir,

"It gives me the sincerest pleasure to find that you are pleased with the short article in the 'Dublin Review' on your writings; for I feared very much that, from my slender acquaintance with English literature, especially the poetical part thereof, I could hardly produce anything that would not be unworthy of the subject. What you are pleased to term, the 'overplus of praise' was certainly not meant or believed by me to be such. The little I said of your Irish Melodies and Humourous Poems falls short of what I conscientiously think of their merits, especially as regards the Melodies. Allow me to add, that I feel highly honoured by your kind note, and by the too flattering wish you express of knowing me personally. It is many, many years since I first longed to catch a glimpse of Thomas Moore. Circumstances which have occurred within the last month, oblige me to delay the article which I promised

on your 'History of Ireland,' and which I would not have thought of undertaking but for the earnest request of that most pious and most learned prelate, Dr. Wiseman. The same circumstances compel me (sorely against my inclination) to wear my mask till next autumn. I shall then eagerly seize the first opportunity thus so unexpectedly offered of gratifying one of the warmest wishes of my earliest years. In the mean time, I have the honour to be, most respectfully,

"Your faithful Servant,

"AUTHOR OF THE '*Art. on Thomas Moore.*' "

August 10th. A visit from our friend Philip Crampton, who kindly made an effort to give us one of the few days he had to spare, during his short English trip. His first intention was to come down by railroad, eat an early dinner with us, and then return by another train so as to accomplish his other dinner engagement in town. This feat, as being one worthy of his dash and activity, I was rather anxious he should perform. But as it was, we had longer enjoyment of his society; and in addition to the pleasure of having him for a night under our roof, he gave me most cheering assurances as to the state of Bessy's health. After a long conversation with her on the subject of the attack she had two or three years since, he assured me that her health was, he thought, improved, and certainly much better than when he last saw her, about ten years ago. This all very delightful to me to hear. Sat talking together till a late hour.

18th. Having arranged with Hume to take a short trip with him to Ireland, started for Lacock Abbey this morning on my way to town. The day beautiful, and I found grouped in full sunshine upon the grass before the

house, Kit Talbot, Lady E. Fielding, Lady Charlotte and Mrs. Talbot, for the purpose of being photogenized by Henry Talbot, who was busily preparing his apparatus. Walked alone for a while, about the gardens, and then rejoined the party to see the result of the operation. But the portraits had not turned out satisfactorily, nor (oddly enough) were they at all like; whereas, a dead likeness is, in general, the sure, though frightful result, of the Daguerre process. The evening agreeable.

19th. Breakfasted comfortably (thanks to the railroad) at ten o'clock, with Mrs. Talbot only, the rest of the party being still in their bedrooms, and then set off in their covered cart to Chippenham, from whence I started in the twelve o'clock train. Was lucky enough to have Poulett Scrope for companion, who was very agreeable. Took up my quarters in Sackville Street. Called on Rogers, who had nearly finished a solitary dinner. Wanted to have more dressed for me, but I made my escape and called at Burdett's, who asked me to join him and his daughter Joanna at dinner. But this did not look very promising, and I declined. Thought then of Bryan, who it was probable I should find returned from Ireland, and an evening with him would be at least doing my duty; but I found (though expected to-day) he was not yet arrived. It was now past seven o'clock, and my chances of getting anything better than a solitary cutlet at Brookes's had become desperate. Resolved however to go and leave a card at Lord John's before I turned in for my cutlet. Lord John not at home; but I had hardly given in my card, and resumed my seat in the cab, when the servant looking out, said, "Here's his Lordship coming, sir." "How long have you been in town?" asked Lord John. "About an hour or two." "Then you can dine with *me*?" "Why,

I've not dressed, and it is now past seven o'clock." "Oh we shan't dine till near eight, and you've got a cab." So I instantly took the hint, jumped into my vehicle, and in the course of about an hour found myself seated at table with a large party of Mintos, Russells, Villierses, amounting to about fourteen or fifteen in number. Sung abundantly for them in the evening, and was made to repeat several of the songs.

20th. Went to the State Paper Office, and sat for some time turning over the calendar for Elizabeth's reign, to see what sort of task I had before me. Dined at Lansdowne House. Company, Lord Minto, Lord Ebrington, Lord Seymour, and one or two more. From thence to Vauxhall with Lord L.; as I told Bessy in my letter, "We went to Vauxhall like a couple of young rakes, as we are, and found it very bright and pretty; though *I* so far forgot my character of rake as to wish for *you* there."

22nd. Breakfasted at Rogers's, with a very amusing party; Milnes, Kenny, and somebody else. Wrote a letter to Bessy and sent it as a parcel (this being Sunday), in order that she may have a little treat to-morrow.

23rd. Off to the station at nine, where I was met by Hume.

25th. Had a good passage with my favourite Commander Townley, and got in early in the evening. A great crowd of spectators, as usual, on the jetty, and my name having got about, a good many starers attended my progress. Found my dear little Nell in readiness for me, and was installed in the same comfortable *gîte* as before.

28th. Occupied myself for some time at the College library, but with little success. The key of the MS. room was missing, and when at last found, would not open the door. The MSS., therefore, I suspect, have a very quiet

time of it. Went to look for Johnny Napier, but could not make him out. Indulged myself with a solitary peep at two or three spots hallowed by old recollections; poor old Aungier Street house, and the lodgings of my dear Bessy's mother in Suffolk Street. Dined with Norman Macdonald at his beautiful lodge (the Under Secretary's) in the Phœnix Park; the first time I have seen it, though often at the other lodges. This the most agreeable of all, I think.

29th. Went to the Catholic church in Marlborough Street, and heard, as usual, some charming music; Peter Leigh (Ellen's friend) being my companion. We then set out for Kingstown together, and on our way, went into a new chapel (in Merrion Street, I think), to which the old establishment I used to frequent in my young days (Townsend Street Chapel) has been removed. Was introduced to the chief clergyman, who bids fair, as Leigh told me, to be archbishop, on Murray's death; and he told me that this establishment still retains the name of "The Irish Gentleman's Chapel," which was given to the other in consequence of my book "The Travels of an Irish Gentleman," &c. This I was glad to hear. Went afterwards to the jetty, the great promenade of a Sunday, and was almost stared off my legs; my companions being Leigh and Finlay. Shall not easily forget the hearty hug I got from an honest fellow, who, on my dropping my umbrella, picked it up, and giving it to me, threw his arms round my neck, ejaculating, "My sweet fellow!" Find he is the proprietor of a great glass-shop in Dublin; and Finlay said that nothing would make him more happy than my leaving my card at his house; so resolved to do it. Went from the jetty to Lord Fortescue's, where I dined. After I had dressed, sat looking out of the window at the beau-

tiful bay and the solitary light on Howth, and quite forgot how the time went, till the servant came to tell me that the company were not only all arrived, but were then going in to dinner. Found to my shame that it was so.

31st. Joined Nell and some of her friends at the Portobello Gardens, to hear some very agreeable band music. Had been for several hours before looking over, and transcribing from the MS. Annals of The Four Masters, at Hodges and Smith's. Forgot to mention that one of these days, finding that the Provost had returned to town, I called upon him. We were class-fellows, I think he said, in college, which I had not before been aware of. Was very civil about the MS. room, but insisted to the poor librarian that the difficulty about opening it was all owing to his not knowing how to apply the key, and that he (the Provost) would show him the difference. Accordingly, we all three proceeded together to the library; but, lo, the key was just as refractory in the hand of the Provost, as in that of the inferior officer; and after various grave trials, it was found that the locksmith must be the *dernière ressource* after all, so that my access to the MSS. was put off to another time.

Dined alone with Nell, and went to Lady Clarke's (whom I had called upon in the course of the day) that evening. No one there worth remembering, with the exception of the fair Josephine herself, than whom there are few more accomplished persons. Sang for each other, and I flatter myself to each other's contentment. This morning, as I was coming out of the College, one of the porters ran after me, and begged I would inform him whether I had not graduated in that university. I told him I had, on which he thanked me with a face full of smiles, and said there had been a wager on the subject.

August 7th. This my wind-up day, having settled to be off to-morrow. Dined with the Cramptons; only themselves; and all went to the Opera together. Strong symptoms of the rising spirit of Toryism in the house. Conservative names given out with cheers, and volleys of the Kent-fire, which I now heard for the first time. Was glad to find, however, that *my* name formed a sort of neutral ground, and that a "Cheer for Tom Moore," which they gave two or three times, was well received.

9th. Arrived between four and five in Liverpool. Breakfasted, and started by the train for Cheltenham. Two nice women with their brother my companions all the way. One of them a great singer, I found, of my songs. Dined with honest Corry at Cheltenham.

10th. Took a most delicious drive with Corry and Curran, who is staying here, to see the beautiful valley of Evesham. The day most perfect for it. Dined, Curran and I, at Corry's.

11th. Off for Cirencester by the coach. Corry with me, on his way to town. Found all right at home, thank God!

October 12th. To Bowood. The party, Sir Stratford and Lady Canning, the Milmans, Twopenny, and a pretty girl, the daughter of Dr. Birkbeck. Stratford Canning and myself got on very sociably together, and he tried a good deal to persuade me to take a trip with him to Constantinople. If I were a little younger, and had less cares on my head, there are few things I should like better.

November 1st to 4th. Began to work at the fourth volume of my Irish History; and read and noted all there is about the reign of Elizabeth in the books I possess; having brought away with me from Bowood, the Sidney Papers, Holinshed, &c., with the same view. Found,

however, that I could not get on with any satisfaction without seeing as much at least as has been calendared of the papers of Elizabeth at the State Paper Office, and resolved, therefore, to run up to town.

12th. A note from Sydney Smith asking me to breakfast with him to-morrow: — "DEAR MOORE,—I have a breakfast of philosophers to-morrow at ten *punctually*. Muffins and metaphysics; crumpets and contradiction. Will you come?" Wrote him an excuse, telling him of my engagement at the State Paper Office, and saying that, though his breakfast would be very agreeable, it would "take a large slice of a reign out of me."

16th. To the Paper Office. Found, this day or the last, a most curious letter of the Earl of Essex to Elizabeth, telling her, with the utmost coolness, of a proposal he had made to a fellow to murder Phelim O'Neill for a reward of 100 marks of land a year. Showed this to my fellow workman, Tytler, who, indeed, helped me to make out part of the writing, Essex's hand being one of the most difficult to read. Tytler, who has been well broken in to royal murders by his Scottish History (Cardinal Beaton's, for instance, and he is now ferretting out another), was not quite so much shocked by this discovery as I was. Dined at Milman's; company, Hallam, Lockhart, Westmacott, and one or two more. Very agreeable.

17th. State Paper Office for nearly four hours. Am getting into scrapes about dinners. Company at Murray's, Lord Mahon, Sir Francis Head and his daughter, Lockhart, &c. In the evening Miss Head sung, and very prettily; I was also, of course, called into play, and sung a good deal. Much surprised to find Sir Francis Head such a mild and gentle person, and with so little of the Bubbles of the Brunnen in either his look or

manner. Murray sends by me to Bessy a copy of the beautiful edition of Childe Harold he has just published. A letter from Bess full of sweet and good feeling about our poor Tom, who has been very ill in that wretched place, Lower Scinde; but gives great comfort to her, and of course to me, by the better feelings towards home and home associations which his whole letter breathes. He will, I trust in God, be yet a pride and blessing to us.

18th. Dined at Tom Longman's, in the Regent's Park. Company, Dundas, and a few more. Mrs. Longman looking very pretty, and sung very prettily also.

19th. After returning from the State Paper Office yesterday, I was seized with a giddiness, during which the room seemed to turn round with me. The cause of this, I have no doubt, is my having kept my head down over those papers for so many successive days, and so many hours each day. This morning, however, I held the paper in my hand and sat upright. Dined at Mr. Grenville's. Company, Lord and Lady Mahon, Rogers, and Mr. and Lady —— somebody, whom I now forget. All very agreeable.

21st. Desperate day of wet. Got off in the half-past ten train. When we were about half way on our road, a gentleman joined us, with somewhat of the foreigner in his mode of speaking; and on my asking him whether he was going any further than Chippenham, he answered, "I am going to the Duke of Beaufort's," upon which I said (hardly knowing why I said it, or what put it in my head), "Pray what's become of the Duke's friend, Matucievitz?" "I am Matucievitz," he answered courteously, and then all flashed at once upon my mind; my meeting him once, and *but* once, many years ago, at dinner at the Duke of Beaufort's in London, and never having known any more

of him since, than seeing his name now and then in the newspapers. He seemed much pleased at our *rencontre*, and we had a good deal of agreeable conversation together during the remainder of our journey. Such is life, at least *my* life; for I hardly move a step without something odd or agreeable turning up in my path. Got home, notwithstanding, with a very bad cold, which was neither agreeable nor odd.

December 15th and 16th. About the middle of the month the plot again began to thicken at Bowood, and I was again accordingly brought into play; but not having time to particularise, I can give only a summary retrospect of some of the persons and events. Rogers stayed more than a week, still fresh in all his best faculties, and improved wonderfully in the only point where he was ever at all deficient — temper. He now gives the natural sweetness of his disposition fair play. He walked over to see Bessy, one or two days, through all the wretched mud of the Bowood Lane and our own, making (to us and back again) at least six miles. Among the other successive guests were Dr. and Mrs. Fowler. A good story, by the by, told by Fowler, of a man selling a horse. The would-be purchaser, inquiring as to his leaping powers, asks, "Would he take timber?" "He'd jump over your head," answers the other, "I don't know what you call *that*." Macaulay, another of the guests, and I, stayed for some time. He is a most wonderful man, and I rejoice to learn that the world may expect from him a History of England, taken up, I believe, where Hume leaves off. Rogers directed my attention to the passage in his last Edinburgh article, where he describes Warren Hastings's trial, and the remarkable assemblage of persons and circumstances which it brought together. Agreed perfectly with R. as

to the over-gorgeousness of this part of the article. But the whole produces great effect, and is everywhere the subject of conversation. Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble) was another of the visitors, bringing with her her American husband and two little children, and their stay was I think for near a fortnight. On one of the evenings she read out to us "Much Ado about Nothing," with much skill and effect. She, and I too, sung on two successive evenings my duet of "Oh, come to me when daylight sets." We had also Lord John. He accompanied Rogers one day to Sloperton, to see Bessy, and is in high spirits for the approaching conflict. Among the latest visitors of this month, was Charles Greville, who had never before been at Bowood, and was enchanted with the beauty of the house.

1842.

JANUARY, 1842. About the first days of January went over to meet the Palmerstons, Lord and Lady Cottenham, Lord Duncannon and some of his nice family, never forgetting that charming person, Lady Kerry, who has now become a constant inhabitant of Bowood, and it could not have one more ornamental to it. I sung a good deal, as usual, and even the matter-of-fact-looking Ex-Lord Chancellor placed himself close to the pianoforte, and though it didn't quite amount to the "iron tears down Pluto's cheeks," seemed very much pleased. I think it was he who mentioned that the nickname they've now got in Dublin for Peel, is "the Veiled Prophet," alluding to those promised revelations respecting his future policy, for which the world is waiting.

[From this time the Diary of Moore contains a less faithful transcript of the conversations in which he bore a part; exhibits more frequent signs of a decay of memory, and is painfully marked with the difficulties and the distress which were brought upon him by the thoughtlessness of one son and the premature decay of the other.

The eldest son, Thomas Lansdowne Parr, whose birth had been the cause of so much exultation, was destined to be a cause of sorrow to his parents. Malignity has said that Moore neglected the education of his children. No charge could be more false. The education of the Charter House, which by the kindness of Lord Grey and Sir Robert Peel, he was enabled to afford to his two sons, is

one of the best to be obtained anywhere, and the then head master, the present Dean of Peterborough, was well qualified to maintain the high reputation of the school. In the choice of a school, therefore, Moore performed the part of a kind and judicious father.

His conduct in the choice of a profession for his sons, though equally kind, was not equally judicious. Much endurance, a strong physical constitution, and the power as well as the disposition to bear adverse fortune, are requisite for the military service, either of this country or India. Moore's eldest son had little restraint over himself; he was not physically strong; and, like many a son of a man of genius, he was better prepared to enjoy the advantages which his father's reputation brought with it, than to imitate the study and the early parsimony by which his father's genius had been fostered and strengthened in its way to maturity.

In the indulgence of careless habits young Thomas Moore got into debt; in a thoughtless moment he resolved to sell his commission. In the Diary are to be found traits of kindness on the part of Lord Raglan and Sir John Macdonald, which were, however, unavailing. It is much to be lamented that Moore's feelings of independence did not allow him to apply to such friends as Lord Lansdowne or Mr. Rogers, for the aid of a sum of 400*l.*, which would have preserved his son's commission in the English army. He asked for a commission in the Foreign Legion of Algiers, where his poor boy, beloved in spite of his faults by his foreign companions in arms, fell a victim to the climate and to constant exposure which his impaired constitution was not fitted to endure. — J. R.]

8th. Most sad news for me after all my gaiety. Our

darling Russell has been dangerously ill; and though better when Lord Auckland (from whom the account comes) wrote his letter, cannot, the physicians say, remain in India with safety; and was, therefore, in two or three weeks to sail for England. This time twelve months, almost to the very day, the delay of a letter from him prevented my sweet Bess from partaking in the gaieties at Lacock, and now a far worse fear about him jars in with our festivities. Lord Auckland had met the poor boy, as he tells us, out driving, but looking much more fit for the sick bed; and with a kindness, never to be forgotten by me if I were to live years on years, had him brought to Government House and there watched over and attended to. God bless him for it.

10th. A visit from Lady Lansdowne, to whom Lord Auckland had also written an account of our poor Russy's illness. Nothing could be more feeling and affectionate than her manner. Kissed Bessy like a sister, on leaving us, and said to me, when I was putting her into her carriage, "She is a most marvellous person," alluding of course to the deep but calm feeling with which my poor Bessy is making up her mind to the worst.

11th and 12th. We now find, in addition to our apprehensions about Russell, that Tom, too, if not actually embarked, is coming home upon sick leave. His accounts of himself from Lower Scinde were such as a good deal to prepare us for this; but to say nothing of the anxiety and grief caused by it, how on earth am I to meet the additional expenses which the return of both boys will now entail, while still I am in debt too for most of the money which their first outfit, passage, &c. required? I am still willing, and thank God, able to work; but the power comes slower, and the effort is therefore more wearing.

If I could write with the facility and variety which some people give me credit for, I should indeed be like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, "three gentlemen at once." It was but a few months since that I received two letters pretty nearly at the same time, one of them from Mr. Blewit, a composer of comic songs and country-dances (who, by the by, has turned most of the melodies, both gay and serious, into quadrilles), proposing an alliance between himself and me for the production of all sorts of musical comicalities; while the other letter was from Mr. Bagshaw, on the part of the "Dublin Review," begging that I would undertake an article for that work, on the recent edition of Dodd's Ecclesiastical History. He says among other things, "A notice on this work, by Dr. Lingard, appeared in the "Dublin Review" at the time of the appearance of the first volume, and the great importance of the work appears to the proprietors to justify troubling you with the present application; the more especially as the delicacy of the task (regard being had to many of the topics discussed, and their bearing upon the actual position and differences of opinion existing among members of the Catholic body) requires that none but a master-hand should be relied on." The juxta-position here, of such men and such subjects — Blewit and Lingard! — jigs and theology! — is *impayable.*

13th and 14th. A most joyful relief to us, one of these days, the 14th I believe, in a letter from Miss Eden, telling of the rapid and (as it would appear) almost complete recovery of our dear Russell from his threatening attack of illness. He had become so well, she tells us, as to be able to join a large dinner-party they had the day before. It is still thought expedient, however, that he should avail himself of his sick leave, as encountering another hot summer might be dangerous. A second most

welcome item of her intelligence is that Russell's passage is to be paid by the Company, so *that* burden is also off my mind.

The following squib of mine having been left out of my general edition (though published soon enough to have appeared in it) may as well be preserved here: —

"To the Editor of the 'Morning Chronicle.'

"SIR,—You have already, I doubt not, been made acquainted with the very old and curious prophecy, called the Schisms of the Isms, which has been for some time past circulating through various parts of the kingdom. As I have been lucky enough, however, to have lighted upon a more correct copy of this singular production than is generally to be met with, I venture to submit it to your editorial consideration, and have the honour to be,

"Your obedient servant,

"E. G."

THE SCHISM OF THE ISMS.

"There shall come, in the latter days, a schism
Unnamed in Bible or Catechism,
'Mong all such things as end in '*ism*,'
Whether Puseyism, or Newmanism,
Or, simply and solely, mountebankism.

"Then, woe is me! not Gentilism,
Nor Judaism, nor scepticism,
E'er work'd such ill as that day of schism.
For all shall then be egotism,
And separatism and cabalism;
And priests shall mix mock Romanism
With very indifferent Protestantism;
And drug the mess with th' unholy chrism
Of Pusey's once-dear rationalism.

"Then bishops shall ape the nepotism
That drew on popes such stigmatism;

And bring up their sons to sinecurism,
While rolling themselves in epicurism,
Then Ph—lp—tts, ready for any 'ism,'
But liberalism and Christianism,
Shall show that of all sectarianism,
His natural sect is contrary-ism.
And S—l, too, upon Romanism
Will sport his raree-showmanism;
And prove, by dint of sheer humbuggism,
That Tipperary swarms with Thuggism!

"When these things happen in synchronism,
Then woe and alas for the Oxford schism!
It hath reach'd its hour of fatalism,
It hath felt its last faint paroxysm.
And Puseyism and Newmanism,
And even long-winded Sewellism,
Shall all, for want of some better 'ism,'
Be swamp'd in one great cataclysm*!"

Among my letters lately was one from a zealous tee-totaller, who is about to publish a book on the subject; and, after saying that he does not recollect having ever seen any published opinions of mine on the subject, begs that I will favour him with a few sentences in favour of the cause. Wrote back to him to say that I thought no man had a right to preach what he does not practise, and that my own habits at table, though certainly *not* intemperate, extended to a freer use of wine than would authorise me with a grave face to recommend abstinence to others. * * * *

February 25th. The difficulty as to how I can raise the 100*l.* to meet Russell's draft, still haunts me most worryingly; there being, in addition to this, the yet unpaid bills for the outfits both of him and Tom. It redounds much to the honour of my kind old friend Hume, that when

* A learned name for the Deluge.

I wrote to him the other day telling of Russell's draft, he instantly answered, and inquired of me when the bill would become due, evidently meaning to help me through it. This, after all (in a world where money is the universal touchstone), deserves eminently to be noted down as true friendship. Lord Bacon cites some ancient philosopher, who said that "gold was tried with the touchstone, and men with gold;" and the great Chancellor, who was himself, perhaps (while at Gray's Inn), sometimes run hard for this "trier of spirits," seems to have felt deeply its truth.

March 12th. Had written to Hume to meet me at Brookes's this morning, on the subject of Russell's bill (100*l.*), which was to fall due on the fifteenth, and which I trusted he would enable me by some accommodations to meet. On explaining to him that I merely wanted his acceptance of a draft upon him to that amount, at a month's date, he most readily and kindly assented. Went with him to his banker's, made the bill for 120*l.* to meet some other little exigencies, and wrote off to *my* bankers (at Devizes) to apprise them that they should have provision for the bill by Tuesday morning's post. Was delighted to have to tell my dear Bessy that all had been arranged so comfortably. Couldn't help ruminating a little on the essential difference there is between useful and merely ornamental friends. But one mustn't grumble; both are good in their different ways.

13th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Company, Everett (the American Minister), Lord Mahon, Milnes, Luttrell, &c., &c. Talking of Lady Holland's crowded dinners, and her bidding people constantly "to make room," Luttrell said, "It must certainly be *made*, for it does not *exist*." Dined at Lady Holland's. Found in the hall, as

I was going in, a victim of *one* of her ways of making room, in the person of Gore, who was putting on his great coat to take his departure, having been sent away by my Lady for want of room. Company, Lord Melbourne, Lords Erroll and Kinnaird (if I recollect right), Lord Dalmeny, and a good many more. So great was the "pressure from without," that Allen, after he had performed his carving part, retired to a small side table to dine. All was very agreeable, however, and I have seldom seen Lord Melbourne in such good spirits. Rogers's theory is that the close packing of Lady Holland's dinners is one of the secrets of their conversableness and agreeableness, and perhaps he is right.

16th. Dined with Mr. Grenville. Company, only Lady Francis Egerton, the Archbishop of York and his niece, and Lord Harrowby. Choice Church and State companions for *me!* but all very kind and agreeable, and the male portion veterans of the first order, Mr. Grenville himself being eighty-six, the Archbishop, I suppose, little short of that age, and Lord Harrowby, as he told us, eighty. No great deficiency visible in any of them; and Lord Harrowby let off some of his sarcastic jokes as lively as ever. Sat a good while talking after dinner, and then home. The Archbishop, in the course of the day, reminded me of the ancient music, and the little use I had made of my privilege of *entrée* to "the preserve," and Lady Francis asked me to her music to-morrow evening. Had a note from Sydney Smith this morning. I had met him soon, after my arrival in town, at Lady Holland's, and he then told me that his list of dinners was full, both at home and abroad, for ten days to come. Alluding to this in the excuse I sent him, I added, that most willingly would I

have *fasted* for the chance of dining with him. The following was his reply: —

"MY DEAR MOORE,—I must explain why my invitation to you came so late. Before I knew you were in Town my party was completed; but Lord Carlisle is ill, and I hastened to supply his place from the aristocracy of nature. Ever," &c.

18th. Went for a few hours to the State Paper Office, to see how far they had got on with the calendaring since I was last there. Was sorry to find they had made but little progress. Took some notes of what they had done. Dined at Mrs. Cunliffe's. Company large enough, but (strange to say) quite a blank in my memory; whether through *their* fault or *mine*, I know not. I have heard of a "Tabula rasa," but a whole dinner *table* thus suddenly erased from one's memory is a new phenomenon. In one of Bessy's last letters she mentioned that a letter had arrived at Sloperton from Tom, dated Lower Scinde, and stated a few of the particulars contained in it. Something struck me that there was much held back by her through the fear of annoying me.

19th. Went to the Horse Guards. Macdonald put into my hand a letter or paper which revealed all that my poor Bessy had withheld from me. Tom has sold his commission, and is on his way home! thus casting away all that I had managed to do for him with so much anxiety and self-denial. Forgot to mention that I breakfasted this morning with Milnes, to meet the American Minister, Hallam, Macaulay, &c. &c. Macaulay opened for us quite a new character of his marvellous memory, which astonished as much as it amused me; and that was his acquaintance with the old Irish slang ballads, such as

"The night before Larry was stretched," &c. &c. many of which he repeated as glibly off as *I* could in my boyhood. He certainly obeys most wonderfully Eloisa's injunction, "Do all things but *forget*."

20th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Made visits. Called (this day I believe it was) on the Halls, the clever writers on Ireland, who live at Old Brompton; but did not find them at home, so had my long walk for nothing. Dined at Fonblanque's; a very large party in a small room. Got luckily seated between Shiel and our host, so that I had the flower of the whole assemblage.

22nd. Off for home by the half-past ten train, and in the next carriage to me was Jeffrey, Mrs. Jeffrey, Empson, Mrs. Empson and child. Jeffrey, I was sorry to find, not in good health, and going to Clifton for change of air. Asked him to pay us a visit at Sloperton, and said that if possible I would set him an example by coming to see him at Clifton. How comfortable even these glimpses are of old and dear friends. As I say myself, in one of my songs,

> "Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
> To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
> For, a smile or a grasp of the hand, hastening on,
> Is all we enjoy of each other in this."

This "hastening on" would seem to have been written with a prospective view to my meeting Jeffrey thus in full speed, on a railroad. Found my sweet Bessy pretty well, but, like myself, full of alarm and anxiety about our two boys: the one good and prosperous, but in ill health; the other,—but, alas! there's no use in dwelling upon what is so painful.

25th and 26th. "Moore's Irish Melodies translated into Irish. By Dr. Mc Hale, R. C. Archbishop of Tuam.—

'In every language syllabled by fame' have the Irish Melodies, that undying transcript of a nation's wrongs and honours, been hitherto made known, except, until now, in the native language of their own country. Musical, perhaps, beyond most others, at least as far as the simple expression of feeling may be conveyed through the medium of sound, the Irish nation have as yet had in their mother tongue only bad expositors of their airs, or vapid declamatory modes of reproduction; and while the singers of all the rest of the world have known the words of Moore, the 'mere Irish' were obliged to be contented with the knowledge that their wrongs and their woes found a place in the crowded saloons where fashion and beauty meet, while in their own old and most expressive language alone they found no currency. This reproach, or want, is now likely to be removed by the aid of Dr. McHale, who, in reducing the Irish Melodies from the 'foreign' tongue, in which their own great poet had made them so familiar, to the native, has, as he expresses it in the notice 'to the reader,' which precedes these translations, 'introduced these Melodies to his humbler countrymen, robed in a manner worthy of their high origin,' and done 'a service to the taste and morality of the people.' The translator, whose name and position will make these versions as popular at the hearths of the peasantry as the originals are all the world over, thus alludes to the author:—'The genius of Moore must ever command admiration; its devotion to the vindication of the ardent faith of Ireland, and the character of its injured people, must inspire every Irishman with still more estimable feelings. Seated amidst the tuneful followers of Apollo, he essayed the instruments of every Muse, and became master of them all; sighing at length for some higher and holier source of

poetical feeling, he turns to the East, and listens with rapture to its poetical melodies; subdued by the strain, he lets fall the lyre, seizes the harp of Sion and Erin, at once the emblem of piety and of patriotism, and gives its boldest and most solemn chords to his own impassioned inspirations of country and of patriotism.' This is high praise, but not beyond Moore's merits. The translations, we are told by those acquainted with the ancient Irish language, are excellent, close, and worthy of the author."

April 6th. We had been for some time daily expecting our dear Russell, and this morning a letter arrived from him, dated Hastings, and telling us we might expect him in the course of the day. Our ears and eyes were of course on the watch for every carriage that approached, and at last we heard his own voice telling the flyman *not* to drive into the gate. Our feeling at this remembrance of his mother's neat garden, and his thoughtful wish not to spoil the gravel, was hardly expressed to us when we saw the poor fellow himself, getting slowly out of the carriage, and looking as if the next moment would be his very last. It seemed, indeed, all but death. Both his mother and myself threw our arms round him, and all three remained motionless for some time; the poor boy the only calm one of the three, and my feelings and fears being far more, I confess, about the mother than about himself. It was very frightful, nor shall I ever forget those few minutes at that gate.

7th to 9th. Have had Brabant two or three times to see Russell, and he evidently thinks him in great danger. No ulceration yet in the lungs, but tubercles, he thinks, have formed.

10th and 11th. My poor Bessy day and night watching over her patient, to whom she has given up her own room,

and at every cough she hears from him at night is by his bedside. It is for *her* I most fear.

12th to 14th. Great appearances of amendment, and Brabant evidently begins to think him better.

15th to 18th. I shall now, as some amusement to my mind, notice a few of the various communications I have been receiving lately, and, first and foremost, the following scrap of one of my dear Bessy's letters while I was in town (the very letter which contained, or rather suppressed, the bad news about Tom) deserves well to be preserved. "The violets are getting ready to welcome you back, and I have had a number of little nothings done to keep us tidy; so that without expense we shall go on again looking tolerably decent. The wall is up and the honeysuckle arranged. Polly* and I worked hard at your face† to wash it clean, and we succeeded in a degree. Remember to bring down Mr. Rogers."‡

Received last month the following letter from Mrs. Hall, the writer of the inimitable Stories, &c., about Ireland.

"DEAR SIR,—I venture to present you with a copy of my 'Sketches of Irish Character;' for though, being my first work, it is crude and full of faults, yet, relating as it does to my native Bannow, and being inscribed to your old friend Thomas Boyse, I hope it may find favour in your eyes. I have long desired to present you with 'my works.' I owe you, in common with all those who can feel, so much gratitude, that even to be able to say 'I am grateful,' is a

* Mary Hughes, of Buckhill.

† A cast from Kirk's bust of me which stands in our drawing-room.

‡ A print of himself from Lawrence's picture, which he had promised to give to Bessy.

privilege; but had it not been for your kind note to my husband, I should not have presumed to address you even now. I cannot avoid mentioning a little circumstance which afforded us both much pleasure. We were reading your 'History of Ireland,' and found that you had immortalized a poem on Jerpoint Abbey, by mentioning it with a few precious words of praise. That poem was written by my husband, when quite a youth, and long before he thought of exchanging his pen for a barrister's gown. I am sure you would not regret your generous words, if you had witnessed *my pride* for him. I have the honour to be,

"Your most obliged and grateful,

"A. MARIA HALL."

May 1st to 9th. Again disturbed from home and work, and obliged to run up to town on a fool's errand, namely, the acting as one of the stewards at the approaching dinner of the Literary Fund; his Royal Highness Prince Albert having consented to take the chair on the occasion. This is, *indeed*, meeting the spirit of the times more than half way; the King Consort taking the chair at a Freemason Tavern dinner!

10th. Started for town, leaving our dear boy somewhat better. Found, with my usual good luck, a note from Murray, asking me to meet at dinner *to-day* the man of all others I wanted to shake hands with once more—Washington Irving. Called at Murray's to say "yes, yes," with all my heart.

11th. Went to the Literary Fund Chambers to see what were the arrangements and where I was to be seated; having in a note to Blewitt, the secretary, begged of him to place me near some of my own personal friends. Found that I was to be seated between Hallam and

Washington Irving. All right. By the bye, Irving had yesterday come to Murray's with the determination, as I found, not to go to the dinner, and all begged of me to use my influence with him to change this resolution. But he told me his mind was made up on the point, that the drinking his health, and the speech he would have to make in return, were more than he durst encounter; that he had broken down at the Dickens' Dinner (of which he was chairman) in America, and obliged to stop short in the middle of his oration, which made him resolve not to encounter another such accident. In vain did I represent to him that a few words would be quite sufficient in returning thanks. "That *Dickens'* Dinner," which he always pronounced with strong emphasis, hammering away all the time with his right arm, *more suo*, "that *Dickens'* Dinner," still haunted his imagination, and I almost gave up all hope of persuading him. At last I said to him, "Well, now, listen to me a moment. If you really wish to distinguish yourself, it is by saying the fewest possible words that you will effect it. The great fault with all the speakers, *myself* among the number, will be our saying too much. But if you content yourself with merely saying that you feel most deeply the cordial reception you have met with, and have great pleasure in drinking their healths in return, the very simplicity of the address will be more effective from such a man, than all the stammered out rigmaroles that the rest of the speechifires will vent." This suggestion seemed to touch him; and so there I left him, feeling pretty sure that I had carried my point. It is very odd that while some of the shallowest fellows go on so glib and ready with the tongue, men whose minds are abounding with matter should find such difficulty in bringing it out. I found that Lockhart also had declined

attending this dinner under a similar apprehension, and only consented, on condition that his health should not be given. * * *

The best thing of the evening, (as far as *I* was concerned), occurred after the whole grand show was over. Irving and I came away together, and we had hardly got into the street, when a most pelting shower came on, and cabs and umbrellas were in requisition in all directions. As we were provided with neither, our plight was becoming serious, when a common cad ran up to me, and said, "Shall I get you a cab, Mr. Moore? Sure, ain't *I* the man that patronizes your Melodies?" He then ran off in search of a vehicle, while Irving and I stood close up, like a pair of male caryatides, under the very narrow projection of a hall-door ledge, and thought at last that we were quite forgotten by my patron. But he came faithfully back, and, while putting me into the cab (without minding at all the trifle I gave him for his trouble) he said confidentially in my ear, "Now, mind, whenever you want a cab, Misthur Moore, just call for Tim Flaherty, and I'm your man." Now, this I call *fame*, and of somewhat a more agreeable kind than that of Dante, when the women in the street found him out by the marks of hell-fire on his beard. (See Ginguenè.)

16th. Forgot to mention that I went to the rehearsal at the Ancient Music this morning, the Archbishop of York having good-naturedly called me to account the other day for never using my privilege of *entrée* to the Preserve. Nothing, certainly, could be more gratifying than my reception now among them. Lord Cawdor, who had been sitting beside the Archbishop when I entered, said laughingly, "Let us place him next the Archbishop," and laying his hands on my shoulders, made me take his seat.

Two old stock articles of mine, "Fallen is thy throne," and "Sound the loud timbrel," happened to be among the selections for the day, and everybody was very flattering about them. The manner, however, in which "Fallen is thy throne" was given worried me not a little, from its dull sameness, and I felt very much relieved when I found they stopped after the second verse. To hear them *snore* out "Go, saith the Lord, ye Conquerors" (into which I myself in singing it throw all the force and passion I can muster up) would have been rather trying. Nothing, however, could have been more agreeable than the whole *séance;* the nice people around me, Lady Lyttleton, Mrs. Gladstone, my old friend Lady Cawdor, and the Archbishop's good-humoured daughter, the beauty of some of the music and the flattering reception given to my own old strains, all was very agreeable.

21st. Breakfasted at Hallam's. A grand display of literati; and the poets particularly in great force, there being of the party Campbell, Wordsworth, Rogers, and myself. What a scene for a Blue to peep in upon! and yet the whole thing ordinary enough.

25th. Went one of these mornings to the British Museum to look over works about Ireland. Panizzi and the librarian most alert and kind in their attentions.

26th. Started for home. On arriving found our dear Russell somewhat better that I had expected.

June 4th to 6th. This whole month has been passed quietly at home, if "quietly" I can call it, with such pressing cares and anxieties on my mind. The dying state (for I fear it is no better) of our poor boy at home, and the still worse state (for death is after all not the worst evil) of that unlucky Tom, now thrown upon the world without profession or means of subsistence, make up

altogether a prospect which, but for the courage, warm-heartedness, and never-failing spirits of my admirable Bessy, I never should be able to sustain.

7th to 10th. The remainder of this month passed at home and hard at work; somewhat enlivened, however, by the following announcement of an agreeable honour lately conferred upon me by the King of Prussia.

"Berlin, June 1st, 1842.—His Majesty has been pleased to found a Special Class of the Order 'pour le mérite,' to be conferred on persons who have distinguished themselves in the sciences and arts. The number of the members of the German nation is fixed at thirty. To enhance the splendour of the order it will also be conferred on eminent foreigners, the number of whom is not fixed, but is never to exceed that of the German members. Among the foreign members in the Class of Science (including, it seems, Belles Lettres) are Robert Faraday, Sir John Herschel, members of the Royal Society of London, and Mr. Thomas Moore.—'Prussian State Gazette.'"

July 1st to 4th. Came to the resolution at last of accepting Boyse's friendly offer, as relieving me, at least, from one great source of anxiety, the want of means for small daily demands. Wrote to him to say I would accept his kind offer of a loan of 200*l.*, and, almost by return of post, received from him a most friendly letter enclosing notes to that amount.

5th to 7th. Working at my History, which must now be my whole and sole task. * * *

17th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Went afterwards to Warwick Street Chapel, and was lucky enough to come in for Mozart's Requiem. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's, having been my own inviter. I had heard, on arriving in town, that he was to have a "Dickens' dinner" (as Wash-

ington Irving would call it) on this day, and wrote to propose myself as a guest. Among the other diners besides Dickens, were Rogers, Luttrell, Sir Edmund Head, and one or two more. Had a long *séance* to-day with Macdonald, at his own house, on the subject of Tom. Something that fell from Bryan yesterday gave me a faint glimpse of hope that *he* was a little inclined to interpose his aid on my present emergency. "Wasn't it possible," he asked, "that Tom might enter the army again as an ensign, that rank being so much more easily purchaseable?" I therefore questioned Macdonald on the subject. "Why, my dear fellow," he answered, "an ensigncy would cost 450*l.*, and the payment of 400*l.* would preserve to your son his lieutenancy." He also mentioned, what was most tantalizing under the circumstances, that it was *not*, as I supposed, their intention to continue Tom in his present regiment (where there are near twenty lieutenants before him), but that they had a snug berth ready for him in a regiment which was now in England, and would remain so for some time, and in which there would be but two or three between him and promotion. I forget now the number of this regiment, but he showed it to me in the Army List. This is real and *essential* kindness, if I *could* but have availed myself of it.

19th. It was this day, I believe, not yesterday, that I dined at Burdett's to meet M^c^Nab, &c. The loss of my memorandum book has allowed all that was agreeable to escape out of my mind; the disagreeable is sure to remain. Called upon Macdonald, and told him the hopelessness of my case; so there *ends* the whole matter, and with it, I fear, all my unfortunate boy's prospects. Sate a good while with Macdonald, while he was dressing for some levee, and had an account from him of the small beginnings

from which he rose to be what he is; all naturally, shrewdly, and interestingly told.

22nd and 23rd. Having now no other hope for Tom, I again turned my thoughts to the chance of the Austrian service for him; but the recommendatory note from Lord Fitzroy which Neumann required, appeared to me rather a stumbling-block. As, however, he could *but* refuse, I wrote him a letter on the subject, which he answered promptly and kindly, enclosing at the same time the required note for Neumann, and thus crowning the uniform course of his kindness to me. Lost no time in delivering this note to Neumann, who said that he would do all he could towards favouring my object.

23rd. Went to Dr. Johnson's, who did not speak quite so encouragingly about Russell's case as he did to Brabant, who told us that in speaking of young men obliged to come home for this sort of disorder, he said, "It is very, very tedious; but they all recover." Dr. Johnson, however, mentioned a physician upon whom he had more reliance in East Indian cases than himself, and said he would procure and communicate to me his opinion on this subject. When I offered my fee, he very courteously declined it.

August 8th to 10th. Hard at work at my History, which must now be my whole and sole task, but when to be finished, God only knows.

16th. Received a letter from Tom containing somewhat more comfortable glimpses of a future for him than have for a long time opened upon me. A French gentleman whom he has got acquainted with through our friend Villamil, and who is a Member of the Chamber of Deputies, has invited him to pass some weeks with him at his country house at Eu, and has also suggested, as a possible resource for him, his entering into the Légion Etrangère of

the French army employed in Algiers, the king being likely, he thinks, to give him a commission in that service. This is at least worthy of consideration. A very happy use was made by Peel the other day, in his clever answer to Lord Palmerston, of some lines of mine from the Melodies. Alluding to the flight of Lord John and most of the other opposition leaders from town, leaving Palmerston to stand the brunt of the House alone, he compared him to

> "The last rose of summer left blooming alone,
> All his lovely companions were faded and gone."

19th and 20th. An amusing instance of the spread of literature just now; one of Bessy's old women in the village sent her lately a letter from her son, in which was the following learned piece of criticism. "The following lines are written by Thomas Moore, Esq. I consider them beautiful; very sarcastic upon the gentry." Then follow these lines from Lalla Rookh:—

> "A heav'n, too, ye must have, ye lords of dust,
> A splendid paradise, — pure souls ye must.
> That prophet ill sustains his holy call,
> Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes of all."

This metamorphose of my friend Mokanna into a lampooner of "the gentry" is excellent; a sort of Oriental Tom Brown the Younger.

21st and 22nd. Work and worry, my daily portion. Wrote to Lord Auckland, to welcome him home; to tell him of poor Russell's continued illness, and thank him as warmly as language *could* thank for his kindness to him. In his answer he says, "You are very grateful for a very little. Having a palace and four hundred servants, it was no great effort for me to give a bed to the son of so old a friend."

September 1st to 11th. Received about the 10th or 11th a letter from Tom, which agreeably relieved me from the misgivings I have had about my letter to Madame Adelaide. I shall here transcribe all he says on the subject. "The following particulars, which I trust will give you pleasure, I must state briefly, as time presses. On last Sunday morning I was presented at court. His Majesty received me most graciously, conversing with me in English, which he speaks perfectly, during five or six minutes. The same day I received an invitation to dine at the palace, where I was equally well received. On Tuesday I had an audience with Madame Adelaide, and the Princess was most kind. She received me alone, and conversed for a considerable time; but did not open your letter while I was present. But yesterday evening I received the following note from the lady in waiting: — 'Madame Adelaide désirerait parler demain à 11 heures à Monsieur T. Moore. La Comtesse de Montjoie s'empresse de l'en prévenir. Château d'Eu.' Accordingly I waited upon Madame this morning, who was really quite friendly both in her manner and in what she said. She told me, that on reading your letter she spoke upon the subject to the King, who immediately expressed himself most anxious to meet your wishes. His Majesty also recommended me strongly to Maréchal Soult, to whom she, too, had spoken upon the subject. Madame then spoke to me very kindly concerning the badness of the climate, and the severity of the duty in Africa; observing that after my health having already suffered in India, I should not think of venturing in Africa, &c., &c. Madame concluded by telling me that she had settled everything with Maréchal Soult, who would receive me immediately; and she added, '*Si vous voulez me suivre, je vais vous présenter moi-même à son aide-de-camp,*'

&c. Maréchal Soult, who *can* be a *tiger*, is gentle enough where kings are concerned; and it was no doubt to the intervention of his Majesty and Madame that I owed the politeness of my reception. But here the first obstacle has arisen, in consequence of my not being in possession of the papers which I forwarded to England by your desire. The Maréchal requires also a certificate, &c., &c. From all that the Maréchal said to me, I could see plainly that my request was a very difficult one for him to fulfil; but he expressed himself most ready to do everything in his power as soon as he should receive my papers and find everything satisfactory. * * Therefore it is that I venture to ask you to obtain from Lord Fitzroy the favour of a letter of recommendation to Maréchal Soult, as a letter from him as our Secretary-at-War to Maréchal Soult, upon whom everything depends, would undoubtedly facilitate the affair, &c., &c. Madame Adelaide bid me write to you to-day and assure you of the continued friendship for you which exists no less on her own part than on that of Louis Philippe; and she added that she intended writing to you herself, and assuring you of his kindly dispositions, for, she added, '*votre père et moi, nous avons toujours été de très bons amis.*' "

There's a good deal more of the letter, but I have given only the most interesting parts. What will come of it all, Heaven knows. But I see not much to hope; and, in the meantime, it is but a continuation of that *spoiling* process to which poor Tom (as my son) has been from his childhood subjected. Let the result, however, be what it may, the kindness of these royal people is even more creditable to themselves than to me, and shows what injustice I did to them in supposing the "*tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ*" to apply also to these earthly godheads. Their anger with

me (if indeed they ever felt it) has all evidently passed away. It being the opinion both of Bessy and Ellen that I ought to run up to town and confer with my friends at the Horse Guards on this matter, I started from home on the

12th. My companion a poor sick young clergyman who had been to try the air of Clifton for relief; and (as happens constantly with me) it chanced that in the course of our conversation, I touched a spring which brought us in *rapport* with each other. In speaking of the Charter House, where it appeared he had been educated, I said that a son of mine had been also brought up there, whom he might have known, named Moore; upon which his poor pale face lighted up with smiles, and without saying a word he took off his hat to me.

14th. Breakfasted at Brookes's, Rogers, my grand dispenser of that meal, having gone for some days to Lord Palmerston's. Wrote a long letter to Madame Adelaide on the subject of Tom, Marshal Soult, Algiers, &c., which was in every respect a most painful operation to me. Took it myself to the French ambassador's, with the hope that he had returned from Paris, and having a sort of notion that I am personally acquainted with him, in which case I would have tried to enlist him in the cause of Tom; but he had not yet returned. Being so near my old (or rather young) lodgings in George-street, thought I would treat myself to another peep at them; the last time I saw them having been with my poor boy, Russell. But "the gentleman up two pair of stairs" was now unwell, and I got no further than the hall. Met Lady Holland in her carriage in St. James's Street, a god-send or (to speak more gallantly) a goddess-send at this time of the year in London. Asked me of course to dinner to-day, which I most gladly

accepted. Had already formed a sort of slip-knot with Easthope to dine at his country house, but he had luckily put me off till to-morrow. I had now dined two successive days at my own expense, which in London is a sort of monstrosity. "Base is the slave that pays," says ancient Pistol, and I feel deeply the truth of this aphorism when paying for a dinner for myself in London.

Company at Lady Holland's (besides herself and Allen), Sir S. Hammick and Henry Bulwer. The conversation very agreeable, and my Lady read to us after dinner a letter from Sydney, quite as piquant as any of her dishes. Thought to have remembered some of it, but my knack at reporting, never very good, is now nearly gone. I remember, however, that before dinner, Allen provoked me a little. That people shouldn't *read* my History is no blame to them, God knows; but that, *without* that previous process, they should (before the author's face, too,) profess to give an account of it, and criticise it, is rather too bad, and shows that at least some of our Irish *brass* must have adhered to them. Allen gravely assured the company that the First Volume of my History was chiefly employed in supporting those fabulous claims to antiquity which my countrymen had set up; whereas I am the first real Irishman who has ever ventured to protest against our Milesian pedigree, and relieve the real antiquities of the land from the incubus of that dull fable. So much was this the case, and so essentially had this stale nonsense come to be connected in the minds of Irishmen with their great national cause, that I remember Lynch, the author of "Feudal Dignities" (a man well versed in our real ancient lore), writing to express to me his deep regret that I had adopted this view of the question, and adding that "he foresaw in it future concessions to English prejudice" on my part.

In the evening Lord Fitzgerald joined our party. Lady Holland very anxious that I should meet him at dinner to-morrow, and tried all her moods, the imperative among the rest, to make me say that I would come; but, without telling her where I was engaged, I declared it to be impossible.

15th. Called for by Easthope at half-past three. Our companion a Mr. Doyle, a young Irishman, lately added to the staff of "The Chronicle." Easthope's place not far from Oatlands. None but his own family at dinner; three daughters and a son. Being asked to sing in the evening, was glad of the opportunity of again trying my voice, not having sung a note for months, and the last time I ventured having been before our poor dying boy, when, after a note or two, I broke irresistibly into a fit of sobbing, most painful, of course, to us all. Ever since then I had not ventured to touch the pianoforte till this evening, when, glad of the opportunity of another trial, I consented to sing, and was rejoiced to find I could get so well through it, my voice being much the same as ever, and my audience evidently much touched and pleased.

17th. Called again upon Dr. Johnson, and had some talk with him. Told him of our trial once or twice of the bath he had recommended, and of our leaving it off on account of the painful trouble it gave our poor boy, and the opinion of our physician that it would do him but little good. He then suggested some easier mode of applying the bath, and said that he should like to have it continued. Company at Lady Holland's (besides Rogers who took me), Sir James Kemp, Sir Stephen Hammeck, some foreign minister whose name I could not catch, and one or two more. Some talk with Allen, during which I asked him whether he did not sometimes feel wearied by the sort of

effort it must be to keep up conversation during these evenings, and he owned that it was frequently a most heavy task, and that if he had followed his own taste and wishes he would long since have given up that mode of life. For myself (as I believe I told him), that Holland House sort of existence, though by far the best specimen of its kind going, would appear to me, for any continuance, the most wearisome of all forms of slavery; and the best result I find of my occasional visits to town is the real relish with which I return to my quiet garden and study, where, in the mute society of my own thoughts and books, I am never either offended or wearied.

23rd. Received Lord Fitzroy's answer to my letter, refusing, as I had anticipated, to give Tom the introduction to Soult; but full of most kind and considerate feeling. The following are extracts from his letter:—"I have been considering your poor son's case most seriously, and I really do not feel at liberty to write to Marshal Soult in his behalf. I will confess to you moreover that, however unfortunate his position may be, I do not see the advantage of his entering *La Légion Etrangère;* and I find this to be the opinion of a Gentleman of Authority * in such matters, whom I had an opportunity of consulting yesterday by the merest accident. I do not know what the precise object may be in having with the *Corps d'Armée* in Algiers a *Légion Etrangère.* It can be from no want of men, of whom France possesses an abundance, and whom she can place in the ranks at any moment by means of the conscription. But I conceive it to be from a natural desire to save the

* I have little doubt from the wording of this passage, from the capital letters, and the pains taken to state that it was 'by the merest accident' the opportunity of consulting was afforded, that the Gentleman of Authority was no other than the Duke of Wellington.

national troops from fatiguing and unhealthy services, and to have what must be done performed by those whose lives are less valuable to them. Nor do I know how officers in this corps are paid. It is presumed, however, that the duties to be discharged are such as to render imperative on an English gentleman the possession of comforts which his mere pay alone cannot command; and that, after all the exposure to disease and extraordinary fatigue, your son would not be better off in this respect with the *Légion Etrangère* than he would be in the Austrian army. It is difficult to advise when one has nothing to offer if our advice should be followed, but I cannot help urging you to reconsider this matter in which your poor son's fate is involved, and to see if his admission to the Austrian army is really out of the question."

Nothing can be more kind and considerate than this truly high-bred and soldierly letter, and his words, "your poor son," went to my heart. It is indeed a bleak prospect for the unfortunate boy.

25th to 27th. Some correspondence has passed between me and *Dan* lately, in consequence of a letter I wrote to him respecting a statement made in more than one of his speeches of the hospitable reception given in Dublin to the English Protestants, who fled thither for safety in the reign of Queen Mary. He has frequently alluded to the circumstance in his speeches, and more than once quoted a long account from some book, giving in detail an account of the demonstrations made of this liberal feeling by the Catholic corporation of Dublin. Though pretty sure that the short notice we have in Ware, Harris, &c., is our only authority for so remarkable an event, I wrote to O'Connell to beg he would assist me on the subject. His letter (which, being characteristic, I shall give an extract from)

tells me of course no more about the matter than I had already known from the authors above mentioned:—

"My dear Moore,—Do not be angry with me for not having sooner answered your letter. The fact is, I wanted to answer it satisfactorily, but have consumed the time in vain. * * * I remember distinctly having read the facts somewhere, though I cannot lay my hand upon the authority: I mean the facts relative to the corporation of Dublin. Of this much there is no doubt, that the Irish Catholics did not persecute any Protestants in the reign of Queen Mary; nay, more: it is quite certain that many Protestants fled from England to escape persecution, and received protection in Ireland from the Irish Catholics," &c., &c.

I have since found, and unluckily lost again, the extract from O'Connell's speech relating to this matter, wherein he enters into details of the public proceedings of the Dublin Catholics on that occasion. I should be right glad that he had any such historical fact to advance; but the real state of the case is, I believe, neither more nor less than what Ware thus states:—"This year several of the Protestants of England fled over into Ireland, by reason Queen Mary began to persecute, &c., viz., John Harvey, Abel Ellis, John Edmonds, and Henry Hough, all Cheshire men, who, bringing over their goods and chattels, lived in Dublin, and became citizens of this city; it *not being known wherefore they came thither until after Queen Mary's death.*"

28th and 29th. On looking again at O'Connell's letter, I see that he *does* mention in it one of those poetical facts which he had stated in the speech referred to. "I cannot bring," he says, "to my recollection where I found the fact of the hiring of seventy-two houses in Dublin for

the Bristol Protestant refugees, in Mary's reign; but find it certainly I did, and will not cease until I find it again."

October 1st to 3rd. The same melancholy course of life which has been our fate (or rather the fate of my poor Bessy and her suffering invalid) for the last six or seven months; gleams of hope, now and then, but one after another vanishing, and at last Kenrick has told us we must prepare for the worst. One great consolation is, that the poor fellow suffers but little pain; God send it may be so to the last. A night or two since he was singing over some of his favourite songs, and, indeed, sung himself to sleep.

24th. Wrote a day or two since to Tom, asking him to come here as soon as he could to see poor Russell. It is strange, but some lines of my own, long forgotten, have lately turned upon my memory, which are sadly applicable to my poor Bessy's present afflictions. All that I remember of them is that they were written, at somebody's request, for some unhappy mother, who was suffering under the anguish they so poorly describe —

"There is no grief beneath the sun
Like that with which the mother sighs,
Who sees her first — her only one,
Withering away before her eyes.

"And if that one be lov'd as well
As thou art, darling child, by me,
Ah, parents' hearts alone can tell
How deep thy parent's agony."

November 1st and 2nd. A visit from Lord Auckland and Miss Eden; neither of them much changed in appearance. Their friend, poor Russell, not able to receive Lord A. in his bed-room, but will, I trust, when they next come, as he now seems really to have made a rally. Took a long

walk with Lord A. across the Spye Park fields, in order to put him in his way to Lacock. He has got grey and grave, — a sad alliteration.

3rd and 4th. Received an amusing little book about "Whist," with the following note from the anonymous author:—"The author of the accompanying trifle has been so frequently and so highly amused, delighted, and astonished with Mr. Moore's works, that he has requested his publishers to forward the volume with this note." A most anxious and urgent note from Lady Lansdowne asking me to come for two or three days during the stay of the Clarendons, John Russells, &c., and proposing an arrangement by which her carriage should bring Mrs. Hughes to stay with Bessy during my absence, and then take her back again. Though not very well myself, and with a mind anything but comfortable, could not refuse such kind importunity. Nothing, indeed, could be more truly affectionate than Lady Lansdowne has been to my poor Bess during the whole of this sad trial. No sister could be kinder.

5th. To Bowood, the carriage having brought Mrs. Hughes; but I preferred walking thither. Company at dinner, the Aucklands, John Russells, Clarendons, Strangways, Lady Kerry, and one or two more.

6th. Read and worked a little during the day. In the evening volunteered to sing, seeing that Lady Lansdowne felt delicate about asking me. Was glad to be able to make the effort, and got on much better than I expected. All seemed greatly pleased.

7th. Meant to have closed my visit this morning, but Lady Lansdowne, and, indeed, the whole party, urged so anxiously my staying over to-day, that I agreed to return, if, on seeing how all was at home, I could do so with

comfort. Lord John, too, offered to walk with me to Sloperton, both to see Mrs. Moore, and to bring me back. Our walk very agreeable, and, after sitting some time with Bessy, he returned to Bowood alone, taking along with him my promise to come to dinner. The same company as yesterday, with the addition only of Poulett Scrope. In the evening Lord John begged of me to begin my singing (if I *did* sing) a little earlier, in order that Lady John, who is obliged to go early to bed, might hear me; having missed it last night. Did so, of course.

13th and 14th. The Aucklands called on their way from Bowood (which they have left to go to Lord Grosvenor's), having promised to make another effort to see Russell; but the poor fellow was asleep, and they did not like to disturb him.

December. I have not had the heart to return to this Journal for some weeks past. All is over. Our dear boy expired on the 23rd of last month, and the calmness, sweetness, and manliness of his last moments were such as to leave, even in the mother's heart, not only comfort, but almost pleasure. He suffered but little indeed of actual pain throughout the whole illness, nor was it till two or three days before his death that he became aware of his danger. His mother then, I think, suggested his taking the Sacrament, but he declined doing so. On the morning of the 23rd, he asked his mother to bring pen and ink, and make memorandums of some little gifts he wished to leave. After inquiring about a bequest of 100*l.* left by Betty Starkie, which was to fall at some distant period, he said, "Very well," and thus proceeded: "Mrs. Hughes may have my chain; she will like that." "And your seal ring," asked his mother; "there's your papa." "Papa won't wear it." "But he will use it." "Yes, my

ring then, to papa." "Your dressing case; shall Tom have your dressing case?" "He wouldn't like it. Let Herbert Brabant have my dressing case." He then proceeded, "I should like to give something to Annie" (the daughter of our neighbour, Mrs. Schomberg, with whom the poor fellow, before he went to India, was rather in love); "let Annie have the little seal." "What for Ellen? Would you like her to have the little lip-salve box, and Rogers's Italy?" "Yes; send my hunting-whip to Mr. Schomberg. Polly Hughes my blue purse. Mr. Hughes, of Buckhill, would like my pencil." "And what for Tom?" asked his mother, again. "I have nothing to leave that he would like. Give him my dying love, and Campbell's poems." He then stopped, as if to rest. "You haven't said anything for Mr. Starkie?" To this he made no reply. Turning to Ruth, our good-natured housemaid, he thanked her for her kind attention to him during his illness, adding, "I suppose you'll soon be married, Ruth?" (the girl being, he knew, engaged). "Yes, sir, please God, sometime." He then spoke of his clothes, and desired that such as his brother Tom did not like should be sold or given to the poor. After he had rested a little while, his mother asked whether she could do anything to make him comfortable. "Read to me," he replied. "What shall it be?" "Read to me about the Communion." After she had read some time he said, "I think I shall take it." His mother read a little more, and then said, "Should you like Mr. Drury sent for?" "Yes, but not now." The poor mother then read on until her feelings became too much for her, and she was obliged to stop. After an interval, she asked, "Would you like to see Mr. Drury to-day?" "Yes." He became then composed, and his mother, as usual, washed him, brushed his hair and teeth,

and scented his pocket handkerchief. Drury came, and, after having talked with him for a short time, said that he did not hesitate to give him the Sacrament as soon as he liked. "Now, or to-morrow?" "Now," answered, the dear boy, and, turning to the mother, asked, "Will you take it, too?" "Yes." "Very good." He then attentively watched Drury's preparations for the Communion; and having before said that he feared Drury would find the room rather offensive, held out his handkerchief for him to smell to. He swallowed the consecrated bread with much difficulty; but when the ceremony was over, Bessy asked him how he felt, and he said, "Better, and more comfortable." "Should you like Mr. Drury to come again to-morrow?" said his mother. "Yes, if I'm alive." All this, which I have taken down from the poor mother's lips (not being able, myself, to stand the scene), took place on the morning of the 23rd, about eleven o'clock; and within three hours after our beloved child was a corpse.

December, 1842. It is with some reluctance that I enter on this Eleventh Volume of my Journal. I ought to have finished the year 1842 in the preceding volume, but I could not bear to return to its pages after my last melancholy record. If anything could heal such a sorrow as my dear Bessy's it would be the warm, the affectionate interest taken by all those ———; but I forbear to say anything more on the sad subject, and I shall now pass to ordinary matters.

On the 5th of December, Bessy and I went to Bowood to luncheon. Lady Lansdowne had most kindly pressed us to come there immediately after the funeral and stay some time, telling Bessy that she should have apartments entirely to herself, where nobody else should come till she chose it. Nothing, indeed, could be more affectionate and

sisterly than her whole manner and conduct towards my poor wife.

31st. A letter from Tom, which affected Bessy most sadly, telling us that he cannot come to us before his departure for Algiers. Bessy had counted upon seeing him most sanguinely, though (foreboding the difficulties that might arise) I endeavoured to prepare her for such a disappointment. The reasons he assigns for not applying for a furlough under the circumstances in which he is placed seem all right and prudent, but, not the less for that, disappointing and saddening. A most kind letter from Lady Lansdowne to Bessy on this subject.

1843.

JANUARY, 1843. — 4th. To Bowood. Party, chiefly foreign, consisting of the St. Aulaires, the Harcourts, Van de Weyer, Rothschilds, Bobus Smith, Austin, Byng Had forgot that the St. Aulaires were old Paris friends of mine, but I had not been many minutes in the room before his Excellency himself rose briskly from his seat, and taking both my hands in his, led me in a sort of dancing step across the room, saying in French, "I am going to present you to an old friend of yours." This was Madame St. Aulaire, a very nice person, whom I used to meet at the De Broglies. Sung a good deal in the evening, and seldom have had a more pleased and insatiable audience; the very handsome young Baroness Rothschild being not the least encouraging of my hearers. By the bye, a song was sent me some days since by an Irish lady (her own composition), in which there are four lines that took my fancy exceedingly, notwithstanding an unlucky defect in one of the rhymes.

"Oh, breathe not a word of our love,
Nor remember it ever hath been;
'Twas a beautiful dream from above
And has flown back to heav'n again."

10th. I was mentioning some days since the circumstance of being one evening at Rogers's, when Wilkie was looking over a set of H. B.'s early things (the first time Wilkie had ever seen them); his admiring some of them as works of art, and saying, as he pointed to a bit in one

of them, "That really reminds one of Titian." "*Politician*," muttered Bobus, who was sitting next me.

21st, 22nd. Received, some time since, the following from Moran, being the particulars of the death of my poor friend John Brown, whom I have mentioned in a note on "The Young May Moon" ("Irish Melodies"). The account is from a newspaper of Dec. 9. 1808. "Early in September last (1808), in the island of Mariegalante, John Brown, Esq., a native of Belfast, and for some time a merchant in Dublin. The manner of his death made it the more distressing to his relatives and numerous friends. On his passage from Antigua to another island, on a mercantile speculation, the ship he sailed in was captured, and carried by the French into Mariegalante, shortly before it was taken by the English forces. The French force having come to a determination to capitulate, they liberated Mr. Brown for the purpose of communicating with the British. Unhappily his joy at his deliverance made him neglect the precaution of taking with him a flag of truce; and on approaching the posts of the British he received a ball in the heart from a black sentinel in their service."

February 1st, 2nd. I find that, among my memoranda for December last, I omitted one (to me most tryingly important), namely, my remittance to Tom of another hundred and odd pounds, to enable him to leave Paris for Algiers. Not having the money (nor, indeed, anything approaching it), I had given him authority to raise the sum in Paris, by a bill upon me at three months. But, on trying to do so, he found that, if manageable at all, it would be at a most ruinous sacrifice. I therefore, immediately on learning this from him (as there was no time to be lost), drove into Devizes, and drew on the Longmans

for 100*l.* at three months, adding (at Bessy's suggestion) 20*l.* more from a small deposit I had at the bank, and despatched it to him by that day's post. Was kept in a state of much anxiety in the short interval between this *extempore* draft and the Longmans' answer, and was much relieved by their replying not only affirmatively, but courteously. My poor Bess much disappointed at Tom's not being able (as we had expected) to pay us a visit before his launch into this "new sea of troubles."

The following is Chabot's letter to me (dated December 8th) announcing Tom's appointment:—

"MY DEAR MR. MOORE,—I am requested by Madame Adelaide, to inform you that your son has been named, according to your wishes, a '*Sous-Lieutenant dans la Légion Etrangère en Afrique.*' Her Royal Highness has no doubt that your son will do credit in every way to her recommendation. It seems he is the first Englishman who has got a commission in that Legion, and, as many foreigners are on the minister's lists, it was rather a difficult matter to obtain it. I was very glad to hear from your son that you were in good health and spirits, and busy on your interesting work upon Ireland. Believe me, my dear Mr. Moore, yours very truly, "CHABOT."

24th, 25th. Another letter from Tom (dated from Mostaganem, I think), in which he tells me that he is "twenty times worse off than he was in India," and I have little doubt, poor fellow, that it is a hard and pinching fate for him; the pay being as low as the service is inglorious and perilous. He has been "*suæ fortunæ faber;*" and bungling work the poor weak boy has made of it. However (hard driven as I am), some further effort must be made to save him.

March 23rd. Breakfasted at Rogers's, to meet Jeffrey and Lord John,—two of the men I like best among all my numerous friends. Jeffrey's volubility (which was always superabundant) becomes even more copious, I think, as he grows older. But I am ashamed of myself for finding *any* fault with him. Long may he flourish "*in omne* volubilis *ævum*." Walked about a good deal with Hume, or rather cabbed with him; he paying, as usual, the damage. Made visits to Miss Rogers, Mrs. Tom Longman, &c. Forget where I dined. Was rejoiced to find that the Kenmares were in London, and called upon them one of these mornings. Ten years she told me, since we last met. Ten? alas, I make a mistake. She said, I fear, twenty! "So runs the hour away."

27th. Have again got into the scrape of being bemonstered by a portrait-painter. Tom Longman's anxiety for a new portrait to prefix to the "Melodies" has conquered my resolution, and I have commenced sitting to Mr. Richmond, who has worked wonders, it is said, with unmanageable faces such as mine. Dined at Lord Auckland's; company, his brother and wife, and Lord and Lady Robert Grosvenor. Auckland's brother, an excellent specimen of the best kind of country clergymen; simple, zealous, and, as far as I could see, sensible.

April. Received a letter from Whewell (*the* Whewell) relative to the statue of Lord Byron by Thorwaldsen, which it was intended to place in Westminster Abbey. "I do not know," says Whewell, "what is the present prospect of such an intention being realised, but have been told that some thoughts are entertained of finding another place for the statue. If this is so, allow me to ask whether the application would be favourably received, if either Lord Byron's college or his university were to

request to have the honour of finding a worthy situation for this work of art. His college [Trinity] would be willing to place it in the library, a noble one built by Wren, 200 feet long, and containing at present, I believe, the best collection of sculpture portraits in England by Roubilliac, the greater part, like Lord Byron, members of the College. You are aware that Lord B. formed at his college friendships which he valued through life; and he is still recollected with regard by resident members of the college. He would be among a crowd of admirers of his genius, and, I may add, the building is daily open to strangers, and is visited by all who visit any of the University sights. The other situation which I should wish to propose, if the College be refused, is the new Fitzwilliam Museum, a noble building intended as a museum of arts, and just erected from the designs of Basevi. This edifice will be ready for the reception of works of art in a few years, and if you and the Committee who have to direct the disposal of the statue were inclined to accede to such a request, I shall move our Fitzwilliam Syndicate to request that the work should be placed in the part of the Museum which is appropriated to statues."

May. Received a letter from the second son (as he tells me) of my friend Wyse, the Member for Waterford, asking for my autograph. "I have derived," he says, "many a happy hour in the perusal of your compositions, which otherwise would have been hours of melancholy and sorrow; and you may rest assured that I will preserve whatever you may be pleased to send as a valuable memorial of one to whom I shall ever feel grateful." In the course of his letter he asks, "Is it true you intend to translate into English numbers the hymns of the Catholic Church? for, I have more than once heard it affirmed

and denied that such was the case." This has arisen, I dare say, from a conversation I had once, with Bishop Baines at Prior Park, when he showed me, and indeed gave me, a copy of the "Preces Matutinæ ac Vespertinæ" of the Catholic Church, and said how frequently he had wished that I would undertake a translation of them. Young Wyse, in his letter, quotes the lines of mine (from Lalla Rookh) which he wishes me to transcribe for him. I had entirely forgotten them myself, but I must say that he has not chosen very badly. I give them here, as I find them in his letter—

> "Who that surveys this span of earth we press,
> This speck of life in Time's great wilderness,—
> This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
> The Past, the Present, two Eternities!
> Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,
> When he might build him a bright temple there,
> A name that long shall hallow all its space
> And be each purer soul's high resting-place."

* * * I have mentioned, some pages back, a new German translation of Lalla Rookh which has been lately sent me from Bremen. Brabant has since given me an abstract of the touching Preface which the father of the youth, Dr. Mencke, has prefixed to the work.

"In the Preface, or rather Dedication," says Brabant, "prefixed to this translation, some particulars are given of the author. He was the son of a professor, but himself not fond of letters; and, till he had completed his nineteenth year, a clerk in a counting-house. Up to this period his chief pleasure had been hunting and the other sports of the field. But admiration of Lalla Rookh checked his pleasure-loving propensity, and, under the assistance of a professor of the name of Ruperti, he applied

himself to a careful perusal of this poem, with occasional attempts at translation; till at length he came to the determination to translate the whole work. In the meantime, a diseased state of lungs began to make itself known, and his life was evidently in danger; but this did not prevent the execution of his task. He died in 1841, being at that time little more than twenty years of age, leaving in MSS. the entire translation excepting only one song. The father was desirous of manifesting his affection for his son by giving a permanent form to this effort of his genius, at least, of his industry; and having submitted the MSS. to the perusal of a gentleman of the name of Wiliken, he at length has sent this translation to the press. In particular, he begs to dedicate it to Ruperti, who had contributed so much to the cultivation of the intellectual powers of the deceased." Brabant adds, I am not a competent judge, but the little I have read and compared appears to me well and elegantly rendered."

June 5th. Breakfasted with Lord John. Shocked to find that I had promised myself yesterday to Sir Charles Lemon as well as to Bunbury; but if people will not send reminders, what is a many-dinnered gentleman to do? Found myself in another scrape to-day, having promised my company to *some* Amphytrion or other, but couldn't in the least remember *who*. Heard rather bad accounts of the conference yesterday between Addison and Mrs. Power. Dinner hour approached, and still no clue to the "*vrai amphytrion chez qui on dinait.*" In this exigence recollected that Rogers told me he was to dine at home and alone; and so sauntered down to St. James's Place, about a quarter past seven, on the principle that "social

sorrow loses half its pain," and that as we neither of us had dinners, we had better dine together. Just as I was passing Burdett's, Mrs. Otway Cave's carriage stopped at the door, and as I handed her out, she asked, "Where are you going?" "To dine with Rogers," I said, "if he is at home." "You had better far stop here," she replied, "for I see dinner is on the table." So in I turned with her, and found myself welcomed most heartily, there being but one other guest, and he an old acquaintance of past days, whose name and self I had long since forgotten. Got on very agreeably, and as Lady John Russell had asked me to join them in the evening, at Drury Lane, went home and dressed. Found the whole family party in the Duke of Bedford's box, and having seen through a petite piece (I forget about what) went off from thence to the Polish Fancy Ball, where Horatia Fielding was mistress of the revels (being the leader of the chief quadrille), and did not get home till between two and three o'clock in the morning! Some one mentioned to-day that Charles Napier*, in writing to a friend the night before his late victory at Meeanee, said, "If I survive, I shall soon be with those I love; if I fall, I shall be with those I *have* loved."

9th. Dined with Everett, the American Minister, and handed into dinner a very pretty and *aimante*-looking young American, to whom (as I remember a countryman of mine once saying of a young lady whom he met for a quarter of an hour in a stage coach) I "became very much attached." What her name was, however, I forgot to ask.

* The late General Sir Charles Napier.

24th and 25th. While in town, I quoted one day to Rogers, as Shakspeare's, and as beautiful, the following lines:—

> "And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
> 'Tis that I may not weep."*

The next time we met, I found he had been in quest of the lines, thinking as I did of them, and it turns out that they are Byron's.

July 9th and 10th. A letter from an American, dated from West Chester, Pennsylvania, contains the following passage:—"It may perhaps be a gratification to you to know that, even in the abodes of the plainest and humblest of those who seem entirely destitute of refinement, you are known and loved; and our most cherished songs are those melodies which will live as long as memory has power to soothe the soul of man, or feeling to soften his heart."

August 3rd. Breakfasted, I think, at Brookes's. Dined at Tom Longman's. Company, the German traveller, Kohl, Lord Monteagle, and some others. Songs in the evening from Mrs. Tom and myself. Came away with Lord Monteagle, and as I was getting out of his carriage at Brookes's, slipped and strained my shoulder so much in the effort to recover myself that I felt near fainting.

4th. Found my shoulder, though very stiff, quite well enough to admit of my travelling: so set off by the ten o'clock train for Combe Florey. The day fine and cheering. Found no one but the host, hostess, and son.

5th. Sydney drove me out in his gig to show me Sir

* [*Don Juan*, canto iv. st. 4.]

Thos. Lethbridge's place (Sandhill). The day delicious, and the country fine, but neither Sydney's horse nor his driving were such as to allow me sufficient ease for any enjoyment of the scene. The horse, which had evidently been better fed than taught, took at last to rearing, and I (as the safer break-neck expedient of the two) jumped out and walked the remainder of the way home. Sydney's wit and eke his good sense (*i. e.* upon paper) nobody doubts, but to trust himself with such a horse is stark staring foolish. An accession to the party at dinner by the arrival from town of Mrs. Holland with her niece, step-daughter, and one or two other females of the family. Sung a good deal for them in the evening.

6th. Started after breakfast for Taunton, where I had to wait some time for the train. The day delicious, and, being quite alone, I had full enjoyment of the beautiful country through which (or rather over which) I flew. I remember a pretty scene in some ballet where the centre of the stage represented a river on which the hero of the tale sat in a boat, rowing away with all his might, and appearing to pass through a succession of beautiful rural scenery, which was effected, of course, by the constant change of the back scene, and the appearance of progress it gave to the boat. I wanted nothing but the sweet music that accompanied this delusion on the stage to make the enjoyment of my real journey complete. During the stay for nearly an hour at Bristol, I saw our guard tell one of the official persons of the station who I was, and soon after this person addressed himself to me very civilly, and asked if I felt the carriage I was in quite comfortable, as he should be happy to put on one of the easiest they possessed for me. I thanked him, of course, for this

courtesy, and said I was perfectly comfortable. Stopped at the Bowood Gate, and left my luggage, not knowing whether I was to dine with the Lansdownes or at home. Found from my sweet Bess it was to be the former. Walked then to Bowood. Party at dinner only the John Russells and myself.

7th. Same party. Lord and Lady John both very anxious that Bessy and I should visit them at Endsleigh, and there is nothing I should like better. But Bessy *wouldn't*, and even if she *would*, my purse *couldn't*. It is, however, not the less good-natured of them to ask.

12th and 13th. An accumulation of letters and odds and ends of every possible description. Must first despatch some waggeries connected with Combe Florey. Sydney had often laughed at me while there for my occasional absences, and the following letter alludes to them:—

"August 7th, 1843.

"Dear Moore,—The following articles have been found in your room and forwarded by the Great Western. A right-hand glove, an odd stocking, a sheet of music paper, a missal, several letters, apparently from ladies, an Elegy on Phelim O'Neil. There is also a bottle of eau de Cologne. What a careless mortal you are.

"God bless you."

Scribbled him off in return some doggrel, of which I have not kept a copy, but they are pretty nearly as follows:—

"Rev. Sir,—Having duly received by the post
Your list of the articles missing and lost
By a certain small poet, well known on the road,
Who has lately set up at your flowery abode,
We have balanced what Hume calls 'the tottle-o' the whole,'
(Making all due allowance for what the bard stole)

And, hoping th' enclosed will be found quite correct,
Have the honour, Rev. Sir, to be
yours with respect.

Left behind, a kid glove that once made a pair,
An odd stocking, whose fellow is—heaven knows where;
* * * * * *
Such was all that, on diligent search we can find
Which the bard, so mis-called, in his flight left behind;
While, thief as he is, he took slyly away
Rich treasures to last him for many a day.
Recollections unnumbered of sunny Combe-Florey;
Its cradle of hills, where it slumbers in glory;
Its Sydney himself, and the countless bright things
Which his tongue or his pen from the deep-shining springs
Of wisdom and wit ever flowingly brings.
Such being, on both sides, the 'tottle' amount,
We shall leave to your Rev'rence to settle th' account."

October 9th and 10th. The following critical letter, sent me again to my own volumes (which I am beginning, I confess, to be rather sick of), in order to see how far the objector is right in his criticisms:—

"As a standard edition of the Irish Melodies will be shortly published, I call on Mr. Moore to consider whether the alterations he has made are always improvements. The curious reading in 'Eveleen's Bower' must be owing to a misprint. A word is changed injudiciously in 'Believe me if all thine endearing young charms,' and in 'Oh the days are gone.' The alteration in 'It is not the tear' is diabolical. In the song of O'Rourk, the change of 'they' into 'our' takes from that splendid lyric much of its beauty; the present spiritless reading completely spoils those lines where sorrow and indignation seem to strive for the mastery," &c. &c. This gentleman (whoever he may be, for he affixes no signature), having proceeded thus to a pretty large extent, adds, "Mr. Moore has turned

out quite a Fadladeen in his criticisms." After giving me these cuts in the head, my critic thus, at the end, applies his plaster. "I hope these remarks will not be ill taken. They are made by one who regards Mr. Moore with veneration and love."

20th and 21st. Another critical gentleman calls me to account for the alterations he finds in the words of some of my songs. "There is," he says, "another matter I may mention to you, and that is the pertinacity with which, through so many editions, the printers adhere to 'Moonlight' for 'Moonlit' almost invariably throughout the Melodies; and really, in this age of parlour music without meaning, it is tormenting to hear a beautiful idea beautifully expressed marred in its passage to the mind, by some boarding-school Miss *mis*reading it; for instance,

> "'While smoothly go our gondolets
> O'er the moonlight sea.'

You cannot fail to perceive, my dear sir, how the *light* darkens the beauty of the thought." In consequence of this gentleman's letter I have taken the trouble of looking back to earlier editions, and find it has been always "Moonlight sea," and (*pace tanti hominis*) so it shall remain. What does Shakspeare say? "Come see our moonlight revels." * *

November 2nd. I have seen a letter which Sydney Smith much admired, from his *anti-repudiation lady*, but Susan Hughes, the other day, showed me a letter from a young female friend of hers (only twenty years of age) which, on a different subject, is full as well and pithily expressed; and I shall here give a copy of it. "You say you do not think women have any rights. I'll give you credit for jesting when you said that. For

myself, I don't care about women having any actual share in the Government, &c., but I *do* care that women should be recognised as the other half of mankind, and not as a third, or quarter, as is too common. It seems to me that there are comparatively very few of our sex who feel what high capacious powers lie folded up in them as well as in *man*. They think so much more of *seeming* than of *being*. I wish earnestly that women would think on these things; and then, when their nature is purified and exalted, whatever rights may become theirs will follow naturally. With respect to politics, it seems to me that those who think the female mind too low, or too high, or too something or other to take an interest in such things, make a great mistake. Whatever really interests the heart of humanity must surely interest one half as well as the other. Different spheres of usefulness may suit different characters and sexes. But whatever comes from the heart,—the cry for justice, the struggle for freedom, the endeavour to promote the diffusion of intelligence and virtue,—surely all these will *go* to the heart also. Though we may not perhaps be fitted or suited to go and fight in the battle against wrong, surely we may give the Godspeed to those who do; and that will be better than nothing; far better than joining in the senseless cry of peace, peace, where there is *no* peace. Can we, ought we, to see our fellow creatures starving for the bread of earth and the bread of Heaven, and not even 'pray for our country?' As to party squabbles and paltry tissues of words without thoughts, they are not worthy of *men*, and, therefore, not of women. It is for principles that they should stand up."

3rd and 4th. The application to me for autographs becomes a serious nuisance, more especially in its new form of

asking questions; those questions, too, being generally such as one can hardly in common civility decline answering. This last week I have had to write twice to the Messrs. Bosanges, foreign booksellers, respecting a query of theirs, whether the Kelly mentioned in my "Life of Byron," was *Michael* Kelly; the delay of my answer to this important question having rendered *two* letters from me necessary instead of only one. In another instance a gentleman named Stevenson, who dates from the Quay, Great Yarmouth, thus catechises me:—"In cataloguing my library I generally add bibliographical notes to each work or set of works, and shall feel greatly obliged if you will inform me who holds the copyright of your works, and how many editions have been published? Have any translations been made of any part and published? Did you ever read 'Psyche, or the Legend of Love,' by Mrs. Henry Tighe? I think I have heard your name mentioned in connection with the authoress of 'Psyche,' by an octogenarian of my acquaintance, one of the literati. What's your opinion of the legend and its authoress," &c. &c.

25th. At the end of last week Bessy went to dine at Bowood, an entirely female and family party: Lady Elizabeth, Lady Mount Edgcombe, Mrs. Talbot, and *Lady Bess*. I have just stumbled on a rough copy of the letter which I wrote to Madame Adelaide at the time when I was applying to her in behalf of our unlucky Tom, and may as well transcribe it here; though I take for granted it was a good deal retouched and improved in the copy which I ultimately sent. "Madame,—It is impossible for me to express as I ought the deep gratitude which I feel towards your Royal Highness and his Majesty, your illustrious brother, for the kind and prompt

attention which you have both so graciously paid to my request. The hope held out by my son's letter to me that Maréchal Soult will take my son's case into consideration, has given me the sincerest pleasure; and I trust your Royal Highness will forgive my trespassing so far on your patience as to give a more detailed account of the circumstances which have led to my venturing on such a request. The military profession in England is fit only for the sons of the rich; and as I have been, all my life, one of the poorest of poor gentlemen, I should never have dreamt of putting my sons in the army had it not been so decidedly their own wish, that I thought myself bound to make the effort. With great difficulty, and, what is still worse, by incurring a debt which I am still paying, I managed to purchase for my eldest son (the object of your Royal Highness's kind patronage) an ensigncy and lieutenancy in succession; which, together with what I was obliged to add annually to his pay for the two or three years he has been in the army, has amounted nearly to 1500*l.* After all this effort on my part, he got ill in India, was led into expenses beyond his means, was obliged to sell those commissions which it had cost me so much brain work to acquire for him, and is now living on the few remains of that last resource in Paris. I have ventured to enter into these details because your Royal Highness has made me feel that I *may* do so, without offending; and because, through your kindly intervention, the real state of my son's position may become known to Maréchal Soult, and thereby remove from his mind any impression he might naturally have conceived that it was through some misconduct on the part of my son that I have been driven to make this application. On the contrary, so kind an interest did the authorities of the

Horse Guards take in his position, that they suspended, for some time, their sanction of the sale of the commission, in order to give me an opportunity of still repairing the misfortune by paying back the sum of money which my son had received in part payment (viz. 400*l.* out of 700*l.*), and thus enabling them still to retain him in his present position.* Of this great kindness, however, I was unable to avail myself, having exhausted not only my former resources, but intrenched deeply on the future; and though I have friends who, I doubt not, would have come to my aid, if asked, none offered their assistance; and (till now, at least,) I have not been reduced to the pain of asking. Had he not unluckily adopted the army as his profession, I could far more easily have provided for him in some civil line. But now Algiers is his whole and sole resource; and under your Royal Highness's kind intercession, I begin to hope (though hoping with a heavy heart) that the poor boy may yet succeed. I shall venture to finish this appeal by adding a few words respecting my second son, John Russell. With much less expense, of course, I fitted him out for the military service of the East India Company. But, after a year and a quarter in Calcutta, passed most of the time in severe illness, he has returned to us in a state little removed, I fear, from death, being only saved from dying there by the great kindness of my old friend, Lord Auckland, who received and lodged him, for the greater part of the time, at Government House."

I forget whether I sent the whole of these homely details to Her Royal Highness; but, knowing what thoroughly unaffected and *home*-feeling people all the

* It is deeply to be regretted that Moore's friends were not aware of this kind proposal of Lord Fitzroy Somerset. Many would have been glad of the opportunity.

women of that family are, I felt I was taking the best road to their hearts and sympathies by these plain, circumstantial details.

December 1st and 2nd. Received this morning a startling letter (but *agreeably* so), which I have not now time to notice further than to say, that it announces to me a bequest of 300*l.* from a gentleman, lately deceased, in Ireland, who had left it as a token of his gratitude for the pleasure which he had received from the "Irish Melodies."

3rd, 4th. The following is the letter:—

"Macroom, 29th November, 1843.

"ESTEEMED SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that the late Michael Foley Macnamara, Esq., of this town, has bequeathed you the sum of three hundred pounds, as a testimony of his affection for you as a poet and patriot, and the never-ending gratification he experienced from your 'Irish Melodies.' The words of the lamented gentleman, in conveying this sum, are these:—'To Thomas Moore, Esq., the sum of three hundred pounds, a small but sincere tribute of the esteem I hold him in as a patriot and a poet, and respectfully request his acceptance of the same.' I deem it but justice to the memory of Mr. Macnamara to add, that he often, in conversation with myself and others, repudiated the ingratitude of our unhappy land for not having raised a national tribute worthy of the services conferred on it by the publication of your 'Irish Melodies,' a sentiment truly in accordance with my own. The bequests of Mr. Macnamara are now in course of payment, and I, as trustee, shall have the pleasure of transmitting you the sum named on receipt of your letter pointing out the mode by which

it will safely reach you. I have the honour to be, Sir, most obediently yours,

"THOMAS LEE, P. P., Macroom."

Lest this letter should turn out to be only a cruel hoax, I have been very cautious in my mode of answering it, saying, that so very rare were such truly generous and thoughtful acts, that I could not bring myself all at once to believe in the *reality* of the gift. That being daily in the habit of receiving letters from utter strangers, written on various pretences, but having most of them no other object than the now reigning rage for autographs, he must excuse me if I waited another letter from him before I noticed any further his communication.

19th. Meant to have stayed at Lacock two or three days, but Mary Hughes (whom I left with Bessy) being called away by the death of one of her aunts, I was obliged to return home. So much of late has been left unjournalised by me, that I hardly know where to take up the thread. Much of it, too, has been painful, and most especially a letter from Tom, asking me for 50*l.* as quite necessary to keep *him out of prison.* Much of the debt which this sum is wanted for was incurred, he tells me, on his first arrival, when, not having yet got into the ways of the place, he was led into some expenses that were not quite necessary. Much as all this distressed me, yet, having pretty nearly the amount he asked for at the banker's, I felt that I could not do otherwise than send it, though God knows how I shall manage, in my present reduced state, to get on. Sent 30*l.* immediately, and promised that the rest should soon follow. In the interval it was that the cruel letter from Macroom arrived, announcing to me the legacy, and there was an air of truth and reality [illegible] which half lured my poor Bess

and myself into hailing it as a providential Godsend. Already, indeed, her generous heart was apportioning out the different presents it would enable her to make to my sister, to the poor H.'s, &c. &c. Alas, alas! I wish no worse to the ingenious gentleman who penned the letter than an exactly similar disappointment.

30th and 31st. A strange life mine; but the best as well as pleasantest part of it lies *at home.* I told my dear Bessy, this morning, that while I stood at my study window, looking out at her, as she crossed the field, I sent a blessing after her. "Thank you, bird," she replied, "that's better than money;" and so it is. "Bird" is a pet name she gave me in our younger days, and was suggested by Hamlet's words, "Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come bird, come;" being the call, it seems, which falconers use to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them.

1844.

JANUARY 4th. Paid a visit to my wife, who was staying with our friends at Buckhill. Addition to the party at dinner of Hobhouse, Sydney Smith, and one or two more. Was made again to sing in the evening, and gave Miss Fox her favourite rebel song, "We tread the land that bore us." Told them of the new reading suggested in this song: instead of "The friends we've tried" to make it "The friends *they*'ve tried."

9th. A visit from Byng and Gore (Lord Arran's brother). Sat some time. Lady Lansdowne generally gives some hints to her guests not to break in on my mornings. But Byng is an old friend, and so he was welcome.

19th and 20th. Forgot to commemorate here, though it gave me great pleasure to hear it from Lady Kerry, that Dr. Kinsella, the Catholic bishop of Kilkenny, is a great admirer of my—"What for a ducat?"—my poor neglected "History of Ireland!" I made her repeat it over again to me (to her great amusement), in order to be quite sure that I heard her rightly.

February 2nd to 4th. A note from Phillips, the music lecturer, &c., offering me a box, whenever I may come to town, to hear his lecture on the Hebrew Melodies, and proposing the following strange query to me:—"I have been told that you presented the original copy of 'The meeting of the waters' to the landlady of the inn at the foot of the Vale of Avoca. Is this true? Because I do

not like asserting that to the public which I cannot substantiate." He is very right; and I myself should find it very hard to substantiate when, where, or how I wrote that ballad at all. As to my presenting it fresh from the mint of inspiration to the fat landlady at the foot of the vale, that's too good a story to spoil, so I shall leave it for Mr. Philipps' next lecture.

8th to 10th. Have been laid up all this time more with the consequences of influenza than that disease itself, the violent coughing having strained me so much that I found it necessary to send for Norman to Bath; at least, my dear Bessy, in her anxiety, thought it necessary, though at an expense of 10*l.*, which was the amount of his fee. Such is her noble nature; sparing of all unnecessary expenditure, but on great occasions, whether of use, honest pride, or generosity, ready to the last farthing.

14th and 15th. I often think of a passage in one of Lady Lansdowne's notes lately to Bessy, the feeling of which is as just, I believe, as it is melancholy. "I never," she says, "can wish any one I love to live long."

16th. I see that O'Connell's closing speech on leaving Dublin winds up with the following anticipation of his fate, from the "Melodies"—

> "Far dearer the grave or the prison
> Illumed by one patriot name,
> Than the trophies of all who have risen
> On Liberty's ruins to fame."

The poor "Melodies" have had their share of suffering in the cause. I remember a little barrister in Dublin, who, during a pause that took place in my work, brought out a collection of Melodies of his own; and the facetious Dublin people used to call them the "Counsellor's *Maladies*." While on this subject I shall give an extract

from a letter received by me many months since, the writer being a brother melodist, the parish priest of Castletown delvin. "Once again," he says, "pray accept my most grateful thanks for all your great kindness, and you will not deem the prayer less acceptable, because offered by a priest and a countryman, when I wish you the enjoyment hereafter in heaven of those more abundant and undying glories, many of which, here even upon earth, Heaven has already bestowed upon you."

17th and 18th. There have been few fames of a *quiet* kind kept alive and cherished so fondly as that of my poor friend Mrs. Tighe. I have received several letters about her in the course of this last year; and the following reached me about two months since: "* * In a collection of poems I have seen one of yours addressed to 'Mary;' and affixed to it is a note stating that it is supposed to have been written to Mrs. H. Tighe. A friend of mine informs me, on the authority of Mrs. Blackford, that you used sometimes to style her daughter your 'guardian angel;' and if indeed she be so still, your companionship is holy, your society sweet; the very idea is elevating, and I trust often ministers to holy associations of thought."

20th to 22nd. A letter from R. S. Mackenzie, dated from "University Herald" Office, Oxford, begins by saying that he sees by Longman's list I am now concluding (would to Heaven I were) my very difficult task, the "History of Ireland," and proceeds to say: "It strikes me that if you include Emmett's affair of 1803 you might like to know that a copy of his speech, on the trial, is in existence, in his own writing. Mr. Marshal, who gives out the books in the Reading Room of the Museum, is in possession of that document, and I believe can trace it from the hands of the person to whom Emmett gave it.

As a politico-literary paper, it may interest the poet and historian of Ireland."

March 1st to 3rd. Still in a state of recumbency: Have had two or three very kind notes from Brodie, asking me to come up and put myself under his care, which I have made up my mind to do, as soon as I think myself in a travelling state. Most kind letters from Lady Lansdowne to Bessy, making inquiries about me. Meanwhile I work a little at my "History;" or rather, I ought to say, work a great deal to produce but a little.

4th to 6th. I see my friend John of Tuam, the "Lion of the fold of Judah," as he is called by the Repealers, continues to publish in monthly numbers his translations into Irish of Homer and the Irish Melodies. My latest newspapers from Dublin contain specimens of the work, together with remarks on the version of the Melodies, of which here are some specimens: "To all who are acquainted with Irish literature it is well known that the Archbishop of Tuam has for some time past snatched an occasional moment from the little leisure which the onerous cares of his pastoral duties allow him, for the purpose of rendering into our own ancient and harmonious tongue those sweet melodies of our glorious Moore which have so often excited sympathy or aroused indignation for our country's wrongs in lowly cottage as well as in lordly castles, &c. &c." "Of the fidelity and beauty (says the writer) of the translation, it is impossible to speak in terms too eulogistic. Irish scholars are already aware of the exquisite manner in which the songs published in the two former numbers have been rendered in Irish." The writer then gives specimens of the translation which may be (for aught *I* know, alas,)

> "Swoeter than all the heathen Greek
> Which Helen spoke when Paris wooed."

There is one curious circumstance, however, which I did understand, namely, that "in the Irish version the metre of the original is accurately adhered to in each song." I sung them over to myself (as far as I could decipher the words), and found this to be the case.

Here's an anonymous scrap which I received a month or two since, and which, as a proof that *some* people give a thought to my poor Irish History, is welcome and consoling to me, homely as my friend the suggester is.

"Sir,—It would be a great convenience to the poor people of this country if you would republish the 'History of Ireland' in monthly numbers. Moreover, as Ireland is the general topic of conversation! Also Ossian's poems, and to establish his real birth-place, which surely is not Scotland.

"A Well-wisher to Ireland."

10th and 11th. Oddly enough, since I transcribed the foregoing scrap, I received a letter from Mrs. Shelley, whom I had not seen or heard of for many months, and she, too, is pleased to be pleased with my Ireland. "But you do not," she says, "come to town, so I write at last that I may not be quite dead to you. You cannot be so to me; for your delightful volumes on Ireland would remind me, even could I forget your kindness in old times."

12th. Forget whether I mentioned some months back a precious present made to me by a young Pole, of the proof-sheets of a Polish translation of the Fire Worshippers, rendered more precious by the circumstances associated with it. In thanking John of Tuam for a copy of his *doubly* Irish Melodies, I thus alluded to the gift of the Pole: "I shall place it on the same shelf with a precious fragment I was presented with the other day,

namely, the proof-sheets of a Polish translation of my Fire Worshippers, which were themselves snatched from the fire in the last rout and flight of the poor Poles from their persecutors. The two translations will lie kindredly tygether."

I need hardly say why the following extract from Miss Strickland's Elizabeth took my fancy: "'For that matter,' replied (Sir Thomas) Smith, 'I, for my part, make small account of height, provided the Queen's Majesty can fancy him. Since Pepinus Brevis, who married Bertha, the King of Germany's daughter, was so little to her that he is standing in Aquisgrana, or Moguerre, a church in Germany, she taking him by the hand, that his head reaches not her girdle, and yet he had by her Charlemagne, the great Emperor-King of France, reported to be almost a giant in stature.' * * * Thus did Ambassador Smith fluently vindicate the worth and valour of little men."

"Perishable nature of modern poetry. We have seen too much of the perishable nature of modern literary fame, to venture to predict to Mrs. Hemans that hers will be immortal, or even of very long duration. Since the beginning of our critical career we have seen a vast deal of beautiful poetry pass into oblivion, in spite of our feeble efforts to recall or retain it in remembrance. The tuneful quartos of Southey are already little better than lumber; and the rich melodies of Keats and Shelley, and the fantastical emphasis of Wordsworth, and the plebeian pathos of Crabbe, are melting fast from the field of our vision. The novels of Scott have put out his poetry. Even the splendid strains of Moore are fading into distance and dimness, except where they have been married to immortal music; and the blazing star of Byron himself is receding from its place of pride. We need say nothing

of Milman, and Croly, and Atherstone, and Hood, and a legion of others, who, with no ordinary gifts of taste and fancy, have not so properly survived their fame, as been excluded by some hard fatality from what seemed their just inheritance. The two who have the longest withstood this rapid withering of the laurel, and with the least mark of decay on their branches, are Rogers and Campbell, neither of them, it may be remarked, voluminous writers, and both distinguished rather for the fine taste and consummate elegance of their writings, than for that fiery passion, and disdainful vehemence, which seemed for a time to be so much more in favour with the public."—*Criticism of Lord Jeffrey.*

> "What thanks do we owe, what respects and regards
> To Jeffrey, the old nursery-maid of us bards.
> Who, resolved, to the last, his vocation to keep,
> First whipped us all round and now puts us to sleep."

15th. Having got a little more confidence in my bodily state, set off to town, and being allowed by Lady Elizabeth to take up my quarters in Sackville Street, found everything there most comfortably ready for me.

17th. A kind note from Brodie, asking me to dine with him. Company, a party of men, all strangers to me. B. himself very kind and agreeable. Rogers had wanted me to meet the Headforts at dinner with him, but my Doctor claimed the precedence.

20th. Breakfasted at home, and went immediately after to the State Paper Office, where I worked about for the same length of time as yesterday. Dined at Lansdowne House to meet only Lord Normanby, and accompany them afterwards to the French play; of which I soon got tired, and went home.

21st. Went to the British Museum, and made my

searches for some hours. Much struck with the beauty and neatness of the manuscript volume containing the despatches of Fevre de la Bodèrie, who was French Minister to the English Court in the reign of James I. Went with Rogers to dine at his sister's. A large party, and considerable addition to it in the evening; when some young ladies sung duets very agreeably, and I was much pressed to sing also, but the party being too large, declined.

22nd. Was much surprised the other day at hearing Mr. Lemon (of the State Paper Office) say that Lingard had never come to consult their papers. This from any other authority I should have pronounced downright impossible; but as far as I have yet had time to examine, am inclined to believe it true, for, in a volume of his which I am at present employed upon, all the authorities he cites are from other sources. I have since seen one or two references by Lingard to letters in the State Paper Office.

I find, from the want of my usual memorandums, it is not in my power to specify dates, places, persons, &c., as I usually do in journalising; and so must (to use a *poetical* expression) *lump* the whole together as correctly as I can manage. Besides the dinners already noted, I dined, the day following my dinner with Rogers, at Tom Longman's. Talbot and I went together. A very good party. Macaulay, Sydney Smith and wife, and many more. In the evening was made to sing a good deal.

Dined another day with the Lionel Rothschilds, and sate at dinner next to the pretty Baroness herself. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Young D'Israeli, the only one of the guests that I knew or now remember.

Sung a good deal; Madame Rothschild herself also sung, and very well.

April 1st to 3rd. John O'Connell, who has taken to quoting me as well as his father, gave a new reading of me the other day, in one of his speeches, which, for aught I know, may be an improvement. In "Oh the sight entrancing," instead of "The sword may pierce the beaver," he makes it "The falchion's blade may shiver."

May 1st and 2nd. Received a letter from my old Paris friend, Wright, on a subject which we used often to converse upon; namely, the much-agitated text of 1 John, v. 7., which he is employed in writing a history of for the Encyclopædia of Biblical Literature; detailing everything of any interest respecting it from Erasmus to Scholz, the last critical editor of the New Testament: "Who, you are no doubt aware," says Wright, "has omitted the passage as altogether spurious." He then tells me that Dr. Todd of Dublin is examining for him over again the Codex Montfort in the Library of Trinity College, which has been generally supposed to have been the Cod. Britannicus of Erasmus, the solitary MS. which led him, against the authority of all others, to insert the text in his 3rd edition. It is, however, (continues Wright) far from certain that this is the same MS. He then adds as follows: "Dr. Todd is also examining for me with the same view the Codex Armachanus, which is referred to by Dr. O'Connor in his *Rerum Heb. Script.*, where is an imperfect description of the MS. in a communication of Mr. Watkin Wynne for the papers of Humphrey Lhuyd (Vol. I. Epist. Nuncup.). This is probably the oldest MS. of the Vulgate (containing the Catholic Epistles) in existence, even if we should not admit, with Sir W. Betham, that it is in the handwriting of Aidus, Bishop of

Sletz, who died in 660. I do not know whether you are aware that both Dr. Todd and Mr. Petre maintain that the copy (MS.) recently discovered in the Domnpach was St. Patrick's own copy of the Gospels. However, when Scholz's Greek Testament came out in 1836, the poor Bishop of Salisbury, Burgess, who had contributed largely to the publication (in the expectation, no doubt, that it would contain his favourite passage), wrote his last pamphlet, in reply to Scholz's *diatribe;* but only survived the publication three weeks, &c. &c."

14th. A visit long promised from Tom Hume and his clever, warm-hearted wife. My poor Bess so ill from cramp and general weakness, that it was no small effort to her to receive them.

June 3rd. Went to the British Museum. The only object I hoped to be able to manage being some references to the MS. of Rinuccini's Memoirs, which Panizzi showed me when I was last in town, and which I understood he intended at some time or other to publish. To my great joy, it appeared that he had been anticipated in this object, and that it was possible I might find a copy of the work at Rolandi's, the foreign bookseller. So off I set thither, and found that of the few copies they had imported only one remained to them. This I was most glad to purchase of them for 10*s.* 6*d.*; and thus, instead of poking over the old Nunzio at the Museum, was able to carry him off with me, body and bones, to Sloperton. I forgot to mention that on Sunday last (the 2nd) I went to Hanwell to pay the first visit I have paid there for many years. Most kindly and hospitably received by my old friend the host, and his handsome wife. On my way to the station, I had called on Sydney Smith, and found him at home, confined by gout. Was not a little

amused as well as surprised to find him industriously employed in teaching himself French. There was his copy-book lying open upon the table, at the place where I took my seat, with all the verbs and their moods and tenses, &c., written out as neatly by his own hand as any young boarding-school Miss could have done it. What an odd pastime for such a man, and how he would have laughed at any other septuagenarian so employed! I have since recollected that one day, at Bowood, he began *àpropos* to nothing, to speak French in the middle of dinner, and went on with some common-place sentences in that language, looking much pleased while so doing. This was now explained to me; he was then practising his school lessons upon us. Dined with Lady Holland; a very dull dinner. Forgot to mention I found another subject of Sydney's late studies was the large octavo edition of my poetical works; and he was pleased to say that what surprised him most in them was their "variety and fecundity."

6th. A letter from Bessy to say she had been left quite alone, and hoped I would return without delay. Went to the Boyses, who, I knew, would be disconcerted at this news, as Boyse and I were to dine to-day at Lord Fortescue's. But knowing how Bessy suffers from nervousness when left without any companion, I resolved to be off to her. The Boyses full of regret at my going. Called upon the Lansdownes, with whom I was to have dined the day after to-morrow, and started by the two o'clock train.

13th, 14th. The Rev. Mr. Pulling, of Cambridge, whose sonnets I lauded some time since, and who, to judge from the extent of the praise he has received, must have been very successful in his sonneteering, has just sent me

one on myself, which at a hazard (for I have not yet read a word of it) I will transcribe here:—

"Unto thee, Moore, I will a lay devote,
And would with liquid beauty it might be
Fraught like thine own; then melting melody
Thereto would give a charm and magic note.
While thee I think upon, in air I float——"

There I was about to leave him, but the remainder is worth going on with:—

"At the command of fancy and of glee
And reach a garden full of fragrancy,
Where Philomel I hear with warbling throat.
Vainly I toil to match thee in thy grace,
Thou lauded poet, wholly void of peer,
Who always wilt adorn thy natal place;
Erin will ever hold *thy* memory dear,
And *fondly* on thine honoured tomb will trace
(Oh be that day remote) 'Give Moore a tear.'"

July 1st to 3rd. The Irish Society, I see, has at last succeeded in getting afloat. There has been a dinner, with Lord Clanricarde in the chair; and Dr. Croly has made a speech, in which, after eulogising many of the statesmen, writers, &c., of Ireland, he thus glorifies my small self.

"Your Lordship, in alluding to our literature, gave an honourable tribute to the poets of Ireland. Who can forget that we have among her living writers the most delicious poet in the world? (cheers.) The national melodies (to make no reference to the other works of Moore), will be a lasting testimonial to his most successful ability. What Milton has told us of the marriage of 'music to immortal verse,' has been realised by this distinguished writer, but with a still more legitimate and more charming connection—his is immortal verse 'married

to immortal music,' and that golden band will never be dissolved" (cheers).

5th to 7th. I have not mentioned my having been summoned to town for the melancholy purpose of attending as one of the mourners at poor Campbell's funeral. Besides the painfulness of the task, it would have been very embarrassing to me in many ways, and I felt compelled to decline it. Poor Campbell! if I was to outlive both our spans of years I could never forget the manfulness of the atonement he made to me for the rash letter published by him on the Byron affair. "I ask you to forgive me," were the closing words of his frank *amende*.

16th to 18th. I am getting into great repute, I see, with the Anti-Corn-Law Leaguers. At one of their great evening festivals, some time since, there was a series of illuminated scrolls exhibited with the names thereon of the great champions of their cause, and there I was, in full blaze, by the side of Ebenezer Elliot, who, it seems, is the other great Laureate of the League. Some short time since, too, Dr. Bowring, who is also one of their *Dii Majores*, read in his speech, at one of their meetings, the whole of my long squib about the Owhyhean Lords.

> "Who of all afflictions, ills and vices,
> Thought none so dreadful as low prices.
> Wherefore they held it just and meet
> That the world should not too cheaply eat;
> Nay, deemed it radical insolence
> To wish to dine at a small expence,
> And swore, for sake of themselves and heirs,
> That, happen what might, with other wares,
> No bread should be less dear than theirs," &c. &c.

September 10th, 11th. In Lord Denman's late memorable speech on the Irish State Trials, the following sentence amused me not a little. "There was a great deal,"

he said, "of law taken for granted, which when it came to be examined, was found to be no law at all." Alas, the same is, I fear, the case with philosophy, and many other grave and grand things of this world.

"There was a Spanish doctor, who had a fancy that Spanish, Italian, and French were spoken in Paradise: that God Almighty commanded in Spanish, the Tempter persuaded in Italian, and Adam begged pardon in French."

The scrap here extracted, I found in an old book, at Hobhouse's, the other day. Lord Marcus pointed it out to me, and I thought it worth preserving.

21st, 22nd. Here is an anecdote of William Spencer's which has just occurred to me. The dramatis personæ were Lady Elizabeth Foster, Gibbon, the historian, and an eminent French physician, whose name I forget; the historian and doctor being rivals in courting the lady's favour. Impatient at Gibbon's occupying so much of her attention by his conversation, the doctor said crossly to him, "*Quand mi lady Elizabeth Foster sera malade de vos fadaises, je la guérirai.*" On which Gibbon, drawing himself up grandly, and looking disdainfully at the physician, replied, "*Quand mi lady Elizabeth Foster sera morte de vos reçettes, je l'im-mor-taliserai.*" The pompous lengthening of the last word, while at the same time a long sustained pinch of snuff was taken by the historian, brought, as mimicked by Spencer, the whole scene most livelily before one's eyes.

October 5th to 8th. The Bowood family arrived, and almost at the same time a kind note from Lady Lansdowne, asking Bessy and me to come and dine there on Monday. So the winter campaign there has opened, and how I am to fight off these kind and agreeable attacks I

know not. In my answer declining Monday's dinner, I depicted somewhat more strongly than I intended, or perhaps ought, the situation in which I am placed between printers' devils assailing me from without, and the cares and wants of home staring upon me from within. Am sorry I let that word "wants" escape me.

November 8th to 10th. My poor Journal fares but badly in the total absorption of all my time which this weary History demands. I often think of an old Scotch song which I used to sing as a boy, and to which, indeed, I wrote words, which are, I believe, printed, beginning, "The wreath you wove." The subject of the original words is an old woman employed on a long weary task of spinning (or weaving) a pound of tow, and the burden of every verse is, "The pund o' tow, the pund o' tow, the weary pund o' tow." Much the same feeling as the old woman's is that which I experience in returning day after day to the same endless theme.

11th to 13th. Three or four weeks of respite from company, which I have turned to account as well as I could; but what with time's *speed* and my own *slowness*, little is done.

December 5th to 8th. A most friendly letter from Lord John, saying how long it had been since he heard anything about me and Mrs. Moore, and asking me to write to him. In my answer, said I agreed with him that friends ought not to go on thus, trusting to each other's remembrance, without now and then a word or two to refresh the recollection. It was all very well to say of *lovers*, "*Ils ne se verront plus, ils s'aimeront toujours*," but *friends* require a little poking of the fire now and then, to keep it alive.

9th to 11th. Having let a long time elapse since

Rogers's misfortune (the robbery of his banks) without writing to him even a line, I feared he might think it unkind, though delicacy was in a great degree my motive, and I accordingly wrote to him one of these days, or rather nearly a month since. I do not remember exactly what I said, but I know I alluded to the ill-luck that seemed almost invariably to attend poets in all connected with money; even in his case, where by a rare alliteration, wealth and wit, money and the muse, were found together, this fatality of poets seemed resolved to assert its rights, and to show that the two gifts were incompatible; that

> "Where such fairies once have danced
> No grass will ever grow."

"But this," I continued, "will not be the case with you, my dear friend; your grass will, I trust, still grow, and your fairies dance for many and many a year."

12th to 14th. Some really *friendly* friend of mine, and one knowing a good deal of the matter, has published the following statement in reference to the stupid paragraph about me. I cannot conceive who it can be; but he has made himself accurately acquainted with the transaction.

"Anecdote of the poet Moore. We find the subjoined statement in several of the papers, but without the original authority being quoted:—

"'The following anecdote is related of the poet Moore; there is an excellent moral in it:—Moore had just returned from his Government office in the West Indies, a defaulter for 8000*l.* Great sympathy was felt for him among his friends, and three propositions were made to cancel the debt. Lord Lansdowne offered simply to pay it. Longman and Murray offered to advance it on his future works, and the noblemen at White's offered the

sum to him in subscription. This was at a time when subscriptions were on foot for getting Sheridan out of his troubles; and while Moore was considering the three propositions just named, he chanced to be walking down St. James's street, with two noblemen, when they met Sheridan. Sheridan bowed to them with a familiar "How are you?" "Damn the fellow," said one of the noblemen, "he might have touched his hat. I subscribed a hundred pounds for him last night." "Thank God, you dare make no such criticism on a bow from me," said Moore to himself. The lesson sunk deep. He rejected all the offers made to relieve him; went to Passy, and lived in complete obscurity in that little suburb of Paris, till he had written himself out of debt. Under the spur of that chosen remark were written some of the works by which Moore will be best known to posterity.'

"The 'excellent moral' in this case is never to believe such silly improbable gossip. We have counted five positive untruths in this paragraph. No English nobleman who had subscribed to relieve Sheridan from his necessities would behave in the vulgar *parvenu* manner here described. This one circumstance taints the whole statement, but it is manifestly and historically untrue. Mr. Moore never had a Government office in the West Indies. He was, however, in 1803, appointed Registrar to the Admiralty in Bermuda. He visited the islands the same year, but returned in 1804, leaving a deputy to discharge the duties of his office. The deputy, according to the general practice, was guilty of embezzlement, and the absentee poet was made liable in claims that were ultimately fixed at a thousand guineas, towards which an uncle of the deputy, a London merchant, contributed 300*l*. The first trace we have of the poet's misfortune is in 1818—fourteen years

after he had returned from Bermuda, and two years after Sheridan had cancelled all his earthly debts by death! The memory of "poor Sherry" may, therefore, be relieved from the ignominy of a too familiar bow! Mr. Murray was not Mr. Moore's publisher, and was not consulted at the time in question; nor did the poet produce his best works in France; his 'Irish Melodies' and 'Lalla Rookh' (on which his fame must ultimately rest) were written in England. It is true that at the period of his difficulties, Mr. Moore retired to France, and declined all offers of assistance from his friends, among whom were the Marquis of Lansdowne and Lord John Russell. He redeemed himself from his embarrassments in less than three years; adding one more example to those which should serve as beacons to young authors, in which we find, crowned with brilliant success, the union of high talents and genius with honest industry, and manly independence of character."

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

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